

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

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## THE MILL OF THE TIN GODS

BY DAVID GRAY

"What is it?" asked Livingstone.

The managing editor was standing in the doorway of his office looking out into the long "city room." There was a disturbance at the farther end. A group of reporters was gathered around something on the floor.

Holden turned back into his own room and closed the door.

"I don't think I want to know," he said slowly. "I am afraid that Bradfield has been celebrating. He's a very good man," Holden went on; "it's a pity."

"If I were a newspaper man I'd celebrate," observed Livingstone, "I'd celebrate continuously. It's a disgusting business."

"Your feelings have been hurt," said Holden. "But the moral of your experience is: 'Look out for the cars.' The next time you feel like galloping a road coach through the park don't do it. At least don't get arrested. You can't blame reporters for writing picturesquely when they have such materials to inspire them."

Livingstone smiled faintly and looked at his watch. "The play will be out in three-quarters of an hour," he said. "I must go back. Am I going to keep

my promise to the beautiful lady and produce you? I wish you would be tractable," he went on, "and let her marry you. You would then give up your yellow newspaper and she would buy you the monthly *Christian at Work*, so that you could taper off your editing habit. In a few years you would be reformed."

"And could gallop a road coach after dining at the Casino," added Holden. "Livingstone," he said gravely, "really, I am too busy this week to marry the lady, but I am honored by her curiosity. I should like to meet her——"

There was a knock at the door and he broke off. "Come in!" he called.

The door opened and the city editor stood in the doorway. He saw the stranger in evening clothes and hesitated.

"Well?" said Holden.

The city editor made an impassive gesture with his head, and Holden went to him. Then he murmured something in Holden's ear.

"Yes," said Holden aloud, "in here—to my inner office."

The city editor turned and signaled with his hand toward the far end of the city room. The group of men, in an-

swer to his signal, bent down, lifted something, and came with it toward the managing editor's office. They separated from around their burden as they handed it through the door, and Livingstone caught a glimpse of a haggard face and a thin yellow hand.

"I suppose that's Bradfield," he said to himself. He turned away to the window while the rest went into Holden's inner office. "A man who has to work ought to let rum alone," he moralized. He looked down into Park Row. In the drizzle of the March night it was not an attractive neighborhood. "I should think these newspaper people would all make for the country," he thought. "I'd rather be a farm hand"—his eyes caught the buff livery of the groom who was driving his hansom up and down the row—"or Williams," he added. He turned as he heard the men come out of the inner office and file into the city room.

"Are you ready?" he said to Holden.

"I'll meet you at supper," answered Holden.

Livingstone nodded and went out.

The managing editor sat down at his desk and looked uncertainly through a pile of proofs. Then he rose and went into the inner room. He came out shortly and sat at his desk again. Presently there was a knock at the outer door and the city editor came in with a boyish ambulance surgeon and a hospital orderly who carried a stretcher. They went through into the inner room. Holden rang for an office boy, then rose and put on his hat and coat.

The boy appeared.

"Telephone Delmonico's to tell Mr. Livingstone that I have been detained and sha'n't come to supper," he said.

The young doctor and the orderly appeared carrying a blanketed figure on the stretcher and passed out into the city room.

Holden pushed the papers back into his desk, drew down the top, and followed them.

A fortnight later Holden was dining with Livingstone up-town.

"No coffee," he said. "Stimulants are a bad thing in my business. When I'm tired I want to know it."

"I say," said Livingstone, as he paused to light a cigarette, "how did that chap Bradfield come out? He was in bad shape."

"He was," said Holden, "only it wasn't Bradfield and he wasn't tight."

"Sick?" inquired Livingstone.

Holden nodded, "And hungry," he said slowly.

Livingstone put down his coffee-cup.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes," said Holden. "It isn't very uncommon. You see there is a curious fact about the personnels of the newspaper business. There is hardly a New York newspaper man in New York. We've all come here from the country without friends or money and we've nearly all had experiences. Unknown men can't get regular places. They write special stories and sometimes they sell them. My city editor, who is one of the best newspaper men in town, walked the round of the offices for three months before he got a fifteen-dollar-a-week job, and he was a man who knew the business when he came here. In time the strongest or the luckiest get into the mill and the rest disappear."

"But," said Livingstone, "when they see what they have to face why don't they go back to the country?"

"You might ask Honeyman," answered Holden.

"Who's Honeyman?" asked Livingstone.

"He's the man you saw at my office," Holden replied.

"Is he all right again?" said Livingstone.

"Well," said Holden, "he's out of the hospital and considers himself rather extravagantly established in a hall bedroom around in Thirty-third Street. The fact, however, is that he's sick. He ought to go home, but he won't."

Livingstone appeared to be lost in thought for a few moments.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Holden.

Livingstone relapsed into thought again.

"Can he write descriptions of things?" he asked at length.

A humorous light came into Holden's

Holden smiled a curious smile. "I think so," he said. "He's not very strong."

"All right, we'll go," said Livingstone. He finished his coffee and they went out.

Holden turned up the steps of a dingy house, a few doors off Broadway, and rang the bell. A tall, red-headed woman opened the door, and the two men entered a dim, evil-smelling hall.



*"They separated from around their burden as they banded it through the door."*

eyes. "I've no doubt of it," he said gravely, "although I'm not personally acquainted with his productions."

"Because," Livingstone continued, "I might get him to make a descriptive catalogue of the stock at my farm. I've been contemplating something of the sort. That would keep him in the country and give him something to do at the same time. He could get well at any rate."

"You might suggest it to him," said Holden. "Suppose we go to see him."

"Will he be in?" asked Livingstone.

"Yes, he's in," said the woman; "third floor, front. I guess you know," she added to Holden.

"Yes," said Holden, and he led the way up-stairs.

Partly open doors gave frank revelations of domestic interiors. Loud talking and laughter floated over the transoms. A rattle of poker chips on a wooden table came from one room. In another, some one was playing a mouth-organ. The two men ascended through this somber hive to the third floor and knocked at the hall bedroom in front.

"Come in," said a voice, and Holden pushed open the door.

"Good evening," he said. "This is a friend of mine. Livingstone, let me present you to Mr. Honeyman. You are looking a great deal better to-night," he went on. "Why you are a new man already."

Livingstone felt his throat rise. He was sorry he had come. In the single bed, to the left of the door, was a man about thirty, or, more accurately, what had been a man. It was a wreck now. He lay catching his breath in short, wheezy gasps, interrupted from time to time by fits of coughing. The top buttons were off his night-shirt and it was fastened at his thin yellow throat with a safety-pin. His hair was long and untrimmed, and there was several days' growth of beard upon his chin. He kept his eyes on Holden with a wistful intentness.

"Please be seated, gentlemen," said Honeyman.

They both sat down on the trunk. There was a chair in the room, but it was at the foot of the bed, at the window.

"Has the doctor been here this afternoon?" asked Holden.

"Yes," answered Honeyman. "He said I was better, but I knew that before. I don't think he's much of a doctor."

The doctor was Chapin, the great specialist in lung diseases, but Honeyman did not know that. Neither did he know that Chapin spent most of his days giving dribbles of advice to people who drove to his office with two men on the box.

Honeyman coughed a little, and his yellow fingers began to fidget with some papers on the coverlet.

"I came in to tell you," said Holden, "that I read that last article of yours this afternoon. It's very good, Honeyman; it's capital. You've got the grasp of the picturesque and you've caught a new side of New York."

Livingstone looked wonderingly from Holden to the man on the bed.

"Yes," Holden went on, "some of the things in 'The Prospect from the Brooklyn Bridge' are stunning. But I like the last one best. You see, you've caught the true spirit of the Bowery. And the one you call 'The Wonders of the Astor Library' is very thoughtful and suggestive."

"I'm glad you like them," said Honeyman in a low voice. "But it seems almost queer that you should. It took such a long time. But it's all right now." He gave a weak, pitiful laugh. "Yes, it's all right now," he repeated. His lip quivered and he stopped.

"You have a good view of Broadway," observed Livingstone, moving toward the window. Up and down the brightly lit pavements surged the unholy human tide that moves there at night. The clamor and unholiness of it had never impressed him so before. He turned back into the room and glanced at the figure on the bed. A shudder of repugnance ran over him. It was all so hideous and shabby and unnecessary. He disliked being harrowed, but every detail had burned itself into his mind. He could shut his eyes and see the pale green and red flowers in the worn carpet, the cabinet photograph of the girl with frizzed hair in a frame embroidered with forget-me-nots, standing on the bottom shelf of the hanging book-rack, the books on the shelf above, the cheap green and gold "Lucile," the shiny black Bible, the pile of magazines, and the violin lying on top of all. Underneath was a shabby wash-stand. A piece of poisonous looking soap lay in a saucer. In the tumbler was a frayed tooth-brush. Over the trunk where he had been sitting hung a colored print of a Swiss scene with "Returning from Market" printed under it. From the hooks on the door hung a shiny frock coat of black diagonal and a pair of trousers, bagged at the knees and frayed at the bottom. Livingstone brought his eyes back to the bed with a sense of shame, as if he had been caught at a keyhole.



"Of course it's all right now," Holden was saying; "you've made your strike."

"It's curious about that," said Honeyman. "I've been thinking about it in the last two or three days." He stopped and coughed. "You know I was sure, right from the start, that they would be a success. I knew that what you wanted down here in New York was something new, and I read the papers and couldn't find anything of this sort in them. Why, I kept count on the three big ones for a month, and never found a single piece of real descriptive writing. But, by George," he went on with a hoarse laugh, "it did seem to take a good while for 'em to catch on."

"It's so with everything new that's good," observed Holden.

Honeyman nodded knowingly. "Unless you have influence," he said, "and that's the queerest thing about it. I had some mighty good letters of introduction and I knew some literary men personally. I had a letter to Henry McDonald on the *Express* staff. You probably know him. He's making forty dollars a week. He was a Penn Yan boy, too, but I was assistant editor of the *News* up to Watkins then, and I never was acquainted with him. Afterward when I came to Penn Yan I worked on the same paper that McDonald used to be on, and Parry, that's the editor and proprietor, gave me a great letter to him. It was a mighty flattering letter." Honeyman hesitated a moment. "Yes," he went on, "Parry wrote: 'In my judgment, Mr. Honeyman is the best descriptive writer who has ever gone out from Penn Yan.'"

"Really!" observed Holden.

"And I knew Paul DeWitt Cummings, the poet, personally," continued Honeyman. "His cousin married a cousin of mine up to Watkins, and he was up to the wedding. I had a cracking interview with him in the *News*. They let me cut loose for a column and a half, and Paul gave us an original stanza. I'll show it to you some day. I've got it home."

"I'd like to see it," said Holden.

"Then there was Henry Goodhew, who writes for the *Bookman*. I met him once, in Rochester, and he asked me to be sure and come and see him if I was ever in New York. Well, you can see I had a pull with the right sort of people. But some were always out of the city, and the rest went back on me, and then I got this cold on my chest and I couldn't get any goose oil when it first came on, so it's stuck. But I ain't ever been afraid but what things would come out all right, and I guess they have." He drew himself into a half-sitting position, with his head resting against the head of the bedstead, and smiled.

"Yes, they have," said Holden. "But my advice to you is to take a rest and shake this cold off before you come back to work. Livingstone here has seen your articles and wants you to do a job for him. I hope as a favor to me you will be able to take care of it. He's got a horse farm down on Long Island and he wants to get a descriptive catalogue of the place—horses, beauties of nature, buildings, and all that sort of thing. Why don't you go down there for a month or so and do it as a sort of recreation?"

Honeyman pursed up his mouth and weighed the idea judicially. "That's quite an interesting piece of work," he said after a pause. "There's a good chance for descriptive power. But I don't see how I can spare the time. If I hadn't wasted the winter I'd consider it, but I've only just begun to better myself—". He hesitated. His eyes furtively sought the photograph of the girl on the book-shelf and then looked down at the coverlet. "I want to get going; I want to get established as soon as I can. And then I'm mending fast," he continued. "I'm better every day. I can feel it. And I'm going to finish the first of the next series to-morrow."

"Very well," said Holden quietly; "but I think you would make in the end by taking a little rest."

The sick man shook his head. "When

do you expect to begin to print them?" he asked after a pause.

"I can't tell definitely about that," Holden replied. "You see, with all the war news we are crowded for space. But we may pay on acceptance for matter like this, just as the magazines do. If you don't mind I'll have your order cashed and send it up to you. That will save you the bother of coming downtown."

"You are mighty kind," said Honeyman; "I wish you would. Say," he added timidly, "do you suppose I could get the proofs before long? It would be sort of nice to go over them and see how it looks in type. You know you can always tell better about the way it's going to hit people when you see it in print."

"I'm glad you spoke of that," Holden answered. "It was stupid of me not to have sent them up before. You shall have them to-morrow. We must be going now. Don't try and work by that gaslight. You'll spoil your eyes, and you know we need good eyes in our business."

"I won't," said Honeyman. "I'll just lie here and think. Good night!"

"Good night!" they answered, and went out into the stuffy passageway and down the stairs. The loud talk and laughter were still coming from the room where they were playing cards. On the second floor, through an open door they saw a stout woman putting her hair up in curl-papers. The boarding-house smell grew heavier as they reached the ground floor, and both held their breath till they were out-of-doors. Then they turned to the east and walked toward Broadway.

"Well," said Livingstone, after a long silence, "he's knocked out the catalogue plan. I'm sorry, because I should really like to have had the thing done. Do you think he'll change his mind?"

"Do you?" said Holden.

Livingstone made no reply.

"I've got to go down-town," said Holden. "Good night!" and he turned

toward the stairs of the elevated railroad station.

When Holden reached the office he unfolded a pile of manuscript that was in a pigeonhole of his desk and methodically wrote directions to the printer across the top. "There," he said half-aloud, "in case he should ask for the copy, that looks businesslike and regular: '1 col. nonp. time copy—but rush after paper is set. 4 proofs to-morrow noon.' No," he added, "he'll think it's more important if it's set two columns wide." He scratched out the "1 col." and wrote "2 measure" in its place.

"Tell the foreman," he said to the copy boy, "to have the composition of this matter charged to me."

The next day Holden sent the proofs, and the day after that he received this note:

"JOHN HOLDEN, Managing Editor.

"Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of proofs of my three articles and ninety dollars for the same. The proofs are fairly clean, but there are some changes which I have deemed best to make in the interest of force and picturesqueness. Your friend Mr. Livingstone was here to see me yesterday and tried to get me to change my mind about doing the catalogue. He made me a most liberal offer, but, as I told you, I want to stick to my profession and get established, and besides I am not going to leave you in the lurch after the friendship you have shown me. When do you suppose you will print the first of the series? I ask in order that I may be getting the second series in shape in case you print them soon. I trust that they will be well received and prove a good business venture for both of us.

"Yours respectfully,

"WILLIAM HONEYMAN."

Honeyman's note had been sent to Holden's apartment in Washington Square with the rest of his morning's mail. Holden made a practise of going through it with a stenographer as he

dressed. He tossed the sheet of paper on his bureau and was thoughtfully buttoning his waistcoat when his door bell rang and a moment later Livingstone appeared in the bedroom doorway.

"Now don't say you can't come," said Livingstone severely, "till you hear what I have in mind. I'm going to drive my coach up to Morris Park this afternoon, and dine at Westchester after the races, and I want you to come along. You've got to come to make amends for the way you compromised me by not turning up at supper. I've given my word to the lady that I surely would produce you."

"I'm very sorry," said Holden; "I've got to be at the office all the afternoon."

"Hang the office," said Livingstone. "I don't believe it. I think you're a woman-hater."

"You've found me out," said Holden quietly. "Look at this," he added. He held out Honeyman's note. "Your immoral bribes are spurned, and the moral of that is don't trespass on my hospital preserves."

Livingstone read it and laid it back again on the bureau. "When are you going to publish his things?" he asked.

"Do you mean 'The Prospect from the Brooklyn Bridge' and companion pieces?" said Holden.

Livingstone nodded. "Yes," he said, "I got interested hearing him talk the other night, and I want to leave an order for some copies. They must be pretty good articles; that is, they're on good subjects. I've never been on the Bridge myself, but the view must be extensive. I suppose," he added thoughtfully, "if you could get more things of this sort you wouldn't have to pad out the murders and horrors so." One of Livingstone's intellectual recreations was to discover a way to reform the press.

Holden laughed a queer, low laugh. He saw in his mind's eye the sixteen columns of live news which were "left over" on the "stone" the night before, chiefly because the Flushing cellar mys-

tery had developed unexpectedly, and a staff reporter had discovered the missing hand.

"Livingstone," he said, "it is as heartless to tell the truth of things to you as to a young girl. You are too simple and sweet. Nevertheless I've got to, because I'm afraid if I don't that you will give me away to Honeyman and get me into difficulties. If I printed the 'Brooklyn Bridge,' I should get a telegram from my boss offering me a long vacation, and they would take me to Bloomingdale on the afternoon train in the hope of saving my mind."

"I don't see why," said Livingstone.

"Of course not," said Holden. "Neither does Honeyman."

Livingstone sat down and played thoughtfully with his stick. "Then you're not going to print his pieces?" he said. "He thinks you are, though, doesn't he, and he's counting on it? He believes he's a great journalist, doesn't he? That's the idea I got."

Holden nodded.

"Well, what are you going to do then?" the other demanded.

"I don't know," said Holden quietly. "I wish I did."

Presently Livingstone rose and paced up and down fidgeting with his stick, as was his way when occupied with ideas. "Look here," he said, "what do they charge for advertising in your paper?"

Holden answered without looking up from the letter he was reading. "Eight hundred dollars a page or thirty cents a line," he said. "Which do you want?"

"Could you put this chap's three pieces on a page?"

Holden dropped his banter and looked up. "You've hit it, Livy," he said. "We'll get out a special Honeyman edition."

"Yes, something of that sort," said Livingstone clumsily. He became embarrassed when he was much pleased. "You work it out, you know. I haven't any head for such things, but I want you

to go along with it and let me have the bill."

"It will be easy to do," said Holden. "I'll have plates cast for an extra page and slip them on one of the presses in the place of one of the inside pages. Then we'll run off three or four hundred and destroy the matrix."

"Of course you know about all that," said Livingstone. He looked at his watch and yawned. "I'm late for a lunch engagement. I ought to hurry," he added, and he went out.

That night Holden was called away to consult Stanton, who owned the newspaper, and it was the middle of the following week before he got back. He found waiting for him a series of communications from Honeyman, each inquiring in a different way when his articles were coming out. Holden replied in a humble note which apologized for having been out of town, and announced that the articles would appear within a day or two at latest. Then he telephoned Livingstone that the matter for the special edition had been made up into a page and stereotyped ready to go to press. "If you care to bother with the thing, come to the office to-night and later we'll go up-town and tell him about it."

"All right," said Livingstone. "I shall."

For three hours Livingstone had been sitting in Holden's office watching the pulses of the world beat. Through the half-open door he looked out into the great city room with its rows of desks, where half a hundred reporters were feverishly making copy. He heard the clicking of many typewriters, the subdued noise of telegraph instruments, the muffled rattle of telephone-bells ringing inside the glass booths. It all meant news and speed.

Half the night, from the suite of connecting offices Holden's assistants had been coming, submitting questions, and hurrying off. Grave and expressionless he would listen till the point was clear

and then answer with a word. The news which would be read at to-morrow's breakfast tables lay before him in piles of moist proofs. This extraordinary mechanism of which Holden held the lever had combed the happenings of the earth, and the ravelings of the day's history were in a tangled heap under his hand.

It impressed Livingstone. Gradually he noticed that the men in the city room were rising and stretching themselves, and chatting in little groups. A waiter came in from a neighboring restaurant with lunch. The night's work for them was over. Suddenly a purring quiver ran through the building for a few moments, stopped, and went on again. Livingstone looked up inquiringly.

"It's the presses," said Holden. "They've begun to run off our great special edition. I ordered it done before they began the run for the early mails. There'll be some up here in a minute."

Almost as he spoke a boy burst in with a bundle of damp papers. Holden handed a copy to Livingstone. "It's on page six," he said. He opened his own paper and studied the great page feature. "Do you think that '*William Honeyman*' is in big enough type?" he asked.

"I don't see how any editor could want bigger," said Livingstone. "This would satisfy an actor."

Holden smiled. He folded a dozen copies and pasted a brown paper wrapper about them. "Come along," he said, and they went out.

Near the elevated station at Thirty-third Street Holden stopped at a District Messenger office. "We mustn't bring these ourselves," he said, holding up the bundle of newspapers. "He'd know that it's too early for even the mail edition to be out."

He wrote the address on the package. "I want this delivered at exactly quarter past one," he said to the clerk.

"That's in fifteen minutes," observed Livingstone. "Sha'n't we wait?"

"No," said Holden; "the effect will be grander if a messenger boy wakes up the house and dashes in. Don't you think so?"

"I fancy it will," Livingstone answered.

The great hot spell of that May had already lasted four days with a humidity that registered above ninety. Every few squares there was a horse lying on the pavement, and the ambulances were ceaselessly busy. At night the people thronged the streets anxious and restless; that is, the well and strong; the children and the sick tossed and suffered indoors.

"I'm sorry we had to wake you," said Holden to the tall servant-girl who let them in. "There'll be a messenger here in a quarter of an hour."

"I'm glad you've come," she said. "He's been queer this afternoon, and he ain't acquainted with no one in the house on his floor. He never used to meal here, you know. The cook, when she went up to dress for her afternoon, she heard him, and she says to me, 'Lily, Mr. Honeyman's taken quite bad. He's crying and saying poetry.' An' I says to her, 'His friend took him out in a hansom and most likely he's feverish', and she says——"

"Really?" said Holden. "I think we'll go right up."

All was quiet in the room, and he knocked softly.

"Come in," a weak voice answered.

The gas had not been lighted, and the glare of the arc lamps below on the corner filled the room with an unsteady bluish light.

"We were up-town," said Holden, "and thought we'd look in. Your stuff is coming out this morning and I wanted to let you know the new scheme we have for it. I was afraid you might be annoyed. While I was in Washington with Mr. Stanton I mentioned the articles and he became very much interested. By the way, he asked me to bring you to see him when you got around. He wanted a page feature made out of it. I've written

an across-the-page head like this: First line, 'Picturesque New York'—that's in forty-two point, extended dynamo caps.—Excuse us Livingstone," he said, interrupting his description. "Of course you don't understand our shop talk, but I want to explain the thing to Honeyman. Then there's a three-line pyramid, in thirty-six-point lower case, beginning 'A page written by William Honeyman,' and going on to describe the articles. I hope you'll like it."

The sick man sat up excitedly and fixed his eyes on Holden. "Say, that's great!" he exclaimed. "Say, I can hardly believe it! Do you really mean it, Mr. Holden? Did Stanton want to see me? Say, that's great!" He fell to giggling childishly. Then his cough started and he hacked and hacked, and finally dropped back exhausted. "Say, that's great," he murmured.

"It *is* good," said Holden. "It's a thing which very few newspaper men get, and you have a right to feel proud about it. How many extra copies do you suppose you'll want?"

Honeyman seemed not to hear at first. "Stanton wants to *see me*," he was muttering. "Excuse me," he said suddenly. "You see it seems so queer to have Stanton wanting to see *me*. You asked about extra copies, didn't you?"

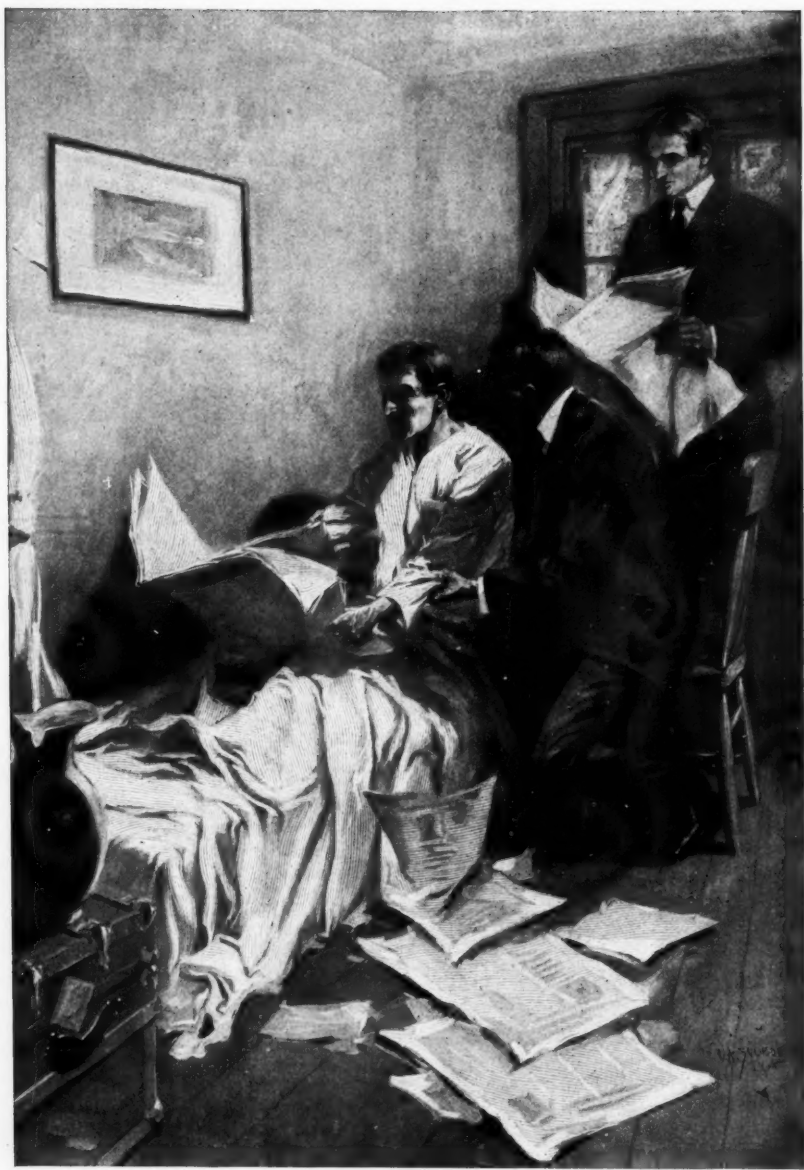
"Yes," said Holden; "I'll send up a couple of hundred for you to have here, and if you'll make out a mailing list I'll have the mailing department at the office attend to it."

"That's mighty good of you," answered Honeyman. "Two hundred will be more than I'll need here. It'll be handy to have them around, though. But say, I can't get over that about Stanton."

"You're looking better to-night," observed Holden after a pause. "I was afraid the heat might have set you back. Still, I wish you would change your mind and take a vacation. You'd get your strength back a lot quicker."

"No," he answered. "I can't do it.





*Drawn by V. A. Syoboda.*

*"Presently the print seemed to blur, for he held the page farther away from him."*



I don't need it, and it wouldn't be right. It's my business to stick to my luck."

"Well, we'll talk it over again," said Holden, "for I think you are wrong. We really ought not to have come in and interrupted your sleep." He fingered his hat, and Honeyman noticed it.

"Must you be going?" the sick man said disappointedly. "I wish you could stay and chat. Sometimes it gets lonesome here in bed. Denman drops in every day or two, but most of the time he's down in the Row selling specials and jokes. That fellow's a great hand at humor. Sometimes he makes seven or eight dollars a week just out of the colored supplements. I got acquainted with Denman in the drug store one night last winter and he asked me to have a hot chocolate. He's been a good friend. But I'm afraid he'll never amount to anything in a serious line. He hasn't got the stuff in him. Poor old Denman, he's just like the rest of the newspaper boys who don't seem to catch on. They have an awful hard life, Mr. Holden—always getting their stories back, always being told, 'Call again.' Of course, they're foolish to come to New York when they haven't the right stuff in 'em, but I'm sorry for 'em." He stopped suddenly and asked Holden to pour him some ice water. "You see it's awful hot," he said, "but I'm not sweating a bit. You see I'm getting better."

Holden brushed his hand across the sick man's forehead as he gave him the water. It was dry with fever.

"New York's a hard place for a stranger," he went on. "You see there ain't any place to sit but in the parks or the Astor Library, and you get tired of everlastingly walking past the stores. Everything's hurry-up and hustle and rush all day and all night. I'm getting tired of it. I'm tired of sidewalks. I want to feel how it is to walk on grass. It's the old spring feeling and it took me this afternoon when I was up in Central Park driving in a hansom. It was the lilac smell brought it on just as it

used to when I was a boy." He was talking rapidly with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. His voice had risen into a high-pitched monotone, and as he went on he dropped into the colloquialisms of the western New York country. The careless, ungrammatical speech of his childhood seemed to be coming back to him.

"And when it come," he continued, "I used to go out on the lake road by Watkins, where I was raised, and lay under the apple-trees on the bluffs on the old Barret place. And there's a hedge of lilocks there, white and purple, both. I've been thinking of that hedge since the hot spell come. I'm hungry for the feel of lyin' there. It's great; you lie an' smell the lilocks and the damp smell of the grass, and see the cool blue, up overhead, through the apple-trees. It's the blue that get's you. It's the blue and the smell of the spring things. It's the hankerin' for that blue, that I call the 'spring feelin'. I hain't never reckoned out how, or why, but when that hankerin' gets into the blood, you want to fill up with that cool blue that comes tricklin' through the apple-trees. And a sort of sad feelin' gets into your throat and you think of things. I've tried to reckon out why the spring was sadlike and I can't make out, only a voice says to me, 'It's all so short! It's all so short!' I wish I could smell them lilocks now." He broke off and lay panting with his eyes staring into vacancy.

"Honeyman," said Holden in a low tone, "I believe that you could do a better descriptive story of 'Spring on Seneca Lake' than any man in America. You see you know the place and could put in a lot of little touches. Do you think you will be rested enough by tomorrow or next day to start up there for the paper? It will take you a fortnight at least to do the thing properly, and it will be cheaper for me to send you on salary with expenses than to buy piece work. If you'll go for fifty dollars a week and expenses it's a bargain. You see you'll get a regular position in that

way, though your story might be worth more than two weeks' pay."

"To Watkins as a regular staff correspondent?" he asked incredulously. "To Watkins?" Both men dropped their eyes, for they knew he was looking at the photograph on the book-shelf. "Do you really mean it? 'Spring on Seneca, a descriptive rhapsody by William Honeyman,'" he murmured. "I'll go," he said, "but suppose Stanton should want to see me?"

"I'll wire you if he does, and you can come back," said Holden.

There was a muffled footfall in the passage and a knock at the door.

"What's that?" asked the sick man.

Holden opened the door. "It's a little surprise," he answered. "It's the morning paper, the mailing edition. I told them to send up the first copies run off. Light the gas," he said to Livingstone.

He tore off the wrapper and opened a

copy of the paper at page six. "There," he said. He put the sheet in Honeyman's hands and raised him on his pillow.

The sick man fixed his eyes upon the page but said nothing.

The two stood watching him. Presently the print seemed to blur, for he held the page farther away from him. He closed his eyes and rested the paper on his lap.

"Is this, is this it?" he murmured.

"Yes," said Holden.

He opened his eyes again and looked vaguely toward the photograph on the book-shelf.

"I'll take it home to Watkins," he said in a whisper. He attempted weakly to fold it, but his fingers only rustled the pages aimlessly.

"He's going," whispered Livingstone.

His head dropped on his breast and a tremor ran through his body.

"He's gone!" said Holden in a low tone.

## THE PASSING GUEST

By DUNCAN SMITH

Ah! Love is but a passing guest,  
Young-eyed and fair, a friend to sorrow;  
To Love I said: Good day. He said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

I decked my house with roses red,  
All from the garden I could borrow;  
I took his hand in mine, and said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

Then came a knock. Ah! sound of dread!  
Love sickened at the voice of sorrow;  
He kissed me on the brow and said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

The flowers I wove for him are dead;  
My house is empty save for sorrow,  
So is my heart, since Love hath said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.



THE MASTER OF THE NORFOLK HUNT OF MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS  
From a painting by Charles Hopkinson

# A BIOLOGICAL ENLIGHTENMENT

BY MELVILLE CHATER

"Huxley?" repeated the little Danvers girl. "No, I don't think I ever——"

She was only seventeen, with but two years' day-schooling at the Misses Ayrton & Darrow, and no college preparation. Moreover, it disconcerts a girl to be asked such questions—especially on moonlight picnics—between the months of June and September. Most of all, she had just met the Ph.D.

That the Ph. D.'s parents had sent him to college at seventeen was something short of criminal collusion. From thence he was graduated in four years only because he was not allowed to do the work in two. Unfortunately, this left him of age and independent, so he took his doctor's degree and wrote a slight work on the microscope. People on hearing about him used to gaze upon his pale young face, his eye-glassed smile of patient benevolence, and indignantly declare that such things shouldn't be allowed. Goodness knows how soon he would have reduced heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, to a scientific classification, had not Nature intervened—perhaps in self-defense—and left him as blind as a bat (*Cheiroptera mammalia vertebrata*). The oculist's ultimatum was a year of absolute rest and quiet, so the Ph.D. was commuted out to his married brother, who owned a house in New Jersey, where he slept.

"You'd remember it, had you read Huxley, I'm sure," said the Ph.D. earnestly. "He's so incisive, untechnical but very polished, you know."

"Oh, I see," said the little Danvers girl.

They were seated on the edge of the cliffs; beneath them stretched a forest of

dim, declivitous foliage, far below which lay the great river, with the sharp silhouette of a tug and barges slipping silently by through the path of the moonlight. Further along the cliff grouped the rest of the picnic, huddled by twos, in white waists and shirt-sleeves, while through the still summer night rang the ever-beloved,

"Bring back—bring back—  
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me!"

The Ph.D. chipped off a piece of the Palisades and examined it in the moonlight.

"Dolerite," he observed with the fond gloat into which a technical term always threw him. "Trap-rock; you know; an igneous formation. Triassic period, I believe."

The little Danvers girl looked her prettiest as she bent forward clasping one knee and raised her bright, shy eyes.

"Is it, really?" she said. "How terribly interesting!" Then she added in hurried confusion, "Don't you write—write books?"

"Only one—as yet," apologized the Ph.D.

"Oh!" she cried plaintively, "I'm so ignorant! How I should love to know just everything! But about your book. Please, would you mind explaining——"

At that magic word the Ph.D.'s eyes glistened for the first time since their failure; he cleared his throat, and that was the end of a double-sided conversation until the chaperon came around to gather in strayed couples.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little Danvers girl, with a start. "I didn't know it was so late."

But of course on moonlight picnics they all say that.

The little Danvers girl lived up the Avenue on the top of the third hill, where men leave at 7.25 to catch the 8.01. Her house was a small, honey-suckled affair of the two-steps-up, one-step-front, and ring-the-bell variety, and her parents were plain, honest people who kept the parlor furniture tidied up at right angles and stood plaster statuettes around on the tops of things. The simplicity of the place, coupled with the little Danvers girl's pretty unenlightenment and her plaintive longing to know, touched the Ph.D. almost to tears; his own erudition loomed so large in contrast that he was fain to cast his eyes earthward, to preserve a lowly, scientific equanimity.

"A quick, pliant young mind!" he murmured in his odd, ancient way. "My little knowledge may be the making of her. Quite virgin soil! Not every man is given such an opportunity."

He heaved a weight of notes and textbooks up the three hills and put her on a mild course of animal physiology; also for desultory summer reading he loaned her his "Modern Microscopy." This she bound with brown paper and hid in some consecrated trove, producing it during his calls to delicately finger over the leaves for light on some involved passage. The Ph.D. enlightened her; he did more; day by day he discoursed in mild enthusiasm, reducing technicalities to their simplest possible terms. And day by day the little Danvers girl sat with him under the trees, giving recitations. This she did in eager, almost anxious fashion, with now and then a timid falter over some long word, or an appealing lift of her bright, shy eyes. She was always quite letter-perfect unless interrupted, when she would grow desperately confused, and blush, and begin all over again. The Ph.D. listened with half-closed eyes and a benign smile; he still found her quick and pliant, and sometimes caught a

curious, half-emotional flash which he identified as the feminine expression of that awe wherewith the scientific mind finds itself face to face with some great natural truth. Therein the Ph.D. proved to be entirely correct.

After recitations they would stroll down the hill for the late mail, discussing ambitions. That is, the Ph.D. discussed and the little Danvers girl said, "How simply gorgeous!" Such was her unregulated femininity. She seemed to thrill after great careers in an awed, impersonal way; his plainest project was no less to her than perfectly beautiful, yet she had not one definite ambition to her back. Her nearest approach was a wild desire to travel, but even that was little more than a childish vagary entailing no hunger for study or observation, but merely an aimless, immature idea of wandering around the world in search of vague, wonderful glories. There was a rich aunt in the city who had promised that when she was old enough — But what did people mean by "old enough," anyway?

"Do you think I'll ever grow old?" sighed the little Danvers girl. "And will I ever travel?"

Then she picked a daisy and fell to pulling off petals to the burden of "Yes — no; yes — no; yes — no!" with breathless absorption. The Ph.D. smiled indulgently; he even picked a daisy himself.

"*Bellis perennis*," he remarked, half-consciously. "Did you ever observe its structure? It's rather an interesting fact that this particular genus —"

They bent over the flower in mutual observation, but how were the people coming up from the train to guess that they were talking botany?

The public never does guess—it always knows. In the present instance it knew much more than did the pair it knew about. The girls whispered sensationally, "Why, he's years older than she, and terribly serious! I never thought she was clever at all, did you?"



*Drawn by Jerome Uhl*

*"After recitations they would stroll down the hill for the late mail, discussing ambitions."*



The little Danvers girl, finding haughty seniors of callers and correspondences eying her with covert respect, experienced delicious palpitations. The men merely said in their brutal way, "Why doesn't the young ass take some one his own size to fool with?"

In New Jersey towns such talk circulates among the younger set until it reaches certain married women, shortly after which the girl's mother hears things. Presently the Ph.D. noticed a peculiar coolness in the Danvers people during his calls, and next they absented themselves entirely, giving him no chance to observe more than that their daughter often appeared with red eyes while doors in upper regions slammed fiercely. The Ph.D. sighed as he walked homeward. It was the old story, he reflected, of adverse environment and unsympathetic parents. No doubt they wanted to chain her to bed-making and plate-washing—the bright, pretty child who but yesterday had given him such a lucid account of secretory and excretory processes! If any one could have convinced the Ph.D. that he was objected to as an expositor of Nature in its restricted sense, he would have fled in overwhelming confusion. As it was, he stood his ground and quoted pieces to the little Danvers girl about the right of self-development.

For she had developed greatly, that was certain. She was quite familiar with proximate principles, and fairly so with vital selective force and excitomotor action; she could physiologically describe crying, laughter, sneezing, and blushes; could give half a dozen evidences of blood-circulation, and draw diagrams of vertical sections of skin. The one thing she had not learned was the true insignificance of the Ph.D. She still insisted in bowing before his pedestal, shy and impulsive by turn, at times venturing no more than a few broken acquiescences, beyond her recitations. The Ph.D. always had the feeling that she burned to ask

him a world of questions, but didn't dare.

"Now, you're quite sure," he would conclude, rising to go, after the inevitable lapse in conversation, "that you've a clear idea of the distribution of the cerebral nerves?"

"I—I think so," she would murmur, smoothing wrinkles out of the sofa cushions.

"But isn't there something you'd like to know?" he would insist—"some question or other?"

To which she would half raise her eyes, then drop them again, saying in hurried faintness:

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, thank you."

It was the Ph.D.'s brother's wife who said "Apples!" in this scientific Eden. She was a brusque, laconic little woman who prided herself on her bluntness and indifference to popular opinion; she had no reverence for learning, and whenever her brother-in-law was spoken of with enthusiasm, she replied, "Oh, yes!" from the depths of lassitude. One Sunday afternoon—her pew in church was shared by the Danvers' next-door neighbors—she intercepted the Ph.D.'s egress and asked where he was going.

He told her, adding, "Such a bright child! Quite devoted to her studies!"

She stared him to the core for a mute moment, then demanded aggressively:

"Why on earth did you ever come out here?"

"You know quite well," sighed the Ph.D., "that my eyes are useless."

"They certainly are!" she retorted. Then she opened them. She was sworn to conceal the facts, so she suggested them under the guise of intuitions. This has been done before: it explains why some women's intuitions haunt them with such vivid reality. The Ph.D. gasped and spluttered and blushed; he declared that it was an utterly ridiculous impossibility. Such a thing, he said, had never happened to him in all his life. He mopped his brow, wiped his glasses,

and paced the piazza in scandalized flabbergast, behaving as a marble statue would behave if brought to life and told that it was the father of twins.

"Well," said the other, to soothe him, "perhaps I *am* wrong, but there'd be no harm in breaking it off, anyway."

"No harm!" cried the Ph.D., exploding afresh. "Why, my dear woman, you don't understand. I'm developing the child, teaching her to think; we're doing a course, a regular course, you know. We're right in the middle of gland-structure."

But the sister-in-law was callous to glands; she solved the matter by closing her house a fortnight earlier than usual, and went down to the shore, taking the Ph.D., where he moped about the sands, behind smoked glasses, for six weeks. She felt greatly reassured, having conceived a further intuition that by the time they returned, the little Danvers girl would be elsewhere. But therein she was wrong, for on the second morning after they reached home, the Ph.D. received a note addressed in round, straggly script. He opened it with squeamish dread and finished it with a sigh of relief. It was a most sensible, commonplace note; the writer had been studying very hard and had numerous questions to ask him; she hoped he could find time to come up soon, in a day or two, perhaps, as she might shortly leave on a trip—though it was not quite decided. And trusting that he had been enjoying himself, she was his most sincerely.

That night the Ph.D. strode up the hill with buoyant reassurance. He smiled tolerantly upon his sister-in-law and her intuitions. Such was the indiscreetness of those dear, emotional creatures, for the lack of some systematized conduct in life! He found the little Danvers girl awaiting him prettier and shyer than ever, exhaling an agreeable efflorescence of fresh charm, which he afterward dimly attributed to a new dress. Evidently she had passed the

weeks in close study; the table was littered with text-books and notes, and beside her on the sofa lay his "Modern Microscopy."

As usual, the conversation turned on things scientific, but most unusually it soon waned and degenerated into topics of quite another kind. Time after time he took fresh hold of his theme; time after time he was astounded to find it drifting into discussions of a trivially personal nature. Yet through it all he felt more than ever that his pupil was deeply, shyly in earnest, and burned to ask a world of questions, but didn't dare.

Having twice risen and reseated himself, drawn into continuing the subject, he stood before her, hat in hand, waiting for he hardly knew what.

"But this is not the end of our little classes," he reassured her. "I shall see you when you come back, of course."

"Of course!" said the little Danvers girl.

"I've tried to make everything quite plain and simple," he reflected, "and I hope you've understood. But you have, of course!"

"Of course!" echoed the little Danvers girl.

"You're sure?" he insisted anxiously, extending his hand. "There's nothing you want to know? No question or other?"

"Oh, nothing!" she murmured hurriedly, "nothing at all, thank you."

"But if you should think of anything that worries you," he begged, "you'll write me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," murmured the little Danvers girl, who had followed him quite to the door, "I'll write."

And that was the last of her, unless actions speak louder than words: for when the Ph.D. was some distance down the road he found he had forgotten his book, and hurried back. Through the open window he saw the little Danvers girl kneeling by the sofa with her head among the cushions. Her shoulders heaved in the lamplight; then she lifted

her face, and it was neither childish nor shy. She was clasping his book and treating it as no scientific work should be treated; in fact, as no book is ever treated save the Holy Bible, and then only in matters of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Ph.D. received a sudden shock in his scientific equanimity. He realized that he was a brute, a bounder, a swaddled babe; he felt fearfully, microscopically mean—but it was a wholesome meanness.

For a week he skulked about in corners, afraid to look at himself in the glass, then he gushed over on his sister-in-law and begged her to tell him what to do.

"Do!" she retorted. "Haven't you done enough? Thank heaven, the child sailed with her aunt, day before yesterday, to be gone a year!"

Then she plowed and harrowed him with an account of how the little Danvers girl had been bullied by her parents all that summer. It seemed that the aunt's invitation dated a month back,

but that for some reason the child had tearfully refused to stir until six days ago. The sister-in-law told everything, except that her intuitions had been based on facts, and she concluded triumphantly, "I told you so!"

But the Ph.D. was a limp, unresponsive heap.

"And you are the man," she sniffed, "who wrote a book on the microscope! But microscopes are hardly strong enough for you: what you need is a stethoscope!"

The next day his book was returned. It contained a few withered daisies and some loose notes done in large, girlish handwriting. One of them ran:

"Heart (human): Quadrilocular and conoidal. Its substance, myocardium; its lining, endocardium. Supplied with blood by right and left coronary arteries. Nerves derived from the cardiac plexuses. Its action is involuntary."

And the Ph.D. suddenly experienced that awe with which the scientific mind finds itself face to face with some great natural truth.

## THE VIREO

By ABIGAIL JAMES

"I see you. Can you see me?"  
Merrily up in the tree  
Sings the Red-Eyed Vireo,  
Cheeriest of birds I know,  
Merrily up in the tree,  
"I see you. Can you see me?"  
Sings the Red-Eyed Vireo.

You may ask until you tire,  
Hopping always high and higher;  
You see me, and tell me so.  
I can't see you, Vireo!  
Hopping always high and higher,  
You may ask until you tire.  
I can't see you, Vireo!

# THE TURTLE DOVES

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RICHARD RYDER, OTHERWISE GALLOPING DICK, SOMETIME GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD, DATE CIRC, 1687

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON



**T**IS not the first face of a predicament that is always the right aspect, and men may as often as not, by holding their peace, come at the heart of the matter, always provided that there is naught in the case to make the blood sing. Now in a pretty lively term of life on the road

I have met many types, and some of them characters as you would scarce credit; but 'tis not always that they are conjoined thus in their odd individualities with a stirring episode. Nevertheless there was in the meeting with Sir Damon Boll that which pleased me mightily, at least in the end. Indeed 'twas a rare piece of chicanery, from the outset, what time I left the "Boar's Head" in a chaise and two horses of my own set for Epsom, like any gentleman with an important journey of his own afore him. And so in truth I had, for I was to set up for my lord, if you please, with a lackey and all, but that affair, though 'twas humorsome beyond fancy, enters not into this adventure. It was enough that the thought tickled me on my road out of Southwark, by Camberwell and Newington, and I was in a fair good humor as we rocked along the ruts that sharp November evening.

When the postilion was come out by Streatham and was for making across the heath, the moon that was half and bright struck into the lowering clouds, and the open waste gloomed of a sudden swiftiness. The window of the chaise was open, and the air streamed in, but I could make out little with my peepers because of the blackness. And here there was a savage rocking of the body of the chaise, and a cracking as of a wheel against something. So popped I forth my head and roared to the postilion, cursing him for his clumsiness, and he cursing back at the horses; and between us there was a pretty commotion. For here was a nobleman (save me!) upon his travels with a damned dung-fork of a rascal, on whom he might let loose his temper and be not questioned. That was how I phrased it to myself, being not as wroth as I seemed, but indeed enjoying to feign it; when withdrawing my head, as we were got back again upon the track, I espied a blacker shadow in the blackness about the heath.

It held my eye a moment, for I knew it well enough to be the figure of a man, and then it darted into nearer view; and the light, bettering on the same instant, showed me a fellow with a hat askew on the back of his head, a heavy pistol at the stand-and-deliver, and a face under a dark mask at the chaise's edge.

"Hold!" says he loudly to the postilion, and forthwith catches right merrily at the horse nearest. The frightened fellow pulled in, and says this night-bat as boldly as you will, and as

cheerfully, following his barker through the window:

"Now, my good sir, pray do not dally, but hand out forthwith. Dalliance is the spirit of my lady's chamber, not of snapping sharp winter nights like these. Disgorge, my buck, disgorge!"

Now you will conceive it was an odd situation for Galloping Dick to be thus waylaid and handled after the manner of his own craft, though this was not the first occasion that it had happened. But to that you will add this, that there was that in his air, as in his voice, and in the very swagger of his challenge, which showed me here was no ordinary toby-man. So says I to myself silently, gazing on his pistol, "What have we here?" and then aloud said I, "Sirrah, what do you?" in a lordly tone.

"Faith," says he, not lowering his pistol, but speaking in a rollicking way, "be not my words plain, brave knight, or must I make 'em bark? I require of you all that you have in the chaise, barring what I will spare you out of charity, your clothes and cock-hat, for the sake of shame."

"Oh!" said I in a hesitating way, "then are you a gentleman of the road, rascal?"

"You honor me to put a name upon me," said he with an inclination of the head.

"I will tell you this," I broke out in seeming indignation, "you shall be well hanged—that's your destiny."

"Maybe," said he carelessly. "As well be picked by crows on a gallows as in a ditch. Deliver, my lord."

"I ask your indulgence, captain," said I in another voice; "there is a packet I would fain keep——"

"Pish! I must have all or none," he interrupted. "Yet I am in a mood to indulge you, so be you give me your hand on paper that I took all of you."

This made me perpend, for my wits are sharp and I began to guess that this was maybe by way of a wager, and that the fool was rattling the dice on his life.

"I will do that," said I after a pause, "if you will let this document, that is important to none but myself, remain. I have sixty guineas else."

"Hand 'em over," says he in a jocose way.

His pistol was still at my head, and I made search for my purse and gave it to him; the which he pocketed without so much as examining it.

"And for this warranty?" said he, "I have quill and paper"; whereat I knew that I was upon the right thought.

He put a hand into his pocket, but, being by now unsuspecting that he had any to deal with save a mild sheep, he paid little heed to his earlier precautions; and the next I had his pistol hand in my clutch. He was taken aback at the first, but struggled gamely, though (Lord save us!) he was no match for me. With a twist of the wrist, his pistol fell to the road with a dull clank, and presently I had the door of the chaise open, and was gripping him in the darkness. And now 'twas my barker that was against his forehead.

"I was mistook," said I, as he came to a pause in his struggles, "and 'tis not the gallows will have you, sure, but this cold barrel o' mine. And so say your prayers."

He uttered a little reckless laugh. "Oh, I will spare your time," says he.

"Doubtless you're in a haste to be on."

"Come," said I, "off with that mask," and I knocked it clear of his face with the pistol.

'Twas a young man, well formed and of a handsome bearing, that stood before me, save that his features were disfigured by a cynic smile. Yet there was in that expression, as I judged, something impulsive and full hearted that took me. I contemplated him.

"You're no toby-man," said I. "A toby-man would think shame to be took as I took you just now."

For answer he whistled, and then, "Good my man, get forward with your job," said he. "I have cast and lost."



*"Hold!" says he loudly,  
and catches at the horse nearest."*

"Why," said I, lowering my barker, "I knew 'twas along of a wager this was done and so bungled."

He threw me a glance under the moon without offering to run. "How know you?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Rip me," said I. "When a gentleman of the road takes the road (save he be in liquor) 'tis for a serious purpose, and that's guineas. He walks with a proper gait; he's no come-lightly. But you—" I came to a pause.

"You're wrong," said he, "'twas no wager."

"Oh, well," said I, "'tis a pity that

so fit a youth should go woo the Triple Beam, and I find it in my heart to give you a chance. What say you? Your story for your life."

He thought a moment. "Agreed," said he. "'Tis no harm and no good to no one."

"Then 'tis sealed on that," I replied, and happened to look away a moment from him.

In the moonlight the heath emerged dimly, and I descried near a patch of bushes a waiting figure.

"So," said I. "That's your game, my master. You bring confederates, and accept of my terms to betray me.



Damme, but I will shoot ye both where ye stand or run."

Now, I was broke out very furious, for it seemed to me that I saw the whole purpose of the ambush very clearly, and I raised my pistol as I spoke.

"What is that?" said he suddenly, and stared at me, and then away to where my eyes had gone. At that instant the figure took to its heels and ran, limping swiftly into the darkness.

"By the Lord, Crookes!" said my toby-man.

"So," said I, not now realizing where I was, but feeling cautiously ahead. "And who may Crookes be that is such a white liver?"

"'Tis Sir Damon's servant," said he, and added, "'Tis in the tale and the bargain."

"In that case," said I, "let's have the tale and the bargain ere my mind shifts, as it is apt to do of a cold night."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You have the advantage, and 'twill hurt nor harm none. Sir Damon Boll is uncle and guardian to a young lady, who returns my passion. But he will none of the match, being anxious to dispose of her to a certain lord. This evening I besought him to acquiesce in our betrothal, but he refused.

"If it be money—" said I. "'Tis not money," says he with a grin. "If it be place and position—" said I again, but again he interrupted me. "'Tis neither," says he. "You're well enough, man, but who weds my niece must prove himself. You're a young gentleman of the town," says he. "When I was young we was wont to be more than that; and by God, young man," says he, "ye shall have her if ye rob a coach, or carry stand-and-deliver to a chaise."

"What mean you?" said I.

"If so be," said he, speaking more slowly, "you shall have spirit and temper enough to take all that is within a traveler's chaise this night, save what clothes he sits in, you have my word and you shall have my niece."

"Well?" said I, seeing he paused.

"Well, here I am," said he, and laughed discordantly.

"Come; it's a very proper and romantic comedy," said I, "and why d'ye suppose he gives you this chance?"

He shook his head.

"And why d'ye suppose this Crookes, Sir Damon's man, if that be his name, is hanging about?"

"I never thought of that," said he.

"Well," said I deliberately, "it seems if I were you, young cockerel, I would think twice ere I put faith in Sir Damon Boll. He hath you in a cleft stick."

"You mean—" he asked anxiously.

"Why, are you not took in the act?" I replied. "Took with a red hand, and why runs that rogue back to his master? He hath followed you."

"Damnation!" says he, and looks at me.

"Upon my heart," I said, "you're a pretty fellow to take to the road, with no more prudence or care about you than a sucking dove. If I mistake not down flies this Crookes with news of your discomfiture, as he would also have been witness to your success; and presently, maybe, up comes Sir Damon to gloat upon ye. Oh, I have a fondness for such deep ripe rascals; stap me, I have."

He stood moodily, fiddling with his fingers, a frown on his brow.

"Well?" said he at last inquiringly, and something defiant.

"Well?" said I, "I think I will have a look at this Sir Damon, and gads me if there be not the sound of a vehicle. Would ye like another fling at the high toby?"

He looked at me, and I winked.

"Should this be Sir Damon——"

He whistled. "Now, damme," he cried briskly, "you're the gamest cock that ever crowed out of Whitehall."

"Well, let's go to meet him and seek what we shall find," I said, for I did not want that the arriving carriage should come up with mine; and so bestowing an order on my wondering fellow we

walked back sharply upon the London Road.

The night was still relieved by the moon through the naked oaks behind us, and we could perceive the huddle of a chaise separating out of the darkness a score or two of yards away.

"'Tis his livery," says my friend. "'Tis his coach for sure."

"Well, may I perish but he runs a hazard this night, does this said Sir Damon," I said with a laugh, and I took him by the arm. "Look you," says I. "You were but a bantam with a bantam's voice yonder. You shrieked too high, damme, for your spurs. If you would venture another main take heed to one that knows and keep your

eyes straight, as straight as your weapon. With level hands and eyes, rot me, I would be afraid of nothing under heaven, save stalking ghosts and ill-willing witches. Set on, man, if so you have mind, and I'll wager you will go through with the adventure."

"Gad," says he with his laugh. "I will pluck him there for his pains, and enjoy it. I am your debtor, sir, for this night's topsy-turvy."

Just then the chaise rocked into the faint light before us that stood in the darkness of the trees, and he made a step forward, halted as if in doubt, and then dashed on it, shouting in a loud voice on the postilion. But I lay close in my earth like an old fox watching of 'em.

Well, the chaise was at a standstill, and there was a hubbub, as you may fancy; for the old gentleman was come out to see a highwayman took, and not to be rumpadded himself. But he was of a stout spirit, and though there was my young gentleman at the window with his barker and his mask that he had refitted on him, I could descry a white head poked forth and a voice exchanging words sharply.

"Deliver!" says my man.

"Deliver! I will see thee damned first," cries the spirited old bubblejock.

"I regret the necessity," says my man pleasantly, but his barker drew nearer.

"I will have this place scoured for you," cries the old boy.

"If you make more ado," says my man amiably, "I shall be in the sad case of dabbling white hair red." With that, seeming to recognize the folly of re-



*"And presently I had the door of the chaise open, and was gripping him in the darkness."*

sistance, Sir Damon sank back in his seat.

"What is't you want?" he asked in another voice.

"'Tis very simple," says t'other; "merely all that is in your chaise with you, save what clothes ye sit in"; and now that the man's head no longer blocked the window he peered closer in, and at the same moment uttered an exclamation of surprise. And so I dare say did Sir Damon also, for he must have recognized by that saying with whom he had to deal; the which must have astonished him who came forth to see the young buck laid by the heels. But he gave vent to no sound that I heard just then, and 'twas my young gentleman of the toby who spoke.

"I will be content with nothing short of all that is with you, sir," said he in a gay voice, as of one well content with himself and destiny. "And first your purse."

Well, he must have got that, for says he next, "Hem, your jewel case," and that too came out of the window in the ghost of a hand that was like a woman's for slenderness. "You're prompt in payment, my dear sir," continues my friend, "for the which I thank ye, as an exacting creditor. But you have still something by you."

Then comes Sir Damon's voice, quite still and cool now. "You have all, sir—you have all. My word spells my honor, unless indeed you have changed your courteous intention about my clothes."

"Nay, I leave none bare," says he, "in particular to these wild winds. But I see you have company, and fair company too," at the which, as you may guess, I pricked up my ears and moved forward a step out of the darkness.

"Well, sir," says Sir Damon sharply, "would you rob the lady also?"

"No," says he with a laugh, "only of your company. I trust I am a gallant toby-man, if one upon compulsion. In truth I have no real liking for the business, but was driven to it of necessity.

Yet while I am in it I must e'en make what I can get out of it. And since I must take all that is in the chaise save yourself, my good sir, I will make bold with the lady, if she will forgive me."

Hearing that I could have slapped my thigh in my delight at his wit and quickness, for I began at once to see how matters stood. Here was Sir Damon driving forth with his ward and niece, maybe with the intent that she should publicly witness, with her own eyes, the wretched plight and humiliation of her lover; and now that lover appears to discomfit her guardian, and wrest her triumphantly from his arms. It was an excellent fine play and tickled me much; for, damme, 'twas after my own heart.

But when he had spoke, Sir Damon answers nothing for a time and then, seeing, I suppose, that he was beaten all round, he says:

"Very well," says he, "I am as I have assured you, my good scoundrel, a man of my word and honor. So what I have said I have said. You have won your wager, and shall have your reward. I confess I had not anticipated it. But to-morrow 'tis my turn, for I too have an unexpected card in the game. And so, when the lady is safely alighted in this balmy air and on this cozy heath, at your disposal, I shall be obliged if you will order my man to drive on so that I may finish this somewhat benighted journey in peace."

This was, you will admit, a dignified surrender, and I could not but see that he was really at the advantage. For though the lad had won his wager, and his bride, he was at the mercy of this man, as hard as Satan, maybe, or as grim as Death. And he would go hang on the Beam for this night's work, if so be Sir Damon desired it. And this, you may conceive, was not a pleasant plight for the young fellow. But, bless you, he had no fears. He had won his wager, and he had handed forth his sweetheart, and was, I doubt not, all in a flurry of passion for the meeting.

Bah! this love turns men dizzy; it steals their wits more wildly than wine. Let be! 'Tis well enough in a way, but rip me if I would be so rankly stirred. The old cock had the advantage and knew it. He gazed out on the silly pair from his window with hard eyes and expressionless face, and shouted a command to his man, at which the chaise turned and began to move slowly toward London again.

At that instant, seeing how awkward a face things wore, and being of a mind to see the stir through to the end, a notion flashed in my head, and I came forward to the couple. Miss I could not see, for she was in wraps,



and she might have been a scullion-wench for all I could tell. But says I to him:

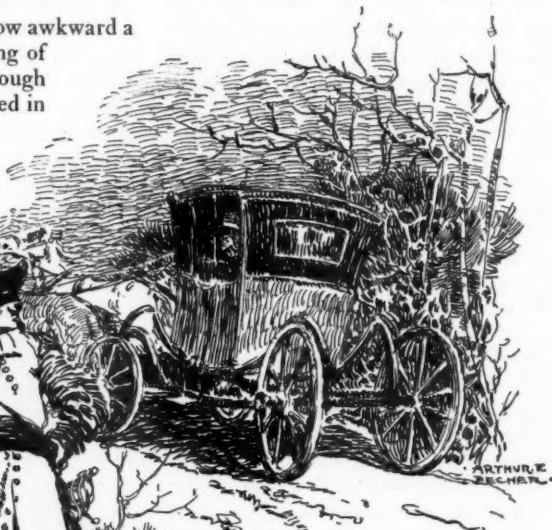
"See you, take my coach, and drive on to the 'Nag' by Carshalton, and there await me. I will deal with this Lord Chief Justice myself"; and leaving 'em

with no more words I ran after the departing chaise as fast as may be.

When I had reached it I tapped on the window, and out pops the old gentleman's white head once more.

"Another of you?" says he. "This place grows 'em like brambles," and would have discharged a pistol full in my face.

"Hold!" said I. "'Tis your assist-



*"He gazed out on the silly pair from his window, with hard eyes and expressionless face."*

ance I want, sir. I believe you have been rumpadded by a toby-man just now. Well, I am in a like case, and was bound whilst he took you. But now he is gone off with my chaise, and I beg you will join me in pursuit. Sure, sir," seeing nothing on his face but its pale mask, "we be enough, armed as we are, to overtake and bring him to account, especially that he hath with him now, as it seems, some go-lightly. But I cannot without my coach overtake them."

He seemed to consider a little, scruti-

nizing me. "Well," said he at last, "you seem a likely man in emergencies. If you are armed, as you say, and have the resolution, I do not know but the plan will fit in with my own. I had another design, but maybe both are admirable, and at least they will not conflict."

So without more ado he invited me into the chaise, and there conceive me sitting in Miss's place, the horses' heads turned again for the south, and Sir Damon and Dick Ryder chatting agreeably and affably together, as they had been long acquaintances.

At least 'twas I that chatted, and he was mostly silent in an amicable enough way, interjecting a question, or commenting with satiric humor, what time we lurched along toward Ewell and Epsom. But now you will have an inkling of my design when I say that if this old fox was permitted to return straightway to town, he would no doubt set the officers on his enemy, and have him forthwith lodged in the Jug. Maybe, thought I to myself, with a little trickery and a little persuasion of my own kind, that could be prevented, and the boy have a run for his life at the least. So that was why we were jogging along the Epsom road through a dark and miry night on the track (as he thought) of the runaways.

Presently, interrupting a tale of mine about Jeremy Starbottle, says he bluffly:

"We seem no nearer, sir. It would look as if your horses were superior to mine."

"Why," said I in answer, "'tis odds they'll keep this road, for the side ways are foul and lead nowhither. Moreover, they will not expect to be pursued. We shall fetch 'em presently."

"Very well," says he, lying back. "But I beg you will give me a little leave. I was shortened of my nap this afternoon."

Now this was a plain hint, as you see, for me to hold my tongue, but I took no offense, for there was no occasion. "Sir," said I, "I am mum. I do not

overstep my welcome," and I too lay back.

But presently, the chaise jogging more than usual, he sat up.

"It seems to me," said he, "that we are upon a wild-geese chase. We shall not catch him in this wilderness."

"Oh," said I, "he cannot be so far in advance—not he with my nags, I'll warrant."

He looked at me doubtfully in the small light. "Very well," he said at last shortly, "we will try a little longer," and he peered out upon the night.

I looked out also, and now we were passing through Carshalton, where I had bid the doves assemble for to meet me. But, damme, my business was not yet done, and the coach rolls creaking out of Carshalton and on the way to Epsom. This seemed to stir the old gentleman again to perplexity, for again he directed a look out of the window, and then another at me. I felt his gaze wander over me from top to boot as if he measured me.

"You have fought abroad?" says he.

"Not I," said I, and added to that, "There's too many that babble about those foreign wars. Deliver us, a good English war is more to my taste, and better fighting, too," says I.

"Ah!" says he, still coolly inspecting me, as if he cared not whether I saw him or not. "Then you will have fought in his Majesty's intestine wars?" said he.

"What's that?" said I, turning on him.

"No doubt," said he suavely, "you have fought, sir, for his Majesty King James, against the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth."

"Who gave you leave to suppose I have fought at all?" said I sharply, being irked by his persistence. "I am no fighting man, but one of peace."

"Oh," says he. "But I took you for a soldier and a captain-at-arms at least. And indeed I believe you would have furnished material for a good soldier." He surveyed me meditatively. "Yes,



I'll promise that; good material, sir, sound fighting stock, and no splitting straws or scruples."

"Damme," said I bluntly, "what d'ye mean?"

He sank back in his seat. "I mean no offense," said he, "but I think as 'tis shrewd to-night I will e'en turn about."

"Nay," said I masterfully, "you must not since we are come so far. Let us finish the adventure, sir, and not leave hold of it. We will be catching of 'em by the heels presently."

He pursed his lips together, as if he whistled under his breath, and there was a pause, which the noise of the chaise drowned all round about us. But my senses are not sharp for nothing, and next I was aware of a glint of light upon steel, for the moon as we rocked swayed in at the window; and I guessed that he was fingering his pistol.

I pulled forth mine abruptly. "Yes," says I, "'tis as well to be prepared, sir. I am glad you are so forward. We may have a fall-to when we encounter, but I'll warrant you're as good with your barker as I with mine."

"I hope so," said he, without betraying any feeling. "I do earnestly hope so—even, sir, to be a little better would be to my taste. As you say, we may come to an encounter soon, and 'tis as well to be prepared."

Now the old buck puzzled me, and I perpended. If he had any suspicion that this was not a genuine pursuit and I was other than I had feigned to be, why sat he there, silent and evil? But if he had no scent of danger what was the significance of his words, which did smell to me of the ironic? It angered me to be so baffled by him and his quiet features; but I did not well see what I might do or say just then, and so kept silence like himself. And indeed, 'twas he broke it.

"We must be drawing nigh Ewell, so far as I may guess," he said. "Would you be good enough to tell me what course you propose when we reach

Ewell? If I might without impropriety make a humble suggestion, I would advise that we ate some supper and lay there comfortably for the night—to resume this interesting journey doubtless on the morrow."

With that I saw at once how it was, and I gave vent to a little laugh. "Why, you shall do as you please, sir," said I, "and that plan will serve me admirably."

"Ah!" says he, looking at me. "Then maybe there is something amiss with it. Suppose we come to an understanding. I think you are too young, and I am too old, to want to die by violence. We both have a taste for life, I take it. Where stand we then? We are pursuing a gentleman of the road—"

"Pardon me," said I, interrupting, for the time was come now to disclose myself, and I looked to be mightily tickled by the disclosure. "No longer pursuing, but maybe even pursued."

"Pursued?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, at least we are some miles ahead of the turtle doves that are coming maybe somewhere safe and sound behind us."

His eyes never changed; only the thin lips move a little.

"Ah!" says he, "the turtle doves! I had some notion—but who then are you, my dear sir?"

"I am but a philosophic observer," said I airily. "'Tis my business to look on and smile. I take no part in the rough acts of fortune."

"Pardon me," said he suavely, "but I think you are too modest, captain."

"Captain!" said I sharply.

"Well, well; I had forgot you were no soldier. You have the air of a soldier, and the makings, as I have remarked. But, sir, let me tell you you are too modest. This journey—"

"Oh, that was my whim," said I. "I interposed out of a benevolent heart, for to save two young folks fond of billing, and to make an illustrious acquaintance for myself."



He bowed in his corner. "I trust you will not make a more illustrious acquaintance still," he said dryly.

"Why," said I, for I knew what he meant, "you forget that at your invitation I am here in pursuit of a common enemy."

"True," he said, considering. "It has a smooth face upon it. I perceive you, sir, to be a gentleman of his wits."

Now 'twas my turn to bow, and indeed he was not wrong, for it has ever been my good fortune to find a way out of a difficulty when others would stand and gape, like oafs and asses. But he went on in his still voice: "But now that I see our friend, the common enemy, as you put it, enjoyed a confederate, it appears I must reconsider the circumstances. In fine, his wager fails——"

"I am no confederate," I broke in.

"And thus there is no necessity that he receive the penalty which I had designed as a wedding present for him," he finished, not appearing to heed me.

"Sir Damon, I have told you that I am but an onlooker," said I.

He elevated his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Rip me," said I angrily, "I never clapped eyes on the fellow till the quarter of an hour ere you came up and I will be damned if I should tick him off from Adam did I see him again."

"You perceive that you are rehabilitating the penalty," he remarked dryly, and I could perceive he did not credit me, which made me angrier.

"By the Lord," said I, "I have the honor to tell ye that the young muck-worm rumpadded me in my chaise just ere you were come up—damme, did he, if it were not that I turned his barkers on him."

Sir Damon eyed me, and then all of a sudden broke out into soft laughter, as if he were greatly tickled.

"Is't so?" said he. "The Lord love him for a simpleton! Faith, I could forgive——" He chuckled quietly, and then looked at me again, still smiling.

"You know, sir, what penalty menaces those that abduct or hold a ward from her guardian?"

"'Tis a guardian I have abducted from his ward," said I.

He laughed gently. "Very well," said he, "let us leave it at that," and then, "Do you know, sir, what a fool the fool is?"

"He is no toby-man, at least," said I.

"'Tis commensurate with his life in general," said Sir Damon easily. "He is born tomfool, and has two handsome dancing eyes." He paused. "I will not say," says he next, "that for happiness wisdom is necessary, or even adequate. I have not found it so myself, nor perhaps you, friend—captain?"

"In that case," says I, "repay a fool with his folly, which is marriage."

"Then we are agreed," said he genially. "I too am a bachelor. And now that we are agreed on one thing, captain, Mr.——" He hesitated.

"Ryder," said I.

"Mr. Ryder," said he, "let us be agreed all along the line. If I forego the penalty——"

"I will treat your worship to as damnable a fine supper and bottle as was ever served in England," I interjected, "and we will drink to the turtles at Carshalton."

"Carshalton," he says reflectively. "I had an idea 'twas Carshalton, but your pistol was persuasive."

"Well, sir," said I, "here is Ewell, and in a tavern that I know we shall be hospitably used this foul night."

"Good," says he, preparing to alight, as the chaise came to a stop, "and pray bear in mind, Mr. Ryder, that I am penniless and homeless."

"Damme," said I heartily, "you're welcome to all that's mine, and that's not beggary; and, damme, while I can keep such company, I envy not the turtle with his mate at Carshalton."

He was now in the road, and he turned. "Nor I, Ryder; nor I," he said pleasantly.

# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER IV

### SUNSET AND DARK

It was six o'clock in the early evening, the sun still shining, and in the air a sea-balm most delicious. Sir Peter and Captain Butler had gone to see Sir Henry, Butler desiring to be presented by so grand a personage as Sir Peter, I think through mere vanity; for his own rank and title and his pressing mission should have been sufficient credentials. Sir Henry Clinton was not too difficult of approach.

Meanwhile I, finding neither Lady Coleville nor the Hon. Elsin Grey at home, had retired to my chambers to write to Colonel Willett concerning Butler's violent designs on the frontier. When I finished I made a sealed packet of all papers accumulated, and, seizing hat, snuff-box, and walking-stick, went out into Wall Street, through the dismal arcades of the City Hall, and down to Hanover Square. Opposite Mr. Goellet's Sign of the Golden Key, and next door to Mr. Minshall's fashionable Looking-Glass Store, was the Silver Box, the shop of Ennis the Tobacconist, a Boston man in our pay; and it was here that for four years I was accustomed to bring the dangerous despatches that should go north to his Excellency or to Colonel Willett, passed along from partizan to partizan, and from agent to agent, though who these secret helpers along the route might be I never knew, only that Ennis charged himself with what despatches I brought, and a week or more later they were at Dobb's Ferry, West Point, or in Albany. John Ennis

was there when I entered; he bowed his dour and angular New England bow, served a customer with snuff, bowed him to the door, then returned grinning to me, rubbing his long, lean, dangerous hands upon his apron—hands to throttle a Tryon County wolf!

"Butler's in town," he said harshly, through his beak of a nose. "I guess there's blood to be smelled somewhere in the north when the dog-wolf's abroad at sunup. He came by sloop this morning," he added, taking the packet from my hands and laying it upon a table in plain sight—the best way to conceal anything.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"A Bull's-Head drover whistled it an hour since," he said carelessly. "That same drover and his mate desire to see you, Mr. Renault. Could you, by chance, take the air at dusk—say on Great George Street—until you hear a whippoorwill?"

I nodded.

"You will not fail, then, sir? This drover and his fellow go north to-night, bearing the cross o' fire."

"I shall not fail them," I said, drawing a triple roll of guineas from my pocket. "This money goes to the prisonships; they are worse off there than under Cunningham. See to it, Ennis. I shall bring more to-morrow."

He winked; then with a grimace and circumstance and many a stiff-backed bow, conducted me to the door, where I stood a moment, snuff-box in hand, as though testing some new and most delicious brand just purchased from the Silver Box.

There were many respectable folk

abroad in Hanover Square, thronging the foot-paths, crowding along the gay shop windows, officers lagging by the jeweler's show, sober gentlemen clustering about the book-stalls, ladies returning from their shopping or the hair-dressers', young bucks, arm in arm, swaggering in and out of coffee-house and tavern.

As I stood there, making pretense to take snuff, I noticed a sedan-chair standing before Mrs. Ballin's millinery-shop, and seeing that the bearers were Lady Coleville's men, I crossed the street.

As they came up they touched their hats, and at the same moment the shop door opened and out tripped, not Lady Coleville at all, but the Hon. Elsin Grey in the freshest of flowered gowns, wearing a piquant chip hat à la Gunning, with pink ribbons tied under her dainty chin.

"You!" she cried. "Of all men, to be caught a-raking in Hanover Square like some mincing macaroni, peeping into strange sedan-chairs!"

"I knew it was Lady Coleville's chair," I said, laughing, yet a little vexed, too.

"It isn't; it's Mrs. Barry's," she said. "Our chairs are all at the varnisher's! Now what excuse can you trump up?"

"The bearers are Lady Coleville's," I said. "Don't be disagreeable. I came to walk with you."

"Expecting to meet Rosamund Barry! Thank you, Carus. And I may add that I have seen little of you since Friday—not that I had noticed your absence, but meeting you on your favorite promenade reminded me how recreant are men. Heigho! and alas! You may hand me to my chair before you leave me to go ogling Broad Street for your Sacharissa."

I conducted her to the curb in silence, tucking her perfumed skirts in as she seated herself. The bearers resumed the bars, and I, hat under one arm and stick at a fashionable angle, strolled along beside the chair as it proceeded up Wall Street. It was but a step to Broadway; I opened the chair door and aided her

to descend, then dismissed the bearers and walked slowly with her toward the stoop.

"This silence is truly soothing," she observed, nose in the air, "but one cannot expect everything, Mr. Renault."

"What is it that you lack?" I asked.

"A man to talk to," she said disdainfully. "For goodness sake, Carus, change that sulky face for a brighter mask and find a civil word for me—I do not aspire to a compliment—but for mercy's sake say something!"

"Will you walk with me a little way?" I inquired stiffly.

"Walk with you? Oh, what pleasure! Where? On Broadway? On Crown Street? On Queen Street? Or do you prefer Front Street and Old Slip? I wish to be perfectly agreeable, Carus, and I'll do anything to please you, even to running away with you in an Italian chaise!"

"I may ask you to do that, too," I said.

"Ask me, then! Mercy on the man! was there ever so willing a maid? Give me a moment to fetch a sun-mask and I'm off with you to any revel you please—short of the Coq d'Or," she added, with a daring laugh—"and I might be persuaded to that—as far as the cherry-trees—with you, Carus, and let my reputation go hang!"

We had walked on into Broadway and along the foot-path under the lime-trees where the robins were singing that quaint evening melody I love, and the pleasant scent of grass and salt breeze mingled in exquisite freshness.

"I had a dish of tea with some very agreeable people in Queen Street," she remarked. "Lady Coleville is there still. I took Mrs. Barry's chair to buy me a hat—and how does it become me?" she ended, tipping her head on one side for my inspection.

"It is modish," I replied indifferently.

"Certainly it is modish," she said dryly—"a Gunning hat, and cost a penny, too. Oh, Carus, when I think

what that husband of mine must pay to maintain me——"

"What husband?" I said, startled.

"Why, *any* husband!" She made a vague gesture. "Did I say that I had picked him out yet, silly? But there must be one some day, I suppose."

We had strolled as far as St. Paul's and had now returned as far as Trinity. The graves along the north transept of the ruined church were green and starred with wild flowers, and we turned into the churchyard, walking very slowly side by side.

"Elsin," I began.

"Ah! the gentleman has found his tongue," she exclaimed softly. "Speak, Sir Frippon; thy Sacharissa listens."

"I have only this to ask. Dance with me once to-night, will you?—nay—twice, Elsin?"

She seated herself upon a green mound and looked up at me from under her chip hat. "I have not at all made up my mind," she said. "Captain Butler is to be there. He may claim every dance that Sir Henry does not claim."

"Have you seen him?" I asked sullenly.

"Mercy, yes! He came at noon while you and Sir Peter were gambling away your guineas at the Coq d'Or."

"He waited upon *you*?"

"He waited on Lady Coleville. I was there."

"Were you not surprised to see him in New York?"

"Not very"—she considered me with a far-away smile—"not very greatly nor very—agreeably surprised. I have told you his sentiments regarding me."

"I cannot understand," I said, "what you see in him to fascinate you."

"Nor I," she replied so angrily that she startled me. "I thought to-day when I met him, oh, dear! now I'm to be harrowed with melancholy and passion when I was having such an agreeable time! But, Carus, even while I pouted I felt the subtle charm of that very sadness, the strange, compelling in-

fluence of those melancholy eyes." She sighed and plucked a late violet, drawing the stem slowly between her white teeth and staring at the ruined church.

After a while I said: "Do you regret that you are so soon to leave us?"

"Regret it?" She looked at me thoughtfully. "Carus," she said, "you are wonderfully attractive to me. I wish you had acquired that air of gentle melancholy—that poet's pallor which becomes a noble sadness—and I might love you—if you asked me."

"I'm sad enough at your going," I said lightly.

"Truly, are you sorry? And when I am gone will you forget la belle Canadienne? Ah! monsieur, l'amitié est une chose si rare, que, n'eut-elle duré qu'un jour, on doit en respecter jus qu'au souvenir."

"It is not I who shall forget to respect it, madam, jusqu'au souvenir."

"Nor I, mon ami. Had I not known that love is at best a painful pleasure I might have mistaken my happiness with you for something very like it."

"You babble of love!" I blurted out, "and you know nothing of it! What foolish whim possesses you to think that fascination Walter Butler has for you is love?"

"What is it, then?" she asked, with a little shudder.

"How do I know? He has the devil's own tenacity, bold black eyes, and a well-cut head, and a certain grace of limb and bearing nowise remarkable. But"—I waved my hand helplessly—"how can a sane man understand a woman's preference—nay, Elsin, I do not even pretend to understand *you*. All I know is that our friendship began in an instant, opened to full sweetness like a flower overnight, and, like a flower, is nearly ended now—nearly ended."

"Not ended; I shall remember."

"Well, and if we both remember—to what purpose?"

"To what purpose is friendship, Carus, if not to remember when alone?"

I listened, head bent. Then, pursuing my own thoughts aloud: "It is not wise for a maid to plight her troth in secret, I care not for what reasons. I know something of men; it is a thing no honest man should ask of any woman. Why do you fear to tell Sir Frederick Haldimand?"

"Captain Butler begged me not to."

"Why?" I asked sharply.

"He is poor. You must surely know what the rebels have done—how their commissioners of sequestration seized land and house from the Tryon County loyalists. Captain Butler desires me to say nothing until, through his own efforts and by his sword, he has won back his own in the north. And I consented. Meanwhile," she added airily, "he has a glove of mine to kiss, I refusing him my hand to weep upon. And so we wait for one another, and pin our faith upon his sword."

"To wait for him—to plight your troth and wait for him until he and Sir John Johnson have come into their own again?"

"Yes, Carus."

"And then you mean to wed him?"

She was silent. The color ebbed in her cheeks.

I stood looking at her through the evening light. Behind her, gilded by the level ray of the sinking sun, a new headstone stood; and on it I read:

IN MEMORY OF  
Michael Cresap, First Cap't  
Of the Rifle Battalions,  
And Son to Col. Thomas  
Cresap, Who Departed this  
Life, Oct. 18, A.D., 1775.

Cresap, the generous young captain, whose dusty column of Maryland riflemen I myself had seen when but a lad, pouring through Broadalbin Bush on the way to Boston siege! This was his grave; and a Tory maid in flowered petticoat and chip hat was seated on the mound a-prattling of rebels!

"When do you leave us?" I asked grimly.

"Captain Butler has gone to see Sir Henry to ask for a packet. We sail as soon as may be."

"Does *he* go with you?" I demanded, startled.

"Why, yes—I and my two maids, and Captain Butler. Sir Frederick Haldimand knows."

"Yes, but he does not know that Captain Butler has presumed—has dared to press a clandestine suit with you!" I retorted angrily. "It does not please me that you go under such doubtful escort, Elsin."

"And, pray, who are you to please, sir?" she asked in quick displeasure. "You speak of presumption in others, Mr. Renault, and, unsolicited, you offer an affront to me and to a gentleman who is not here to answer."

"I wish he were!" I said between my teeth.

Her fair face hardened.

"Wishes are very safe, sir," she said in a low voice.

At that, suddenly, such a blind anger flooded me that the setting sun swam in my eyes and the blood dinned in ears and brain as though to burst them. At such moments, which are rare with me, I fall silent; and so I stood, while the strange rage shook me, and passed, leaving me cold and very quiet.

"I think we had best go," I said.

She held out her hand. I aided her to rise; and she kept my hand in hers, laying the other over it, and looked up into my eyes.

"Forgive me, Carus," she whispered. "No man can be more gallant and more sweet than you."

"Forgive me, Elsin. No maid so generous and just as you."

And that was all, for we crossed the street, and I mounted the stoop of our house with her, and bowed her in when the great door opened.

"Are you not coming in?" she asked, lingering in the doorway.

"No. I shall take the air."

"But we sup in a few moments."

"I may sup at the Coq d'Or," I said. Still she stood there, the wind blowing through the doorway fluttering the pink bows tied under her chin—a sweet, wistful face turned up to mine, and the early candle-light from the hall sconces painting one rounded cheek with golden lusters.

"Have you freely forgiven me, Carus?"

"Yes, freely. You know it."

"And you will be at the Fort? I shall give you that dance you ask to-night, shall I not?"

"If you will."

There was a silence; she stretched out one hand. Then the door was closed and I descended the steps once more, setting my hat on my head and tucking my walking-stick under one arm, prepared to meet my drover friend, who, Ennis said, desired to speak with me.

## CHAPTER V

### THE ARTILLERY BALL

When I descended from my chamber to the South drawing-room I found there a respectable company of gentlemen assembled, awaiting the ladies who had not yet appeared. There was some talk between Sir Peter and Sir Henry Clinton about Walter Butler, and a mention of Cherry Valley, which stamped the visage of every officer present with a sour grimace.

At that moment Walter Butler entered, halted on the threshold, glancing haughtily around him, advanced amid absolute silence, made his bow to Sir Peter, turned and rendered a perfect salute to Sir Henry, then, as Sir Peter quietly named him to every man present, greeted each with ceremony and a graceful reserve that could not but stamp him as a gentleman of quality and breeding.

To me, above all, was his attitude faultless.

One by one all spoke to Mr. Butler;

laughter among us broke out as wine was served and compliments exchanged.

O'Neil sat down at the piano and played "The World Turned Upside Down," all drifting into the singing, voice after voice; and the beauty of Walter Butler's voice struck all, so that presently, one by one, we fell silent, and he alone carried the quaint old melody to its end.

"I have a guitar hereabouts," blurted out Sir Peter, motioning a servant. The instrument was brought, and Walter Butler received it without false modesty or wearying protestation, and, touching it dreamily, he sang:

"Ninon! Ninon! Que fais-tu de la vie?

L'heure s'enfuit, le jour succède au jour,  
Rose, ce soir—demain fétrie

Comment vis-tu, toi qui n'as pas d'amour?

Ouvrez-vous, jeunes fleurs

Si la mort vous enlève,

La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le  
rêve!"

Sad and sweet the song faded, lingering like perfume, as the deep concord of the strings died out. All were moved; we pressed him to sing more, and he sang what we desired in perfect taste and with a simplicity that fascinated all.

I, too, stood motionless under the spell, yet struggling to think of what I had heard of the nearness of his Excellency to New York, and how I might get word to him. The ladies had given as yet no sign of readiness; all present, even Sir Henry, stood within a circle around Walter Butler. So I stepped quietly into the hallway, and hastened up the stairs to my chamber, which I locked first, then seized paper and quill and fell to scribbling:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GEN'L WASHINGTON:

"SIR: I regret to report that, through thoughtlessness and inadvertence, I have made a personal enemy of Captain Walter Butler of the Rangers, who is



now here on a mission to enlist the aid of Sir Henry Clinton in a new attempt on the frontier. His purpose in this enterprise is to ruin our granaries, punish the Oneidas friendly to us, and, if aided from below, seize Albany, or at least Johnstown, Caughnawaga, and Schenectady. Sir John Johnson, Major Ross, and Captain Butler are preparing to gather at Niagara Fort. They expect to place a strong, swift force in the field—Rangers, Greens, Hessians, Regulars, and partizans, not counting Brant's Iroquois, of the Seneca, Cayuga, and Mohawk nations.

"The trysting-place is named as Thendara. Only an Iroquois, adopted or native, can understand how Thendara is to be found. It is a town that has no existence—a fabled town that has existed and will exist again, but does not now exist. It is a mystic term used in council, and understood only by those clan ensigns present at the Rite of Condolence. At a federal council of the Five Nations, at a certain instant in the ceremonies, that spot which for a week shall be chosen to represent the legendary and lost town of Thendara, is designated to the clan attestants.

"Now, sir, as our allies the Oneidas dare not answer to a belt summons for federal council, there is no one who can discover for you the location of the trysting-spot, Thendara. I, however, am an Oneida councilor, having conformed to the law of descent by adoption; and having been raised up to ensign by the Wolf Clan of the Oneida Nation, beg leave to place my poor services at your Excellency's disposal. There may be a chance that I return alive; and you, sir, are to judge whether any attempt of mine to answer the Iroquois belt, which surely I shall receive, is worth your honorable consideration. In the meanwhile I am sending copies of this letter to Colonel Willett and to Gen'l Schuyler."

I hastily signed, seized more writing-paper, and fell to copying furiously.

And at length it was accomplished, and I wrapped up the letters in a box of snuff, tied and sealed the packet, and called my man.

"Take this snuff back to Ennis in Hanover Square," I said peevishly, "and inform him that Mr. Renault desires a better quality."

My servant took the box and hastened away. I stood an instant, listening. Walter Butler was still singing. I cast my eyes about, picked up a half-written sheet I had discarded for fault of blots, crumpled it, and reached for a candle to burn it. But at that instant I heard the voices of the ladies on the landing below, so quickly opening my wainscot niche I thrust the dangerous paper within, closed the panel, and hastened away downstairs to avoid comment for my absence.

In the merry company now assembled below I could scarcely have been missed, I think, for the Italian chaises had but just that moment appeared to bear us away to the Fort, and the gentlemen were clustered about Lady Coleville, who, encircled by a laughing bevy of pretty women, was designating chaise-partners, reading from a list she held in her jeweled hands. Those already allotted to one another had moved apart, standing two and two, and as I entered the room I saw Walter Butler give his arm to Rosamund Barry at Lady Coleville's command, a fixed smile hiding his disappointment, which turned to a white grimace as Lady Coleville ended with: "Carus, I entrust to your escort the Hon. Elsin Grey, and if you dare to run off with her there are some twenty court-swords ready here to ask the reason why. Sir Henry, will you take me as your penance?"

"Now, gentlemen," cried Sir Peter gaily, "the chaises are here; and please to remember that there is no Kissing-Bridge between Wall Street and the Battery."

Elsin Grey turned to me, laying her soft white hand on mine.

"Did you hear Mr. Butler sing?" she

whispered. "Is it not divine enough to steal one's heart away?"

"He sings well," I said, gazing in wonder at her ball-gown—pale turquoise silk, with a stomacher of solid brilliants and petticoat of blue and silver. "Elsin, I think I never saw so beautiful a maid in all my life, nor a beautiful gown so nobly borne."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, delighted at my bluntness. "And you, too, Carus—why, you are like a radiant one from the sky! I have ever thought you handsome, but not as flawless as you now reveal yourself. Lord! we should cut a swathe to-night, you and I, sir, blinding all eyes in our proper glitter. I could dance all night and all day, too! I never felt so light, so gay, so eager, so reckless. I'm quivering with delight, Carus, from throat to knee—and, for the rest, my head is humming with the devil's tattoo and my feet keeping time."

She raised the hem of her petticoat a hand's breadth, and tapped the floor with one little foot—a trifle only. "That ballet figure that we did at Sir Henry's—do you remember?—and the heat of the ballroom, and the French red running from the women's cheeks? To-night is perfect, cool, and fragrant. I shall dance until I die, and go up to heaven in one high, maddened whirl!—zip!—like a burning soul!"

We were descending the stoop now. Our chaise stood ready; I placed her and followed, and away we rolled down Broadway.

"Am I to have two dances?" I asked.

"Two? Why, you blessed man, you may have twenty!"

She turned to me, eyes sparkling, fan half spread, a picture of exquisite youth and beauty. Her jewels flashed in the chaise-lamps, her neck and shoulders glowed clear and softly fair.

"Is that French red on lip and cheek?" I asked, to tease her.

"If there were a certain sort of bridge betwixt Wall Street and the Fort you might find out without asking," she said,

looking me daringly in the eyes. "Lacking that same bridge, you have another bridge and another problem, Mr. Renault."

"For lack of a Kissing-Bridge I must solve the *pons asinorum*, I see," said I, imprisoning her hands. There was a delicate hint of a struggle, a little cry, and I had kissed her. Breathless she looked at me; the smile grew fixed on her red lips.

"Your experience in such trifles is a blessing to the untaught," she said. "You have not crumpled a ribbon. Truly, Carus, only long and intense devotion to the art could turn you out a perfect master."

"My compliments to you, Elsin; I take no credit that your gown is smooth and the lace unruffled."

"Thank you; but if you mean that I, too, am practised in the art you are wrong."

The fixed smile trembled a little, but her eyes were wide and bright.

"Would you laugh, Carus, if I said it—what you did to me—is the first—the very first in all my life?"

"Oh, no!" I said gravely, "I should not laugh if you commanded otherwise."

She looked at me in silence, the light from the chaise-lamps playing over her flushed face. Presently she turned and surveyed the darkness where, row on row, ruins of burned houses stood, the stars shining down through roofless walls.

Into my head came ringing the song that Walter Butler sang:

"Ninon! Ninon! Thy sweet life flies!

Wasted in hours day follows day.

The rose to-night to-morrow dies:

Wilt thou disdain to love alway?

How canst thou live unconscious of Love's fire,

Immune to passion, guiltless of desire?"

Now all around us lamplight glimmered as we entered Bowling Green, where coach and chaise and sedan-chair were jumbled in a confusion increased

by the crack of whips, the trample of impatient horses, and the cries of grooms and chairmen. In the lamp's increasing glare I made out a double line of soldiers, through which those invited to the Fort were passing; and, as our chaise stopped and I aided Elsin to descend, the fresh sea-wind from the Battery struck us full, blowing her lace scarf across my face.

Through lines of servants and soldiers we passed, her hand nestling closely to my arm, past the new series of outworks and barricades, where bronze field-pieces stood shining in the moonlight, then over a dry moat by a flimsy bridge, and entered the sally-port, thronged with officers, all laughing and chatting, alert to watch the guests arriving, and a little bold, too, with their stares and their quizzing-glasses. There is, at times, something almost German in the British lack of delicacy, which is, so far, rare with us here, though I doubt not the French will taint a few among us. But insolence in stare and smirk is not among our listed sins, though, doubtless, otherwise, the list is full as long as that of any nation, and longer, too, for all I know.

Conducting Elsin Grey, I grew impatient at the staring, and made way for her without ceremony, which caused a mutter here and there.

In the great loft-room of the Barracks, held by the naval companies, the ball was to be given. I relinquished my pretty charge to Lady Coleville at the door of the retiring-room, and strolled off to join Sir Peter and the others, gathering in knots throughout the cloak-room, where two sailors, cutlasses bared, stood guard.

"Well, Carus," he said, smilingly approaching me, "did you heed those chaste instructions I gave concerning the phantom Kissing-Bridge?"

"I did not run away with her," I said, looking about me. "Where is Walter Butler?"

"He returned to the house in a chaise for something forgotten—or so he said—

I did not understand him clearly, and he was in great haste."

"He went back to *our* house?" I asked uneasily.

"Yes—a matter of a moment, so he said. He returns to move the opening dance with Rosamund."

Curiously apprehensive, I stood there listening to the chatter around me; Sir Peter drummed with his fingers on his sword-hilt, and nodded joyously to every passer-by.

"You have found Walter Butler more agreeable, I trust, than our friend, Sir Henry, found him," he said, turning his amused eyes on me.

"Perhaps," I said.

"Perhaps? Damme, Carus, that is none too cordial! What is it in the man that keeps men aloof? Eh? He's a gentleman, a graceful, dark, romantic fellow, in his forest-green regimentals, and his black hair worn unpowdered. And did you ever hear such a voice?"

"No, I never did," I replied sulkily.

"Delicious," said Sir Peter—"a voice prettily cultivated and sweet enough to lull suspicion in a saint." He laughed: "Rosamund made great eyes at him, the vixen, but I fancy he's too cold to catch fire from a coquette. Did you learn if he is married?"

"Not from him, sir."

"From whom?"

I was silent.

"From whom?" he asked curiously.

"Why, I had it from one or two acquaintances, who say they knew his wife when she fled with other refugees from Guy Park," I answered.

Sir Peter shrugged his handsome shoulders, dusted his nose with a whisk of his lace handkerchief, and looked impatiently for a sign of his wife and the party of ladies attending her.

"Carus," he said, under his breath, "you should enter the lists, you rogue."

"What lists?" I answered carelessly.

"Lord! he asks me what lists!" mimicked Sir Peter. "Why don't you court her? The match is suitable and

desirable. You ninny, do you suppose it was by accident that Elsin Grey became our guest? Why, lad, we're set on it—and, damme! but I'm as crafty a matchmaker as my wife, planning the pretty game together in the secret of our chambers after you and Elsin are long abed, and—Lord! I came close to saying 'snoring'—for which you should have called me out, sir, if you are champion of Elsin Grey."

"But, Sir Peter," I said smiling, "I do not love the lady."

"A boorish speech!" he snapped. "Take shame, Carus, you Tryon County bumpkin!"

"I mean," said I, reddening, "and should have said, that the lady does not love me."

"That's better." He laughed, and added, "Pay your court, sir. You are fashioned for it."

"But I do not care to," I said.

"O Lord!" muttered Sir Peter, looking at the great beams above us, "my match-making is come to naught, after all, and my wife will be furious with you—furious, I say. And here she comes, too," he said, brightening, as he ever did, at sight of his lovely wife, who had remained his sweetheart, too—and this I am free to say, that, spite of the looseness of the times and of society, never, as long as I knew him, did Sir Peter forget in thought or deed those vows he took when wedded. Sportsman he was, and rake and gambler, as were we all—and I have seen him often overflushed with wine, but never heard from his lips a blasphemy or foul jest, never a word unworthy of clean lips and the clean heart he carried with him to his grave.

As Lady Coleville emerged from the ladies' cloak-room, attended by her pretty bevy, Sir Peter, followed by his guests, awaited her in the great corridor, where she took his arm, looking up into his handsome face with that indefinable smile I knew so well—a smile of delicate pride, partly tender, partly humorous, tintured with faintest coquetry.

"Sweetheart," he said, "that villain, Carus, will have none of our match-making, and I hope Rosamund twists him into a triple lover's-knot, to teach him lessons he might learn more innocently."

Lady Coleville flushed up and looked around at me. "Why, Carus," she said softly, "I thought you a man of sense and discretion."

"But I—but she does not favor me, madam," I protested in a low voice.

"It is your fault, then, and your misfortune," she said. "Do you not know that she leaves us to-morrow? Sir Henry has placed a packet at our service. Can you not be persuaded—for my sake? It is our fond wish, Carus. How can a man be insensible to such wholesome loveliness as hers?"

"But—but she is a child—she has no heart! She is but a child yet—all caprice, innocence, and artless babble—and she loves not me, madam—"

"You love not *her*! Shame, sir! Open those brown blind eyes of yours, that look so wise and are so shallow if such sweetness as hers troubles not their depths! O Carus, Carus, you make me too unhappy!"

"Idiot!" added Sir Peter, pinching my arm. "Bring her to us, now, for we enter. She is yonder, you slow-wit, nose to nose with O'Neil. Hasten!"

But Elsin's patch-box had been mislaid, and while we searched for it I saw the marines march up, form in double rank, and heard the clear voice of their sergeant announcing:

"Sir Peter and Lady Coleville!

"Captain Tully O'Neil and the Misses O'Neil!

"Adjutant-General De Lancey and Miss Beekman!

"Sir Henry Clinton!

"Captains Harkness, Rutherford, Hallowell, and McIvor!

"Major-General—"

"Elsin," I said, "you should have been announced with Sir Peter and Lady Coleville!" She had found her patch-box and her fan at length, and

we marched in, the sergeant's loud announcement ringing through the quickly filling room:

"Mr. Carus Renault and the Honorable Elsin Grey!"

"What *will* folks say to hear our banns shouted aloud in the teeth of all New York," she whispered mischievously. "Mercy on me! if you turn as red as a Bushwick pippin they will declare we are affianced!"

"I shall confirm it if you consent!" I said, furious to burn at a jest from her under a thousand eyes.

"Ask me again," she murmured; "we make our reverences here."

She took her silk and silver petticoat between thumb and forefinger of each hand and slowly sank, making the lowest, stateliest courtesy that I ever bowed beside; and I heard a low, running murmur sweep the bright jeweled ranks around us as we recovered and passed on, ceding our place to others next behind.

The artillerymen had made the great loft gay with bunting. Jacks and signal-flags hung from the high beams overhead, clothing the bare timbers with thickets of gayest foliage; banners and bright scarfs, caught up with trophies, hung festooned along the unpainted walls. They had made a balcony with stairs where the band was perched, the music of the artillery augmented by strings—a harp, half a dozen fiddles, 'cellos, bassoons, and hautboys, and there were flutes, too, and trumpets lent by the cavalry, and sufficient drums to make that fine, deep, thunderous undertone, which I love to hear, and which heats my cheeks with pleasure.

Beyond the spar-loft the sail-loft had been set aside and fashioned most elegantly for refreshment. An immense table crossed it, behind which servants stood, and behind the servants the wall had been lined with shelves, covered with cakes, oranges, apples, early peaches, melons and nectarines, and late strawberries, also wines of every sort, pastry,

jellies, whip-sillibub, rocky and floating island, blanc-mange, brandied preserves—and Heaven knows what! but Elsin Grey whispered me that Pryor the confectioner had orders for coriander and cinnamon comfits by the bushel, and orange, lemon, chocolate, and burned almonds by the peck.

"Do look at Lady Coleville," whispered Elsin, gently touching my sleeve; "is she not sweet as a bride with Sir Peter? And, oh, that gown! with the lilac ribbons and flounce of five rows of lace. Carus, she has forty diamond buttons upon her petticoat, and her stomacher is all amethysts!"

"I wonder where Walter Butler is?" I said restlessly.

"Do you wish to be rid of me?" she asked.

"God forbid! I only marvel that he is not here—he seemed so eager for the frolic——"

My voice was drowned in the roll of martial music; we took the places assigned us, and the slow march began, ending in the Governor's set, which was danced by eight couples—a curious dance, newly fashionable, and called "En Ballet." This we danced in a very interesting fashion, sometimes two and two, sometimes three and two, or four couple and four couple, and then all together, which vastly entertained the spectators. In the final *mêlée* I had lost my lady to Mr. De Lancey, who now carried her off, leaving me with a willow maid, whose partner came to claim her soon.

The ball now being opened, I moved a minuet with Lady Coleville, she adjuring me at every step and turn to let no precious moment slip to court Elsin, and I bland but troubled, and astonished to learn how deep an interest she took in my undoing—I with worry enough before me, not inclusive of a courtship that I found superfluous and unimportant.

When she was rid o' me, making no concealment of her disappointment and impatience, I looked for Elsin, but found



Rosamund Barry, and led her out in one of those animated figures we had learned at home from the Frenchman, Grasset—dances that suited her, the rose coquette!—gay dances, where the petticoat reveals a pretty limb discreetly; where fans play, opening and closing like the painted wings of butterflies alarmed; where fingers touch, fall away, interlace and unlace; where a light waist-clasp and a *vis-à-vis* leaves a moment for a whisper and its answer, promise, assent, or low refusal as partners part, dropping away in low, slow reverence, which ends the frivolous figure with regretful decorum.

Askance I had seen Elsin and O'Neil, a graceful pair of figures in the frolic, and now I sought her, leaving Rosamund to Sir Henry; but that villain, O'Neil, had her to wine, and amid all that thirsty throng and noise of laughter I missed her in the tumult, and then lost her for two hours. I must admit those two hours sped with the gay partners that fortune sent me—and one there was whose fingers were shyly eloquent, a black-eyed beauty from Westchester, with a fresh savor of free winds and grassy hillsides clinging to her, and a certain lovely awkwardness which claims an arm to steady very often. Lord! I had her twice to ices and to wine, and we laughed and laughed at nothing, and might have been merrier, but her mother seized her with scant ceremony, and a strange young gentleman breathed hard and glared at me as I recovered dignity, which made me mad enough to follow him half across the hall ere I reflected that my business here permitted me no quarrel of my own seeking.

Robbed of my Westchester shepherdess, swallowing my disgust, I sauntered forward, finding Elsin Grey with Lady Coleville, seated together by the wall. What they had been whispering there together I knew not, but I pushed through the attendant circle of beaux and gallants who were waiting there their turns, and presented myself before them.

"I am danced to rags and ribbons,

Carus," said Elsin Grey—"and no thanks to you for the pleasure—you who begged me for a dance or two; and I offered twenty, silly that I was to so invite affront!"

She was smiling when she spoke, but Lady Coleville's white teeth were in her fan's edge, and she looked at me with eyes made bright through disappointment.

"You are conducting like a silly boy," she said, "with those hoidens from Westchester, and every little baggage that dimples at your stare. Lord! Carus, I thought you grown to manhood!"

"Is there a harm in dancing at a ball, madam?" I asked, laughing.

"Fie! You are deceitful, too. Elsin, be chary of your favors. Dance with any man but him. He'll be wearing two watches to-morrow, and his hair piled up like a floating island!"

She smiled, but her eyes were not over-gay. And presently she turned on Elsin with a grave shake of her head:

"You disappoint me, both of you," she said. "Elsin, I never dreamed that *you*—"

Their fans flew up, their heads dipped, then Elsin rose and asked indulgence, taking my arm, one hand lying in Lady Coleville's hand.

"Do you and Sir Peter talk over it together," she said, with a lingering wistfulness in her voice. "I shall dance with Carus, whether he will or no, and then we'll walk and talk. You may tell Sir Peter if you so desire."

"All?" asked Lady Coleville, retaining Elsin's hand.

"All, madam, for it concerns all."

Sir Henry Clinton came to wait on Lady Coleville, and so we left them, slowly moving out through the brilliant sea of silks and laces, her arm resting close in mine, her fair head bent in silent meditation.

Around us swelled the incessant tumult of the ball, music and the blended harmony of many voices, rustle and



whisper of skirt and silk, and the swish! swish! of feet across the vast waxed floor.

"Shall we dance?" I asked pleasantly.

She looked up, then out across the ocean of glitter and restless color.

"Now I am in two minds," she said—"to dance until there's no breath left and but a wisp of rags to cover me, or to sip a sillibub with you and rest, or go gaze at the heavens the while you court me——"

"There's three minds already," I said, laughing.

"Well, sir, which are you for?"

"And you, Elsin?"

"No, sir, you shall choose."

"Then, if it lies with me, I choose the stars and courtship," I said politely.

"I wonder," she said, "why you choose it—with a maid so pliable. Is not half the sport in the odds against you—the pretty combat for supremacy, the resisting fingers, and the defense, face covered? Is not the sport to overcome all these, nor halt short of the reluctant lips, still fluttering in voiceless protest?"

"Where did you hear all that?" I asked, piqued yet laughing.

"Rosamund Barry read me my first lesson—and, after all, though warned, I let you have your way with me there in the chaise. Oh, I am an apt pupil, Carus, with Captain Butler in full control of my mind and you of my body."

"Have you seen him yet?" I asked.

"No; he has not appeared to claim his dance. A gallant pair of courtiers I have found in you and him——"

"Couple our names no more!" I said so hotly that she stopped, looking at me in astonishment.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

I did not answer. We had descended the barrack-stairs and were entering the parade. Dark figures in pairs moved vaguely in the light of the battle-lanterns set. We met O'Neil and Rosamund, who stood star-gazing on the grass, and later Sir Henry, pacing the sod alone, who, when he saw me, motioned me to stop, and drew a paper from his breast.

tioned me to stop, and drew a paper from his breast.

"Sir Peter and Lady Coleville's pass for Westchester, which he desired and I forgot. Will you be good enough to hand it to him, Mr. Renault? There is a council called to-night—it is close to two o'clock, and I must go."

He took a courtly leave of us, then wandered away, head bent, pacing the parade, as though he kept account of each slow step.

"Yonder comes Knyphausen, too, and Birch," I said, as the German General emerged from the casemate, followed by Birch and a raft of officers, spurs clanking.

We stood watching the Hessians as they passed in the lamp's rays, officers smooth-shaven and powdered, wearing blue and yellow, and their long boots; soldiers with black queues in elskin, tiny mustachios turned up at the waxed ends, and long black, buttoned spatterdashes strapped at instep and thigh.

"Let us ascend to the parapets," she said, looking up at the huge, dark silhouette above where the southeast bastion jutted seaward.

A sentry brought his piece to support as we went by him, ascending the inclined artillery road, whence we presently came out upon the ramparts, with the vast sweep of star-set firmament above, and below us the city's twinkling lights on one side, and upon the other two great rivers at their trysting with the midnight ocean.

There were no lights at sea, none on the Hudson, and on the East River only the sad signal-spark smoldering above the *Jersey*.

Elsin had found a seat low on a gun-carriage, and, moving a little, made place for me.

"Look at that darkness," she said—"that infinite void under which an ocean wallows. It is like hell, I think. Do you understand how I fear the ocean?"

"Do you fear it, child?"

"Aye," she said, musing; "it took

father and mother and brother. You knew that?"

"Lady Coleville says there is always hope that they may be alive—cast on that far continent——"

"So the attorneys say—because there is a legal limit—and I am the Hon. Elsin Grey. Ah, Carus, I know that the sea has them fast! No port shall that tall ship enter save the last of all—the Port of Missing Ships. Heigho! Sir Frederick is kind—in his own fashion. . . . I would I had a mother. . . . There is a loneliness that I feel . . . at times. . . ."

A vague gesture, and she lifted her head, with a tremor of her shoulders, as though shaking off care as a young girl drops a scarf of lace to her waist.

Presently she turned quietly to me:

"I have told Lady Coleville," she said.

"Told her what, child?"

"Of my promise to Captain Butler. I have not yet told everything—even to you."

Roused from my calm sympathy I swung around, alert, tingling with interest and curiosity.

"I gave her leave to inform Sir Peter," she added. "They were too unhappy about you and me, Carus. Now they will understand there is no chance."

And when Sir Peter had asked me if Walter Butler was married, I had admitted it. Here was the matter already at a head, or close to it. Sudden uneasiness came upon me, as I began to understand how closely the affront touched Sir Peter. What would he do?

"What is it called, and by what name, Carus, when a man whose touch one cannot suffer so dominates one's thoughts—as he does mine?"

"It is not love," I said gloomily.

"He swears it is. Do you believe there may lie something compelling in his eyes that charm and sadden—almost terrify, holding one pitiful yet reluctant?"

"I do not know; I do not understand the logic of women's minds, nor how

they reason, nor why they love. I have seen delicacy mate with coarseness, with stupidity, humanity with brutality, religion with the skeptic, aye, goodness with evil. I, too, ask why? The answer ever is the same—because of love!"

"Because of it, is reason, is it not?"

"So women say."

"And men?"

"Aye, they say the same—but with men it is another sentiment, I think, though love is what we call it."

"Why do men love, Carus?"

"Why?" I laughed. "Men love—men love because they find it pleasant, I suppose—for variety, for family reasons."

"For nothing else?"

"For a balm to that mad passion driving them."

"And—nothing nobler?"

"There is a noble love, part chivalry, part desire, inspired by mind and body in sweetest unison."

"A mind that seeks its fellow?" she asked softly.

"No, a mind that seeks its complement, as the body seeks. This union, I think, is really love—but I speak with no experience, Elsin. This only I know, that you are too young, too innocent to comprehend, and that the sentiment awakened in you by what you think is love, is not love. Child, forgive me what I say, but it rings false as the vows of that young man who importunes you!"

"Is it worthy of you, Carus, to stab him so behind his back?"

I leaned forward, my head in my hands.

"Elsin, I have endured these four years, now, a thousand little stings which I could not resent. Forgetting this, at moments I blurt out a truth which, were matters otherwise with me, I might back with—what is looked for when a man repeats what may affront his listener. It is, in a way, unworthy, as you say, that I speak lightly to you of a man I cannot meet with honor to myself. Yet, Elsin,

were my duty first to you—first even to myself—this had been settled now—this matter touching you and Walter Butler—and also my ancient score with him, which is as yet unreckoned.”

“What keeps you, then?” she said, and her voice rang a little.

I looked at her; she sat there, proud head erect, searching me with scornful eyes.

“A small vow I made,” I said carelessly.

“And when are you released, sir?”

“Soon, I hope.”

“Then, Mr. Renault,” she said disdainfully, “I pray you swallow your dislike of Captain Butler until such time as you may explain your enmity to him!”

The lash stung. I sat dazed, then wearied, while the tingling passed. Even the silence tired me, and when I could command my voice I said: “Shall we descend, madam? There is a chill in the sea-air.”

“I do not feel it,” she answered, her voice not like her own.

“Do you desire to stay here?”

“No,” she said, springing up. “This silence of the stars wearies me.”

She passed before me across the parapet and down the inclined way, I at her heels; and so into the dark parade, where I caught up with her.

“Have I angered you without hope of pardon?” I asked.

“You have spoiled it all for me——”

She bit her lip, suddenly silent. Sir Peter Coleville stood before us.

“Lady Coleville awaits you,” he said very quietly, too quietly by far. “Carus, take her to my wife. Our coach is waiting.”

We stared at him in apprehension. His face was serene, but colorless and hard as steel, as he turned and strode away; and we followed without a word, drawing closer together as we moved through a covered passageway and out along Pearl Street, where Sir Peter’s coach stood, lamps shining, footman at the door.

Lady Coleville was inside. I placed Elsin Grey, and, at a motion from Sir Peter, closed the door.

“Home!” he said quietly. The footman leaped to the box, the whip snapped, and away rolled the coach, leaving Sir Peter and myself standing there in Pearl Street.

“Your servant, Dennis, sought me out,” he said, “with word that Walter Butler had been busy sounding the panels in your room.”

Speech froze on my lips.

“Further,” continued Sir Peter calmly, “Lady Coleville has shared with me the confidence of Elsin Grey concerning her troth, clandestinely plighted to this gentleman whom you have told me is a married man.”

I could not utter a sound. Moment after moment passed in silence. The half-hour struck, then three-quarters. At last from the watch-tower on the Fort the hour sounded.

There was a rattle of wheels behind us; a coach clattered out of Beaver Street, swung around the railing of the Bowling Green, and drew up along the footpath beside us; and Dr. Carmody leaped out, shaking hands with us both.

“I found him at Fraunce’s Tavern, Sir Peter, bag and baggage. He appeared to be greatly taken aback when I delivered your cartel, protesting that something was wrong, that there could be no quarrel between you and him; but when I hinted at his villainy, he went white as ashes and stood there swaying like a stunned man. Gad! that hint about his wife took every ounce of blood from his face, Sir Peter.”

“Has he a friend to care for him?” asked Sir Peter coldly.

“Jessop of the Sappers volunteered. I found him in the tap-room. They should be on their way by this time, Sir Peter.”

“That will do. Carus will act for me,” said Sir Peter in a dull voice.

He entered the coach; I followed, and Dr. Carmody followed me and closed the

door. A heavy leather case lay beside me on the seat. I rested my throbbing head on both hands, sitting swaying there in silence as the coach dashed through Bowling Green again, and sped clattering on its way up-town.

## CHAPTER VI

### A NIGHT AND A MORNING

As our coach passed Crown Street I could no longer doubt whither we were bound. The shock of certainty aroused me from the stunned lethargy which had chained me to silence. At the same moment Sir Peter thrust his head from the window and called to his coachman:

"Drive home first!" And to me, resuming his seat: "We had nigh forgotten the case of pistols, Carus."

The horses swung west into Maiden Lane, then south through Nassau Street, across Crown, Little Queen, and King Streets, swerving to the right around the City Hall, then sharp west again, stopping at our own gate with a clatter and clash of harness.

Sir Peter leaped out lightly and I followed, leaving Dr. Carmody, with his surgical case, to await our return.

Under the door-lantern Sir Peter turned, and in a low voice asked me if I could remember where the pistol-case was laid.

My mind was now clear and alert, my wits already busily at work. To prevent Sir Peter's facing Walter Butler; to avoid Cunningham's gallows; could the first be accomplished without failure in the second? Arrest might await me at any instant, now, here in our own house, there at the Coq d'Or, or even on the very field of honor itself.

"Where did you leave the pistol-case that day you practised in the garden?" I asked coolly.

"'Twas you took it, Carus," he said. "Were you not showing the pistols to Elsin Grey?"

I dropped my head, pretending to think. He waited a moment, then drew out his latch-key and opened the door very softly. A single sconce-candle flared in the hall; he lifted it from the gilded socket and passed into the state drawing-room, holding the light above his head, and searching over table and cabinet for the inlaid case.

Standing there in the hall I looked up the dark and shadowy stairway. There was no light, no sound. In the drawing-room I heard Sir Peter moving about, opening locked cupboards, lacquered drawers, and crystal doors, the shifting light of his candle playing over wall and ceiling. Why he had not already found the case where I had placed it on the gilded French table I could not understand, and I stole to the door and looked in. The French table stood empty save for a vase of shadowy flowers; Sir Peter was on his knees, candle in hand, searching the endless lines of book-shelves in the library. A strange suspicion stole into my heart which set it drumming on my ribs. Had Elsin Grey removed the pistols? Had she wit enough to understand the matters threatening?

I looked up at the stairs again, then mounted them noiselessly, and traversed the carpeted passage to her door. There was a faint light glimmering under the sill. I laid my face against the panels and whispered, "Elsin!"

"Who is there?" A movement from within, a creak from the bed, a rustle of a garment, then silence. Listening there, ear to her door, I heard distinctly the steady breathing of some one also listening on the other side.

"Elsin!"

"Is it you, Carus?"

She opened the door wide and stood there, candle in one hand, rubbing her eyes with the other, lace nightcap and flowing, beribboned robe stirring in the draft of air from the dark hallway. But, under the loosened neck-cloth, I caught a gleam of a metal button, and instantly I was aware of a pretense somewhere, for

beneath the flowing polonaise of chintz, or Leveté, which is a kind of gown and petticoat tied on the left hip with a sash of lace, she was fully dressed, aye, and shod for the street!

Instinctively I glanced at the bed; made a quick step past her, and drew the damask curtain. The bed had not been slept in.

"What are you thinking of, Carus?" she said hotly, springing to the curtain. There was a sharp sound of cloth tearing; she stumbled, caught my arm, and straightened up, red as fire, for the hem of her Leveté was laid open to the knee, and displayed a foot-mantle, under which a tiny golden spur flashed on a lacquered boot-heel.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly. "Whither do you ride at such an hour?"

She was speechless.

"Elsin! Elsin! If you had wit enough to hide Sir Peter's pistols, render them to me now. Delay may mean my ruin!"

She stood at bay, eying me, uncertain but defiant.

"Where are they?" I urged impatiently.

"He shall not fight that man!" she muttered. "If I am the cause of this quarrel I shall end it, too. What if he were killed by Walter Butler?"

"The pistols are beneath your mattress!" I said suddenly. "I must have them."

Quick as thought she placed herself between me and the bed, blue eyes sparkling, arms wide.

"Will you go?" she whispered fiercely. "How dare you intrude here!"

Taken aback by the sudden fury that flashed out in my very face, I gave ground.

"You little wildcat," I said, amazed, "give me the pistols! I know how to act. Give them, I say! Do you think me a poltroon to allow Sir Peter to face this rascal's fire?"

She straightened with a sudden quiver.

"You! The pistols were for you!"

"For me and Walter Butler," I said coolly. "Give them, Elsin. What has been done this night has set me free of my vow. Can you not understand? I tell you he stands in my light, throwing the shadow of the gallows over me! May a man not win back to life but a chit of a maid must snatch his chance away? Give them! or I swing at dawn upon the Common!"

A flush of horror swept her cheeks, leaving her staring. Her wide-flung arms dropped nervelessly and hung beside her.

"Is it true," she faltered—"what he came here to tell us on his way to that vile tavern? I gave him the lie, Carus! I gave him the lie there in the hall below!" She choked, laying her white hand on her throat. "Speak!" she said harshly; "do you fear to face this dreadful charge he flung in my teeth? I"—she almost sobbed—"I told him that he lied!"

"He did not lie. I am a spy these four years here," I said wearily. "Will you give me those pistols now?—or I take them by force!"

"Carus," called Sir Peter from the hall, "if Lady Coleville has my pistols, she must render them to you on the instant!"

His passionless voice rang through the still, dark house.

"She has gone to the Coq d'Or," muttered Elsin Grey, motionless before me.

"To stop this duel?"

"To stop it. Oh, my God!"

There was a silence, broken by a quick tread on the stairs. The next moment Sir Peter appeared, staring at us there, candle flaming in his hand, his fingers striped with running wax.

"What does this mean?" he asked, confused. "Where is Lady Coleville?"

"She has gone to the Coq d'Or," I said. "Your pistols are hidden, sir."

He paled, gazing at Elsin Grey.

"She guessed that I meant to—exchange a shot with Captain Butler?" he stammered.

"It appears," said I, "that Mr. Butler, with that delicacy for which he is notorious, stopped here on his way to the Tavern. You may imagine Lady Coleville could not let this matter proceed."

He gazed miserably at Elsin, passing his hand over his haggard face. Then, slowly turning to me: "My honor is engaged, Carus. What is best now? I am in your hands."

I laid my arm in his, quietly turning him and urging him to the stairs. "Leave it to me," I whispered, taking the candle he held. "Go to the coach and wait there. I will be with you in a moment."

The door of Elsin's chamber closed behind us. He descended the black stairway, feeling his way by touch along the slim rail of the banisters, and I waited there, lighting him from above until the front doors clashed behind him. Then I turned back to the closed door of Elsin's chamber and knocked loudly.

She flung it wide again, standing this time fully dressed, a gilt-edged tricorne on her head, and in her hands riding-whip and gloves.

"I know what need be done," she said haughtily. "Through this meshed tangle of treachery and dishonor there leads but one clean path. That I shall tread, Mr. Renault!"

"Let the words go," I said between tightening lips, "but give me that pair of pistols now!"

"For Sir-Peter's use?"

"No; for mine."

"I shall not!"

"Oh! you would rather see me hanged, like Captain Hale?"

She whitened where she stood, tugging at her gloves, teeth set in her lower lip.

"You shall neither fight nor hang," she said, her blue eyes fixed on space, busy with her gloves the while—so busy that her whip dropped, and I picked it up.

There was a black loup-mask hanging from her girdle. When her gloves were fitted to suit her she jerked the mask from the string and set it over her eyes.

"My whip?" she asked curtly.

I gave it.

"Now," she said, "your pistol-case lies hid beneath my bedcovers. Take it, Mr. Renault, but it shall serve a purpose that neither you nor Walter Butler dream of!"

I stared at her without a word. She opened the beaded purse at her girdle, took from it a heaping handful of golden guineas, and dropped them on her dresser, where they fell with a pleasant sound, rolling together in a shining heap. Then, looking through her mask at me, she fumbled at her throat, caught a thin golden chain, snapped it in two, and drew a tiny ivory miniature from her breast. And still looking straight into my eyes she dropped it face upward on the polished floor. It bore the likeness of Walter Butler; she set her spurred heel upon it and crushed it, grinding the fragments into splinters. Then she walked by me, slowly, her eyes still on mine, the hem of her foot-mantle slightly lifted; and so, turning her head to watch me, she passed the door, closed it behind her, and was gone.

*(To be continued.)*





# SOME VISITS AND ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE

FRIEND OF WASHINGTON AND ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL

*Through the courtesy of Colonel Osmun Latrobe there will soon be published a most interesting collection of journals, letters, sketches, and memorabilia of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the founder of the American branch of the family, who came to this country from England in the year 1796. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact that it was under his direction, and from his plans (or the plans of others with his modifications), that the Capitol at Washington was erected. From these journals we get an insight into the character of a versatile and remarkable man. Not only was Latrobe an architect—and the first one who could fairly lay claim to that title in America—but he was soldier, civil engineer, philosopher, artist, humorist, poet, and naturalist. He had a wide range of thought, and many standpoints from which he viewed life and judged and recorded developments about him. Observations upon politics, accounts of travels through an unwritten country, interviews with great men, small men, and their wives and families, story and anecdote, criticism and comment, dealing with the years from 1796 to 1820, make these papers not only of historical value, but lively and refreshing reading. An idea of the versatility of the author can be obtained from the following extracts taken verbatim from his journal, and accompanied by hitherto unpublished sketches which show his value as an artist, illustrator, and caricaturist.*

RICHMOND, VA., June 10, 1797.

While I stayed at Lindsay's Hotel, Norfolk, I had constant opportunities of seeing and conversing with Commodore Barney, who is, in the present uncertain state of politics, grown into an object of attention. He is certainly a man not destitute of abilities, and as a seaman I believe he is equal to the most skilful American navigators. His personal courage is also not to be doubted. But there are many traits in his character and habits that appear to me to unfit him for the situation in which the French republic have placed him. There are not many men upon whom *command* fits easy, unless they have been inured to it for a considerable time. There is an ease about an old general, admiral, or Minister of State, let him be ever so haughty and despotic, that is to be ac-

quired only by habit. Barney has not yet acquired it. He appears to be in a situation to which he may perhaps be equal, but to which he is unused. On that account he is not loved by his crews. Frenchmen have been particularly accustomed to a polite and easy though rigid discipline in their officers of the old school, and must easily detect the deficiency. There is something diametrically opposite to the condescending haughtiness of a French officer in the plain roughness of an English or American sea-captain. Barney has much of the latter, although, having made himself tolerably perfect in the rudiments of French shrugs and gesticulation, he is perhaps on the road to acquire the former. Another cause of dislike to him originates perhaps in his scarce ever going on board his ships. To



Drawn by R. H. Latrobe

#### TRAVEL ON HORSEBACK IN VIRGINIA.

the system of liberty and equality this seems a strange neglect. Besides this he never permits his men to come ashore but on particular occasions, although by the rules of the French navy one-tenth of the crew have the right to go ashore *daily* in rotation, when in port.

But the most exceptionable part of the Commodore's conduct, as a *public functionary*, seems to be the want of reserve with which he expresses himself upon his objects and intentions as commander of a military force. Should his openness, however, be supposed to be merely assumed, and intended as a cloak to his real plans, it has this bad effect, that it lowers the opinion entertained of his prudence. In these free communications, however, he is not very consistent. Having got the *Medusa* frigate thoroughly repaired, he has dropped below the fort almost as low down as Craney Island. He sometimes pretends that he will leave this station on the first dark night with a fair wind, then he means to go up the bay. At other times, he thinks he is of service to the French cause by keeping a superior British force idle in the Chesapeake. He says that he blockades the English, and that it is of little consequence whether he detains them by lying within or without them. He gives

his opinion upon the probabilities of the war, lays open his ideas of his own situation as it respects his French or his American citizenship, and reasons upon the conduct he may pursue in case of a rupture to any one who will listen to him. The natural effect of this conduct must be, and indeed is, to produce an idea that no important confidence ought to be entrusted to him, and that the French directory will not long continue to employ him.

He makes no secret of his being engaged in commercial pursuits at Norfolk, and I heard him say that if he were kept in port long enough he should make \$200,000. He is, indeed, a little given to boast of the property he has acquired in the French service.

At Lindsay's Hotel he constantly meets officers of the British fleet, and they converse together with great ease and perfect good humor. He is indeed not an unpleasant man, and his conversation, though it displays no very great depth of understanding, and runs too much upon indelicate subjects, is not wholly unentertaining.

A midshipman from the *Topaz* (Brit-

ish frigate), a boy about fifteen years old, being in his company, requested Colonel Hamilton to point him out to him. The Colonel did so. The young midshipman, having surveyed him for a few minutes, turned round and said: "A damned good-looking fellow, by Gad—I should like to see him alongside of our frigate."

The same month, on a journey to the Dismal Swamp, in company with some of the directors of the Dismal Swamp Land Company, Mr. Latrobe met the eccentric John Mason, of Virginia, and records this incident and his impressions of the man's personality in the following graphic sketch:

Soon after our arrival at Bob Armstead's, a tall, well-looking young man introduced himself to me, and presently entered into a very lively conversation, and was so witty and good-humored that I thought his acquaintance an acquisition. He dined with us, became equally agreeable with Mr. Macaulay, and seemed to be the life of the whole company. He procured our names

and gave us his, which was John Mason.

I spent the evening at Mr. Hays', and returned to the inn about nine o'clock. The company had just sat down to supper, and Mason was one of the party.

As soon as he saw me enter he called out: "Walk in, Billy Keely." I thought him drunk, but with much suavity he introduced me to the gentlemen sitting on his right and left hand.

"This is Mr. Jones, a very honest, humane little gentleman, as you may tell by the shape of his nose, and this is Mr. Brown, as quiet a good soul as you could meet in a thousand, and this, sir, is the true Billy Keely."

"But sir," said I, "is Billy Keely a title of distinction or a noun proper?"

"Sir," said he, "let me tell you who Billy Keely is. The Billy Keelys are a numerous family, and by the cut of your jib, or your physiognomy, as the learned say, to which, by the bye, I take a particular fancy, I know you are one of them. 'Billy Keely' is a soft, humane, quiet, accommodating gentleman, suiting himself to dispositions, tempers, cir-



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

BUCKHALTER'S FERRY, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA



*Drawn by E. H. Latrobe, August 31, 1799*

#### THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER BELOW THE FALLS

cumstances, and times. He never contradicts roughly, never finds fault, never is out of humor, and never quarrelsome. His opinions are right, correct, and virtuous. You think he discourses while he argues; you think you have convinced him, but he has changed your own opinion; you think you have conquered, but he has triumphed. Mankind is a great deal better for 'Billy Keely.' He relieves the distressed, comforts the sorrowful, and makes all sad faces put on a smile."

"You do me much honor," said I, "to adopt me into this family of Billy Keely, and I am happy to find so many of my relatives in this circle, for I observe that you give them all the same name."

"They are all good fellows," said he, "all Billy Keelys, and we will drink a bottle together."

He then ordered a bottle, and ran on for about an hour in the same eccentric mad way. Soon he and I were the only members of the Keely family left. . . .

It was with difficulty that I escaped from him to bed.

The next morning about half past six I came down-stairs and found my friend waiting for me. He had just prepared a mint julep.

"Sir," said he, "you do not drink spirit, I know, but still we may take this julep together. I will drink the spirit

and you take the botanical part. I am a Virginian dram-drinker, you are a disciple of Linnæus."

I was very sorry to see him appear so drunk, and hoped to escape from him by going to breakfast with Macaulay to Mr. George Hays', but it was in vain; he fastened upon me like a leech, and declared he would accompany us, and did so to the utmost distress of the excellent family. However, he was so witty, his observations were so shrewd and original, that he kept us exceedingly merry, till it became necessary to return to the inn, in order to proceed by the stage. It would be impossible to follow him through four minutes of his eccentric talk. Like the plays of Reynolds, which depend upon unexpected incident, stage effect, the humor of the performer, and the very ridiculous selection of words, the conversation of Mason requires hearing.

About twelve the stage was ready. After we had got in I was distressed to see Mason follow us. He declared he would go one stage with us, but I contrived, however, to persuade him to deliver two letters for me at the post-office, and while he was doing it the stage drove off. . . .

John Mason was just mad enough—or, which comes to the same thing, he acts and speaks just enough out of the common road—to be amusing and yet troublesome without being injurious to

society. At present there is so much method in his madness that he must be permitted to take liberties which men in their senses dare not attempt.

Some months after (in fact the next year) Mr. Latrobe made his first visit to Philadelphia, and upon his return to Virginia he made an entry in the diary that was rather interesting in its comments of life, manners, and appearances.

My stay at Philadelphia was too short to enable me to say anything concerning the state of society there. As far as I did observe, I could see no dif-

ference between Philadelphia and English manners. The same style of living, the same opinions as to fashions, tastes, comforts, and accomplishments. Nor can it well be otherwise. The perpetual influx of Englishmen, the constant intercourse of the merchants—here the leaders of manners and fashion—with England, must produce this effect. In

Virginia, where this influx and intercourse is not so great, there appears a shade of character somewhat different. Political fanaticism was, during my residence in Philadelphia, at its acme. The communications from our envoys in Paris, the stories about X Y Z and the lady, etc., were fresh upon the carpet. British influence may be denied by one party—and French influence asserted. But a very short residence in Philadelphia will leave no doubt upon that subject. To be civilly received by the fashionable people, and to be invited to the President's, it is necessary to visit the British Ambassador. To be on terms



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe, May 19, 1799*

THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER OPPOSITE WISSAHICKON

ference between Philadelphia and English manners. The same style of living, the same opinions as to fashions, tastes, comforts, and accomplishments. Nor can it well be otherwise. The perpetual influx of Englishmen, the constant intercourse of the merchants—here the leaders of manners and fashion—with England, must produce this effect. In

with Chevalier D'Yrujo, or General Kosciusko even, is to be a marked democrat, unfit for the lovers of order and good government. *This I saw.* Many of my Virginia friends say I must be mistaken. I boarded at Francis' Hotel. It is a much cheaper house than any I have been at in the Virginia towns. For breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper,

exclusive of liquors or fire, you pay \$8.00 a week. At the Virginia houses, 7s. 6d. per day, exclusive of liquors, tea, supper, and fire. . . . Among the buildings of Philadelphia I did not mention the house of Robert Morris. I knew not what to say about it, in order to record the appearance of the "monster" in a few words. Indeed I can scarcely believe at this moment in the existence

Mr. Morris, and also with Mr. L'Enfans. The exterior dimensions of the house are very large. I suppose the front must be at least 120 feet long, and I think the flank cannot be less than 60. Every side of the house is as yet in the most unfinished state possible, although much of the marble dressing is entirely complete in patches, and the whole building is covered in.



*Drawn by E. H. Latrobe*

STORM IN THE GULF, *EN ROUTE TO NEW ORLEANS*

of what I have seen many times of this complicated, unintelligible mass. Though I was in the pile, I protest against any inquiries from me as to the plan, for I cannot possibly answer them.

Mr. L'Enfans, the architect, never exhibited any of his drawings to any but Mr. Morris and his wife, so that I could not obtain any information of the intention of the different parts of the building for my friends, who had been very often in it and were very well acquainted with

[Here follows a long detailed description of the architecture, to which Mr. Latrobe adds the following terse summing up:]

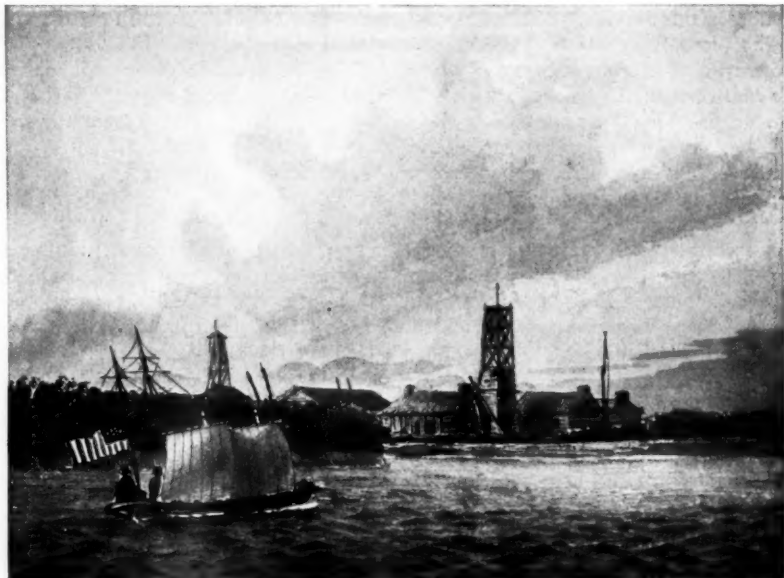
The whole mass altogether gives no idea at first sight to the mind sufficiently distinct to leave an impression. I went several times to the spot, and gazed upon it with astonishment before I could form any conception of its composition. . . . It is impossible to decide which of the two is the maddest, the architect or his employer. Both of them have



been ruined by it. It is now sold to Mr. Sampson of the Philadelphia Bank, who means to convert it, as I was told, into five houses, and this is the house of which I had frequently heard in Virginia that it was the handsomest thing in America! . . . On inspecting the plan of the city of Philadelphia, and observing the numerous wide and straight streets, it will not be easily believed that

more powerful and more specific. This may, I believe, be found in the following circumstances—

Mr. Latrobe goes on at great length to discuss the water supply, the wells, and the condition of the soil upon which the city is built. Strange to relate, before many years had passed he had been chosen to draw up plans and was



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe, January 7, 1819*

#### VIEW OF THE BALIZE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI

want of ventilation can be entirely the cause of the yellow fever which has made such dreadful and frequent devastations among its inhabitants. It is true that there are narrow and often very filthy alleys which intersect the interior of the squares bounded by the principal streets and in which the air may stagnate. The back yards of most of the houses are also depositories of filth to a degree which is amazing if the general cleanly character of the Pennsylvanians be considered. There must be some cause

employed at building the water-works that rectified the distressing conditions. Under date of April 27, 1798, he writes:

The capitol in the Federal City, (Washington) (as I mentioned in my journals to Philadelphia), is faulty in extent of details, but it is one of the first designs of modern times. As I shall receive a plan of it from either Dr. Thornton or Mr. Dolney, I mean to devote a particular discussion to it at my leisure.



Drawn by B. H. Latrobe

#### MARKET FOLK, NEW ORLEANS

It is interesting to note that the completion of this building and the drawing of the plans from which it was finally reconstructed after the fire were all under the control of Mr. Latrobe.

There is a long lapse in Mr. Latrobe's memoirs, which are at present in the hands of the compiler. The volumes are filled mostly with his private and family affairs, his engineering and architectural work, but after his marriage and his having taken up his residence in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of which he made many long excursions he added to his journals and sketch-books.

In January, 1819, toward the latter end of his life, Mr. Latrobe made a trip South on board the brig *Clio*. There is not space to set down here his record of the incidents of the voyage and his descriptions of conversations with his fellow passengers, but his account of his glimpse of New Orleans gives a pen picture of the Delta City as it was eighty-six years ago. The entry is dated on the 12th of January.

The strange and loud noise heard through the fog on board of the *Clio*, proceeding from the voices of the market people and their customers, was not more extraordinary than the appearance of these noisy folks when the fog cleared away and we landed. Everything had an odd look. For twenty-five years I have been a traveler only between New York and Richmond, and I confess that I felt myself in some degree again a Cockney—for it was impossible not to

stare at a sight wholly new even to me, who had traveled much in Europe and America.

The first remarkable appearance was that of the market boats, differing in form, rig, and equipment from any seen on the Atlantic side of our country. We landed among the queer boats, some of which yet carried the tricolored flag of Napoleon. We disembarked at the foot of a flight of wooden steps opposite to the center of the public square—on the upper step of the flight sat a couple of Choctaw Indian women—and we arrived on the levee extending along the front of the city. It is a wide bank of earth, level on the top to the width of perhaps fifty feet, and then sloping gradually at a very even descent to the footway, which is about five feet below the level of the levee, and four feet below the surface of the water of the river at the time of the inundation, which rises to within one foot sometimes of the top. Along the levee, as far as the eye could reach to the west, and the market to the east, were ranged two rows of market people, some having stalls or tables with an awning of canvas, but the majority having their wares lying on the ground on pieces of palmetto leaves. The articles to be sold were not more various than the sellers. White men and women of all hues of brown and of all shapes of faces, from Yankees to grisly and lean Spaniards, black negroes and negresses, filthy Indians, half-naked mulattos, curly and straight haired; quadroons of all shades, long haired and frizzled; women dressed in the most yellow and

scarlet gowns, and all selling the greatest variety of articles, wild ducks, oysters, poultry, all kinds of fish, bananas, piles of oranges and sugar-cane, potatoes, corn, apples, carrots, some strange sorts of roots, eggs, trinkets, tinware, dry-goods, more things than I can enumerate, and buyers and sellers trying to strain their voices in order to exceed each other in business. Among others, there was a bookseller whose stocks of books, English and French, cut no mean appearance. Among them I noticed a well-bound collection of pamphlets printed during the American war, forming

as well ask "what is the state of the clouds?" The state of society at any time here is puzzling. There are, in fact, three distinct classes, the French, the American, and the mixed. The French society is not exactly what it was at the change of government, and the American is not strictly what it is in the Atlantic coast cities. The opportunities of growing rich by more active extension and intelligent modes of agriculture and commerce have diminished the hospitality, destroyed the leisure, and added more selfishness to the character of the Creoles. The Americans coming



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

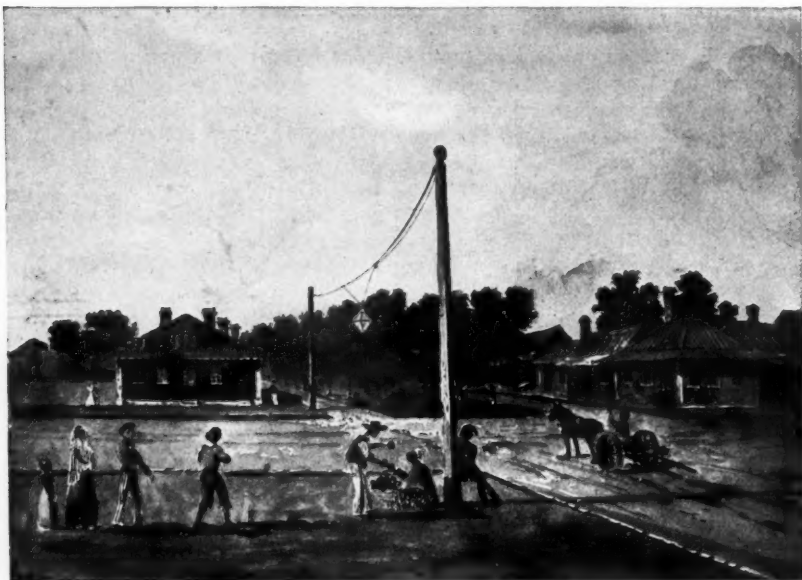
VIEW FROM A WINDOW OF TREMONTET'S HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS

ten octavo volumes, which I must get for my friend Thomas Robertson of Congress. . . . What was the state of society of New Orleans is one of the many questions which I am required to answer my friends, who seem not to be aware that this question is equivalent to that of Hamlet to Polonius. He might

hither to make money, and considering their residence temporary, are doubly active in availing themselves of the large opportunity of becoming wealthy which the place offers. The Americans' business is to make money. They are in an eternal hustle; their limbs, their heads, and their hearts move with that sole

object. Cotton, tobacco, buying and selling, and all the rest of the occupation of a money-making community fill their time and give the habit of their mind. I have been received with great hospitality and have dined out almost every other day. These have been the only periods during which I could make any acquaintance with the gentlemen of the place. As it is now the Carnival, every

character of a community requires more time, more talent, and more philosophical investigation of the history of its habits, and of those causes over which no control can be exercised, more time than traveling writers possess or can command. It would, therefore, be very impertinent in me after ten days' residence to record anything which I may put into these brochures by any name



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

#### STREET IN NEW ORLEANS

evening, is closed with a ball, a play, or a concert.

To entitle a stranger to describe the character of a society, more is required than to have looked at it superficially and through the medium of habit acquired elsewhere. The great fault of travelers, I was going to say especially of English travelers, because Americans have suffered most by their false accounts of our country, is to impose first impressions upon themselves and the public for the actual state of things. To determine the relative moral or political

more decided than "impressions," but my "impression" then, of the female society in this city, is that there are collected in New Orleans more correct and beautiful features, more faces and figures for the sculptor, than I ever recollect to have seen in the same number elsewhere. There is a growing division between the French and American classes, a party spirit which in time will give success to the views of the Americans everywhere; the French will, in fifty years, almost disappear. . . . In how far intermarriage of Americans with the

French girls will produce a less rigid observance of the gloom of an English Sunday, it is impossible to foresee. Sunday is now the great holiday. The intermingling may produce a sensible medium, for I have spent a Sunday in a family in which a once devout Quaker and a Presbyterian, who have married two sisters, joined in a very agreeable dance after a concert. But perseverance may at last prevail and Sundays in New Orleans may become as gloomy and ennuyant as elsewhere among us. . . . My friend Mr. Nolte was so good a fortnight ago as to take me down in his carriage to the scene of the battle of the 8th of January. That battle is, of all the battles of the age, one of the most remarkable. On the 23d of December, 1814, the British had landed 3,500 of the best disciplined veterans in the world, and were attacked in the evening by less than 1,000 raw militia under General Jackson, while at supper. They were reenforced continually by new arrivals from the fleet. This night affair enabled them to take some prisoners, for all was confusion, but it also puzzled them as to the number of our troops. They were also fired upon by the *Caroline*, sloop of war, and, although they could, had they had any good information as to the numbers of their enemy, or the nature of the troops, have despised the resistance they met with, and marched the next day into the city, they were so disconcerted and deranged in their plans and expectations that they allowed us time to retreat behind a line which was so defended on the 8th of January as to defeat their whole enterprise and to give to less than 4,000 troops the most signal victory ever known in history over 15,000 of the best troops that ever took the field; in fact, the battle of the 8th of January was won on the 23d of December.

Mr. Nolte was in every action during the campaign, and not only contributed with others by his bravery, but by 123

bales of cotton to defend the line, perhaps the best material in the world for the purpose. The characteristic meanness of our government occasioned him to have very great trouble in getting any kind of remuneration for this sacrifice of his property for the public defense. The exposure to the elements and to the earth occasioned the bales to be greatly damaged. There are numerous anecdotes in circulation which would have been worth the recording and which will in a few years be lost. One which proves the effect of the panic with which the unerring aim of our riflemen had struck the British is related thus: After they began to retreat an officer remained behind alone. A Tennessean took aim at him, and at the same time called to him to come in rather than suffer himself to be shot. After some hesitation he did actually come in as a prisoner, and on coming up the rifleman shook him heartily by the hand and told him that he would be very sorry to have shot so clever a fellow as he appeared to be. A British officer called upon me in 1817 in Washington, with an introduction from Mr. Caton. I carried him off into all I thought worth seeing and at last to the capitol. He expressed his regret at its destruction, and I naturally hoped that we never again would have to regret the consequences of a war with his country.

"We shall take good care," said he, "how we go to war again with a nation of sharpshooters."

Mr. Latrobe's eldest son, by his first marriage, whose age was twenty-one, was in the same battle and commanded a battery at about the middle of the American line.

In these short extracts, *dissecta membra* they may be called, there is given some idea of the variety of comment, sketch, and record that appears in this collection of carefully written memorabilia of an interesting period.

# WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFERT

No one has ever seen the Sun. This is not an epigrammatic pleasantry, but the cheerless scientific truth. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing, except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the total solar mass. That nucleus is the real Sun, forever hidden from us. To regard the outer shells as the Sun, the shells to which our scant solar knowledge is limited, would be very much like considering the atmosphere which encloses this globe of ours as the Earth itself.

Although we can never fathom the secrets of the nucleus, we have been fortunate enough to analyze with partial success the various shells. Surrounding the invisible core of the Sun is, first, a layer of incandescent clouds, which has been called the "photosphere," and which has been found to consist of countless "granules," each about 500 miles in diameter, floating in a dark medium. The great blazing disk that passes for us as the Sun is really the photosphere. After the photosphere comes a stratum 1,000 miles thick which, for technical reasons that cannot be given here, is known as the "reversing layer." The dazzling clouds of the photosphere arise from the "reversing layer." Overlying the "reversing layer" for a depth of about 5,000 miles is the "chromosphere," a gaseous flood, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen and so furiously active that it sometimes tosses up great tongues of glowing gas ("prominences" is the astronomical name for them) to a height of thousands of miles. Beyond the

photosphere, far beyond the prominences even, extending outward for a distance that may sometimes measure 350,000 miles, lies the diaphanous, pallid "corona," visible only during total eclipses; and therefore the phenomenon which will receive most attention during the eclipse that occurs at the end of this month of August.

These solar wrappings ought to be compressed into a layer less than a mile in thickness, because of the Sun's gravity; but for some unknown reason we find them emphatically disobeying the laws of gravitation and reaching out for thousands of miles. But that is only one of the many puzzles the Sun has to offer.

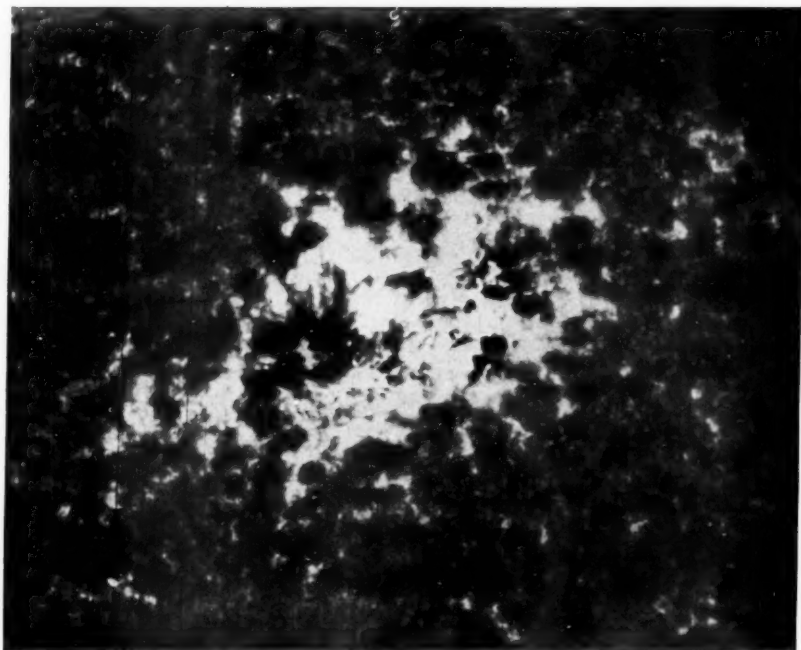
No doubt the most curious spectacle to be observed on the photosphere is the procession of the sun-spots. We have reason to offer scientific thanks for their presence, because it was first by watching them that astronomers found that the Sun turns on its axis in about twenty-five and a quarter days. An unprofessional German observer named Schwabe devoted almost his entire life to the gathering of statistics about them. Counting sun-spots must seem to the man in the street a most brilliantly useless performance. And yet astronomers doff their caps when you speak of Schwabe. After laboring for forty-two years with truly monumental patience, he discovered that there is a fairly periodic increase and decrease in the number of sun-spots. Roughly stated, Schwabe's law declares that eleven years elapse between one sun-spot minimum and another.

The cyclic appearance of spots is of considerable consequence to us on the



Earth, because the slightest change in the Sun's activity modifies our lives in some way, dependent as these lives are on the preservation of a proper solar temperature. Just what influence the spots exert we have not discovered, beyond the fact that they certainly affect terrestrial magnetism, and are in some way connected with the aurora borealis.

studied them for years, and the more we learn about them the more we must unlearn. Surrounding a central purplish black patch, or "umbra," is a lighter fringe called the "penumbra." Bridges of vapor sometimes arch the umbra, and wonderful veils and clouds hover over it. A splendid structure of curling plumes and graceful filaments is the penumbra.



GREAT SUN-SPOT OF OCTOBER 10, 1903

Spectroheliograph by the Yerkes Observatory

Sometimes it is said that they are the underlying causes of our "weather" and, accordingly, that they determine whether our harvests shall be good or bad. They certainly make the Earth cooler, inasmuch as they diminish the amount of heat we receive from the Sun by one one-thousandth of the whole.

What is a sun-spot? No satisfactory explanation can be given. We have photographed spots, measured them, and

Delicate, lace-like clouds, that remind one remotely of the most fantastic frost figures on a window-pane in midwinter, are, likewise, not wanting. They change incessantly—these sun-spots; and that with a swiftness far outdistancing any terrestrial whirlwind that we can imagine. It was once thought that they were rents in the blazing surface of the Sun, cavities through which we really peered for a time into the bottomless solar

regions. But, of late, solar physicists have not been so sure that some of them at least may not be elevations instead of pits. Of their enormity, however, there can be no doubt. The largest single spot ever recorded had a diameter of 143,000 miles. Just what this means may be conveyed by the simple statement that our insignificant Earth could be dropped into the central blackness like a pebble into a cistern of water.

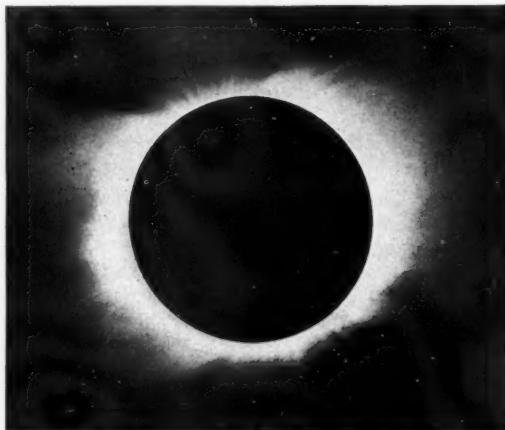
The sea of crimson fire which is known as the chromosphere is no less startling than are the sun-spots. More agitated than the ocean in the most violent tempest, its tremendous activity is undoubtedly occasioned by the glowing hydrogen of which it is largely composed. Its "prominences," to which reference has already been

made, are among its characteristics—jets of incandescent gas which leap to heights of 10,000 and even to 150,000 miles and more on rare occasions, flashing into view in the space of a few minutes and vanishing with equal rapidity. Time was when they could be seen to advantage only during a total eclipse; now the spectroscope combined with the heliograph has enabled astronomers to observe them in full sunlight. Still they will not be altogether ignored by the men who have been sent out by the observatories of the world to study this year's eclipse. They move about with a speed quite beyond our conception, often exceeding as it does 100 miles a

second. In other words, a moderately swift prominence could race around the Earth in little more than four minutes.

The spectacle which undoubtedly engrosses most of the eclipse observers is the impressive corona. As the moon swims in between the Earth and the Sun, its outline faintly traced in a fringe of silver, great sheets of nebulous pearly light flare out in all directions, with many threads and streamers. That is the corona. It is seen only during the few short, precious moments of a

total eclipse, amounting in all to not more than eight days in a century. Because of its rarity we know even less about it than we do of other solar phenomena. Before the advent of photography, it was pictured only with extreme difficulty, and, accord-



THE CORONA OF THE SUN, MAY 28, 1900

ingly, with doubtful accuracy. No two observers ever made similar sketches of what they saw. Even photography is not always just to the corona; for the sensitive plate either shows too little of the visible details, or too much of invisible ultra-violet light. Of the causes of the corona we know next to nothing. Perhaps it may prove to be of electrical origin; at least the tendency of present theories seems to lie in that direction. This much at least is certain: It is all but immaterial in its nature, a mere lustrous fog so highly attenuated that it may have only a single molecule of matter to the cubic foot.

Ignorant as we are of the true nature

of the various shells thus briefly described, we do know much of solar chemistry. Despite the chasm that separates us from the Sun, we have ingeniously transported it to our laboratories and analyzed it with amazing accuracy. Our entire knowledge of solar chemistry is based on studies of solar light. The Sun's spectrum contains the secrets of its composition. Although the hieroglyphic lines of that spectrum have not all been deciphered, they have been so far interpreted that we are now able to say with absolute certainty that thirty-nine chemical elements are common to the Sun and the Earth, with a probability of a similar agreement in the remaining forty.

We also know, partly as a result of this spectroscopic inquiry, that the Sun cannot be liquid or solid—that it must, indeed, be nothing short of a globe of gas, not actually burning, but heated to an intensely high pitch of incandescence. Whence comes its heat? The German scientist Helmholtz applied his theoretical calipers to the Sun and found that if it contracted ten inches a day it would maintain its condition. In other words, light and heat are actually squeezed out of the Sun. Some day this squeezing process will come to an end, and the Sun will become a gigantic blackened cinder; but inasmuch as the Sun's diameter is almost 866,400 miles, that day may safely be placed millenniums hence.

That some estimates of the amount of solar heat and light have been made goes without saying. Of the torrid floods that are poured out we receive a wofully small fraction. The Sun is very much in the position of a man who practically utilizes one cent out of a fortune of \$22,000,000 and throws the rest away; for only  $\frac{1}{2,200,000,000}$  of the Sun's heat ever reaches us. And yet if we could gather every ton of coal now in the Earth and burn it all at once, it would supply this insignificant fraction of the Sun's heat for less than one-tenth of a

second only. If the Sun were really a burning instead of an incandescent mass, nearly a ton of coal would have to be shoved on each square foot of its surface every hour to keep up its present expenditure of heat. Lord Kelvin has figured that if the Sun were made of solid coal it would burn out in less than 5,000 years. Even if we receive only a pittance in the way of heat, that pittance is enough to melt a 225-foot layer of ice at the equator in a year. If you can imagine a shell of ice fifty-eight feet thick surrounding the Sun, that shell would be melted in a minute. This means that the Sun has a temperature of about 14,400 degrees Fahrenheit.

In endeavoring to convey some idea of the Sun's light, we are drowned in a sea of figures. According to the latest data, the total quantity of sunlight equals 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles. Hardly an ideally simple way of conveying a scientific fact, but there is no better expedient. It may be added that the Sun's various envelopes so far screen the glare that if they were removed the Sun's light would be nearly five times as intense.

It must be confessed that the statistics of light and heat are not as trustworthy as they might be. Too many assumptions have to be made. On the other hand, the data relating to distance and dimensions can be relied upon.

The abyss that separates us from the Sun measures nearly 93,000,000 miles. Like the figures for candle-power this tells us but little. Fortunately, a thoughtful astronomer with an extraordinary imagination has helped us out. He assures us that if we could picture to ourselves an infant with an arm long enough to touch the Sun and burn his fingers, he would die of old age before he could feel any pain. If the infant did manage to keep alive long enough he would be 150 years old when it first dawned on him that he had been scorched. Is it any wonder that we know so little about the Sun?

# THE PASSING OF JOE BEEF

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH

Joe Beef hung the skeleton of his first wife back of his bar. It dangled there, grinning at the sawdust floor of his saloon, as a token of the hate he bore her. Behind it swung a sign:

*JOE BEEF FEARS NEITHER  
MAN, GOD, NOR DEVIL*

Which was true. His real name was Joseph Lebœuf; but usage, not familiarity, had shortened it.

This man, who so gloried in his fearlessness of things present and to come, was not boastful; he did not lie, he was temperate in the use of liquor, his word was law, and that same word, if pledged, good as his bond. The men he had killed, he had stabbed or shot to death in self-defense, or for other reasons for which he had, himself, felt justified.

Joe Beef's great shoulders outproportioned his short, stocky figure; within his scarred chest and the iron muscles of his brawny arms lay the litheness of the leopard and the crunching strength of the gorilla. His jet-black eyes from beneath his bushy eyebrows were as keen as those of his pet eagles. His hair, curling closely to his head, crept beneath the knotty angle of a square jaw, clean shaven, to the short ends of the close-cropped, black mustache. He never laughed; he seldom smiled. There was a grim dignity about this stolid face. The tightening restraint of a coat hampering the muscles of his back and arms, he lived when indoors in his shirt-sleeves—in clean shirt-sleeves that were in refreshing contrast to the reek and filth of his place and the rough attire of those who frequented it.

Such was the exterior of this taciturn

and silent man, who, less than thirty years ago, sheltered in a disused barrack along the quay the worst element of Montreal: murderers, thieves, deserters. Outcasts of all tongues, all countries, they slept and ate in the rectangular room in front, whose walls were, like the rest, of stone and furnished with bunks above the earthen floor. In the center of this chamber was a long wooden table flanked by benches; at one end was a brazier grill upon which the men roasted, nightly, their ration of meat cut from the side of a beef hung from a huge steel hook. They got drunk in the dingy barroom and spent their nights about the bear-pit or in the dance-hall in the rear. From the narrow clearstory windows, heavily barred, the reek and noise of the brawling swept out into the pure night air.

All this entertainment Joe Beef furnished to his henchmen free. In return for this hospitality and the merest pittance of pay, some two hundred of these followers worked for him as day laborers for the city upon the public roads. There were men among them who would have killed a man for a dollar, but Joe Beef owned them body and soul, and ruled them with a grip of iron. Only to one man did he ever speak in tones of kindness—to Tony Badeau, the itinerant drunkard who owned the tame dancing bear. They bandied the word "ami" between them. Down along the quay, within range of the blinking lights of the saloons, ships poked their bowsprits in line along the water-front, coastwise schooners, colliers, barks, and full-rigged three-masters lay side by side with nondescript vagabond craft hailing

from all ports of the world. The scum of the foreign seafaring men had always found a lawless home beneath his roof.

Joe Beef was rich. With his silent partners he made a fortune out of political corruption. But Joe Beef was charitable—he gave much to the Roman Catholic Church, and in the labyrinth of the quartier about him he helped the poor. For years he had defied public opinion and the press. The newspapers printed columns urging the authorities to close him up, copies of which Joe Beef nailed to his front door and then called defiant notice to them. A stranger's life would have been hardly safe within his place without his word of protection, and to tell the truth few outsiders had ever entered in; he was ever cautious of those who ventured there. The police had learned to give him a wide berth. One day some one wrote in red cha'k beneath the reckless sign over the bar: *You will atone for this!* Joe Beef had snarled and rubbed it out.

The night Joe Beef's second wife died, no one had dared approach him. He ordered the bar locked and the dance-hall closed. The only sound that came from the big back room was the clink of the bears' chains as they swayed in their pit. In the saloon the gas-jet was turned low and a cat dozing on the bar was the only occupant save another—the grinning frame of the first wife. It hung suspended from the blackened ceiling, occasionally oscillating and swaying softly in the stray drafts.

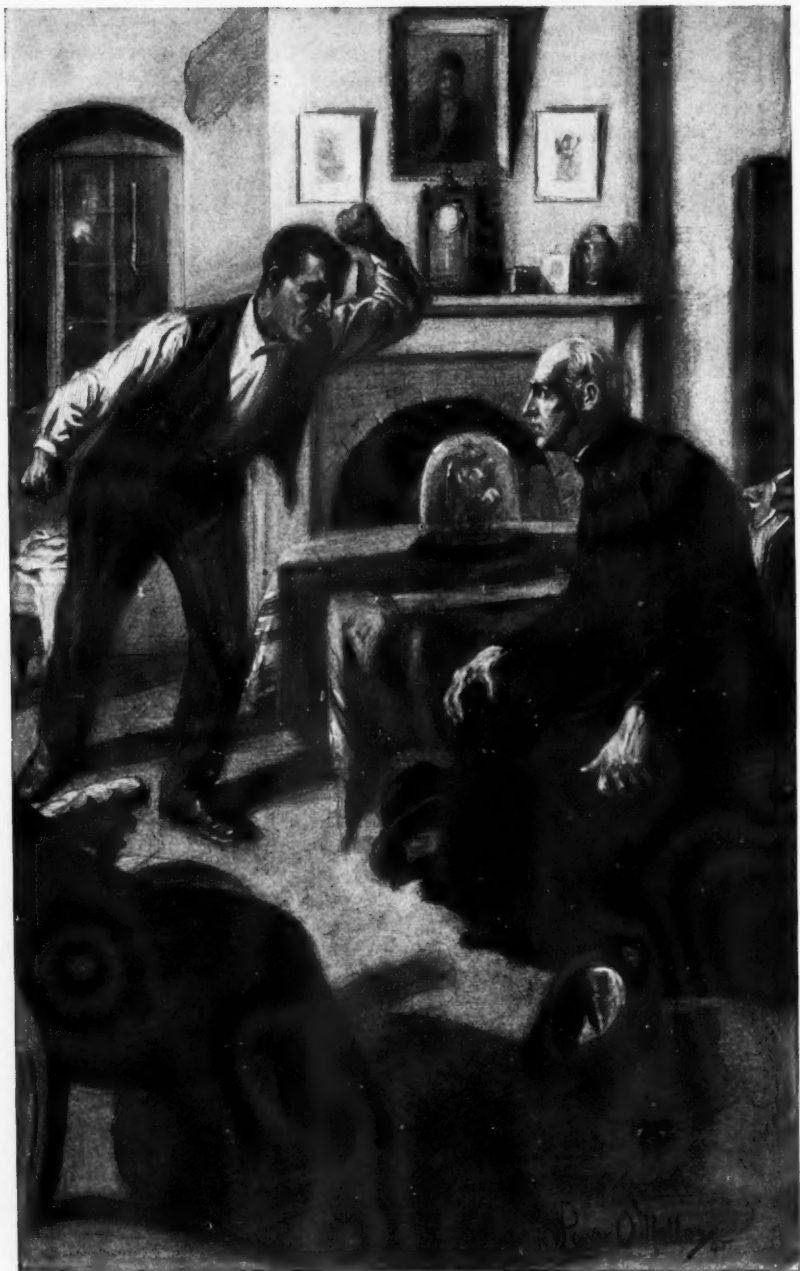
In the front room the men talked in low tones, sitting about in groups in their stocking feet, muttering over the event that had caused their master to turn out the lights and lock up the rum.

A narrow stairway led from above. At the head of this flight in a gawdy parlor Joe Beef sat in his shirt-sleeves beside the body of his second wife, a black cigar gripped between his teeth, his eyes staring sullenly at the lace curtains

looped to the windows with green satin bows. It was a long night but at last the chill dawn silhouetted the rigging of the ships against a leaden sky. Presently the sun struggled through the clouds and streamed across the garish carpet with its flowery pattern and burned on a dusty globe covering the wax flowers on the center-table. Joe Beef turned and looked intently at the features of the dead girl, his eyes following the outline of her features, the high cheek-bones and the waxen whiteness of her throat. Then he said slowly to himself: "You died like a little lady, Kit, and you never told me lies." Then he rose and crossed the room to the mantelpiece and drew from beneath the clock a tintype of a child. He looked long at it, then carefully replaced it. It was the child of the one who hung below there in the bar.

Joe Beef hired the best band in Montreal for the funeral, and at the head of a straggling procession of his henchmen he rode to the grave in an open barouche. The band played a dirge, and the widower squared himself back and puffed at his cigar. No one would know his grief! On the return from the cemetery, just outside the gates, he halted the driver of his carriage and raised his hand. "Play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,'" he shouted to the band leader. The band played it into the town. No one would ever say Joe Beef had softened!

Months passed and winter came on grimly; the wind, whistling in the rigging of the craft along the quay, whirled the sleet and snow along the water-front, sifting it about the doors of the saloons, piling it in drifts in the intervening alleys. Men stumbled out of the dreary ships, that had crawled in before the ice closed, toward the blinking lights and the warmth behind them, craving what sailors crave who for months have been tortured by the sea. To them the sordid dive is gilded paradise. The very lights themselves, the reek, the heat, the



*Drawn by Power O'Malley.*

*"With a roar of rage he brought his fist down on the table."*



brawls and laughter steam their souls into content.

It grew bitterly, cruelly cold that winter—"a cold," as the Indians say, "to split a flint."

Joe Beef's place flourished, but the man himself had grown morose. He leaped too frequently into the nightly quarrels and fell into a chronic surliness of manner. Always quick to anger, he had lost his old sense of fairness—men feared to talk to him. Even Tony Badeau, the privileged, kept out of his way.

A red-haired woman now cared for the bar, a tall, brawny woman with eyes like a ferret, a hard face, and a square figure, the equal match for any man who might attempt to disturb her. Like the other, where she had come from no one knew. She swept the little parlor, however, dusted the dome covering the wax flowers, wiped the furniture, and kept the fire going in the stove up-stairs.

Joe Beef spent most of his time in his parlor suite. Something had begun to gnaw within this man from hell; few but the red-haired woman dared speak to him—when she did she watched him like a cat keeping out of reach of an enemy. When Joe Beef answered her it was in muttered monosyllables.

One day she climbed the stairs. "Some one to see you," she said warily.

"Who?"

"A priest."

"Send him up here and be quick."

And with that Joe Beef had slammed the door to in her face.

Presently the woman reappeared. The gaunt form of an old man followed her; the woman departed and left the two alone.

Joe Beef jumped to his feet. "News, I hope," he said grimly. His black eyes searched his visitor's face as he pushed up a chair. Then seating himself, he squared his great shoulders back in his own, his left hand gripping the upholstered arm like a man bracing himself for sentence.

Father Ignacio raised his eyes and rested his gaunt chin on the tips of his fingers. "I bring you news, my son; the little one is very weak, but they will try to save her."

Joe Beef did not reply at once; he sat for a moment silent, looking at the floor. Then a sudden, mad anger rose within him. He leaped up, his fists clinched, and paced to the window. He stood there looking out into the night, the muscles of his brawny arms working beneath his shirt-sleeves, his hands grasping the bars at the casement. Suddenly turning, with an oath he strode across the room.

"Then the wolves of doctors have not done with her," he snarled. With a roar of rage he brought his fist down on the table. The wax flowers shivered in their glass case.

"Listen," he hissed; "you are a priest—you've heard confessions. Hark to this: You took her—I gave her to you; this was no place for her, sick or well—no—not here! In the convent she was to be taught to forget me—me, her father. They were to straighten her poor, crooked body; they were to save what you call her soul. Do you know what I done to the one who beat an' crippled her—know what I done? The one who lied and lied to me, an' played me false, an'—an' crippled her? Look down behind the bar—you'll see! I done it. But no one dare say I did, an' no one could ever prove it true. She deserved it, 'cordin' to man's law. She's down there; that's punishment enough for her an' me! The only two things I ever cared for—the woman who was here four months ago—an' who dare say a word agin her!—and the child I gave to you! Both to die sufferin'! An' I would have give my body to burn for them!"

He stopped.

The priest said nothing—he sat there trembling. Here was a soul accursed—a mind in ever-living torment that asked no help, no absolution. What could he say—why should he speak?

Joe Beef swept to and fro, then all at once he stopped before the priest again.

"You've got to save her. D'ye understand?" he groaned. "I ain't takin' no chances on your God, but I'll give all I got—all to the Church. She must live, must live an' grow up well an' strong an' never to know where she came from—never to know *that*. Hear?"

"I must be gone, my son," said Father Ignacio. "I must be going." It is no easy task to break bad news to a madman, thought he.

"All—all to the Church," muttered Joe Beef, following him to the door. "D'ye hear—all I got!"

The red-haired woman had been waiting for the priest, and she led him safely to the street.

For an hour after Father Ignacio's departure, Joe Beef continued to pace the floor. Suddenly he stopped in front of the clock and drew from beneath it the crumpled tintype of his child. Long and intently he gazed at it, holding it between his giant thumbs, tilting the lamp-shade that he might better see the features. A railing curse at Fate formed on his lips.

All at once he heard a knocking at the door—not a loud knocking, a gentle treble tapping against the panels. He crossed the room quickly, swung the door wide, and stopped!

There stood a child—pale, plaintive-eyed, with one arm outstretched holding something high above its head—something that shone.

Joe Beef stood there atremble; then suddenly he started forward, for the child's feet were on the very edge of the steep stairs—she might fall—and he remembered!

But before he had crossed the lintel Joe Beef had stopped again. There was nothing there. Yet the symbol burned bright before him! Slowly, slowly it faded! The noise from the hell filtered up the narrow stairway—the tramp and swish of feet in the dance-hall, the oaths and laughter. The tame bear was

dancing, too, for the singsong of Tony's voice came faintly from the saloon below.

Joe's eyes, the day after the child died, had a vacant stare in them. No one knew what had happened, but he swayed in his gait. He spoke to no one, not even to the red-haired woman who brought his meals up to him. He lost, too, his rough neatness of attire and remained unshaven and unkempt for days. He talked to himself—he acted like a man who saw visions, or who was possessed. Something had caused Joe Beef to feel afraid! Months went by and he regained his strength, and with it something of his devilish self-reliance; but even now this was a ghost of his former self. The gaunt red-haired woman left him. He began to drink heavily; he could no longer control the place with his old-time domineering nerve. His money and power seemed to have gone, no one knew where. Then the police valiantly closed the resort. Joe Beef made no resistance.

It was thawing fast one sunny afternoon in March, when Tony Badeau left the hovel where he lived with his wife and three children and started for the water-front. He was not alone, but it was not the dancing bruin that accompanied him; poor "Bobo" was dead. He no longer helped pay the expenses of the family and his master's score along the quay. It was Tony's little daughter, Annette, who accompanied him this day, holding tight to his hand. There was trouble at home; the mother, the mainstay—a good woman—was ill; there was no more medicine, and now, no more money and no food.

Tony, who for some time had kept sober, had said he was going to see Father Ignacio to ask his help, for the good priest had always helped the poor. But really he was going to see Joe Beef. Joe Beef had helped him in the old days often, even if he had sold himself to the devil, and was now possessed of one.

And the mother, fearing this, had sent Annette with her father to make sure he kept straight on up the hill and stopped nowhere on the way.

When they reached Joe Beef's place, Tony's heart fell. The great doors were locked and bolted, the windows shuttered and barred. But the small side door—how about that? Before the child knew what had happened, her father had pushed her ahead of him through a narrow entrance, seemingly in the blank stone wall.

Joe Beef looked up from where he sat under the gaslight at the now denuded bar. He started, with a sudden, smothered cry, dropping a paper he was reading to the floor. When he saw Tony enter and the child turn to him, Joe Beef sat down again, but his face was white as his shirt-sleeves.

"Joe, mon ami," began Tony, rushing to the subject which was uppermost in his poor head, "I have come for help, for succor. My wife, she is sick—there is no food."

"Your little girl, eh?" questioned Joe Beef, his eyes on the frightened child.

"Oui, my little Annette. It is but ten dollar—five?—eh?—you let me have five?"

Joe Beef stood up, his hands sought his pockets; then he stopped and fumbled at his coat hanging from the end of the gas-jet. Tony, looking round him, as his eyes became adjusted to the dimness, saw that the ghastly thing swayed no longer at the corner of the bar—the space it had occupied was empty like the shelves.

"Tony"—Joe's voice sounded strangely—"I've not got five dollar to-day—here. Stop—you know where Father Ignacio lives—eh?—on the hill?"

"Yes, near Saint Agnes'. They build a new chapel there—you heard? Oh, gran' place—mon frère he work there. Yes, I know Père Ignacio—so well. But nevaire min', Joe."

"Wait!" It was the old imperious Joe Beef talking now. "You go to him

—say that I—no, tell him I thout perhaps—he might have it—five—ten, what you like. Jess' say I thout—"

Joe Beef's tones had dwindled to a whisper. "I'm away to-morrow," he went on. "I sell all there is left—my animals—my pets—I go, Tony."

"Where, Joe, mon ami?"

That sweep of the hand might mean anywhere; but to Tony Badeau it meant far off—"the woods," perhaps. There was a tradition in the quarter that Joe Lebœuf, when he was but nineteen, had been the best man with an ax in all the provinces. But in the quartier there were many traditions—no one asked too many questions.

Suddenly Joe roused himself, for after the sweeping, unfinished gesture he had fallen silent.

"Allez quick, you must go quick, Tony. Père Ignacio goes to Ottawa this evening; he tol' me so las' evenin'. You mus' run."

"But Annette—it is a long pull up the hill."

"Leave her here with me and come back—now run."

The child did not relish being in the dim, half-lighted place, but before she could object, the narrow side door had closed. Her father had left her with this big, dark man, who seemed more afraid of her than she of him. Joe Beef placed Annette in his own chair. The child looked up at him; her fright seemed to have left her. Something made Joe catch his breath. He crossed over to the door and, opening it, stood gazing out at the river, a strange, vacant look in his eyes.

Presently the little girl heard a gruff whim and the chink of chains in the cavernous room beyond.

"Bobo there?" she lisped.

"Not Bobo, no," said Joe, turning toward her, "Jess sit quiet. Your father be here soon."

All at once he seemed to remember something—something he had up-stairs.

"Less see!" he mused. "Yes, I've got

some-thing' for you, Annette. Now don't move till I come down."

It was while Joe was looking for what he sought up there in the half-empty, cheerless room, that the child grew restless, wriggled from her chair, and wandered alone into the darkness beyond, very curious and a little frightened. Her eyes were unaccustomed to the gloom; as she toddled on across the dirt floor she was not aware of a dark, shadowy patch ahead of her until her feet tripped over a loose wire at its edge and she tumbled headlong.

At that moment Joe Beef, rummaging up-stairs in an old, tightly packed box, heard a scream and a snarling roar. The former chilled his blood and the latter set it on fire. He sprang down the short staircase, snatched a short hatchet from the corner of the bar, and dashed for the pit. In he leaped. Somewhere in the bottom, under the feet of the two big brutes, lay the child. The feeble light struggling in through the clear-story windows was cut off by the edge of the pit, and in the black shadow of the muddy bottom he could not, at first, see anything. Ah! there it was! two great, hairy forms above it! He threw himself upon them as he had often thrown himself upon fighting, struggling men. They rose at him. The blade of the hatchet tore into the male bear's chest; another blow clipped his ears, and the third crashed through his skull. The brute fell in the mud. Joe Beef stood there with the broken helve in his hand! With a roar of fury the she bear reached out at him. He struck her with all his might upon the head, but she closed in; her jaws snapped; she bit clear through his shoulder; but Joe, fighting to get free, tore himself away. The she bear caught him now, and the blood from a deep gash in his head trickled down into his eyes and blinded him. The great animal became the devil incarnate; again and again she ripped, slashed, and slammed him back against the earth; with another squealing roar she fastened

her teeth in his chest, but once more he tore her free. He got a hold beneath her fore legs, and used all his crushing strength against hers; then he stumbled and his heel touched the child.

Now it was that all the savage power of his mighty strength rose within him. He broke out of the death-clutch. Bracing himself against the sides of the narrow pit, he sprang at the she bear's throat. She squared up again on her hind legs, her flat, snarling head towering above him. The muscles of his back cracked as his great fists closed on her matted gorget. He tripped her, and the two rolled over. A second later, Joe Beef's knee was on her chest again and his mighty hands closed tighter and tighter, with a grip of steel. She tore at his stomach with her hind feet, but the man was too quick for her and leaped astride of her shaggy breast-bone, with his thumbs sunk against her windpipe, he gathered power with every crunching wrench, the power that came from his corded forearms and his massive back.

There came a choking rattle in the brute's throat; her breath was being slowly, but surely, shut off as a valve cuts the steam from an engine.

Minutes passed. Joe felt her shake with a convulsive shudder beneath his knee.

Without releasing his grip he looked about him. The child lay to the left and behind him; her eyes were closed; she was huddled where she had fallen in a heap against the wall. Joe Beef tried to rise, but he could not. It was with difficulty that he could release his hands from the bear's throat, but at last he started to crawl toward the child.

The pit swam round him; he felt as if he had fallen in the waters of a whirlpool. The bodies of the bears passed him a dozen times, and the child's white frock flashed behind him as if swept in a mill-race.

Then a voice rang through the roar in his ears, faintly. "Bon Dieu! Bon

Dieu!" it cried, and a little man tumbled down from above. Something snapped, the pit went black, and he knew no more.

An hour later Monsieur le Docteur Chabonnet, followed by the priest, opened the door of the disordered parlor suite and came down the narrow stairs. Below him at the end of the flight, the barroom was crowded with sobbing, staring women and silent men, who shook their heads and waited.

"What hope for the little one?" asked a score of throats in hoarse whispers.

"She is not touched," said the doctor,

gravely rolling down his sleeves; "it was the shock; she is sleeping."

"And Joe Beef?" whispered the room-full; "it is well with him?"

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" sobbed a woman hysterically.

Doctor Chabonnet paused. Then with some effort he looked up. The room was hushed.

"I regret, my friends, but it was impossible," he said softly. "Monsieur Le-bœuf has passed away."

Father Ignacio said nothing—but a smile—it may have been of triumph, played about his lips.

## THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH\*

By HENRY JAMES

I am offered the opportunity of addressing you a few observations on a subject that should content itself, to my thinking, with no secondary place among those justly commended to your attention on such a day as this, and that yet will not, I dare say, have been treated before you, very often, as a matter especially inviting that attention. You will have been appealed to, at this season, and in preparation for this occasion, with admirable persuasion and admirable effect, I make no doubt, on behalf of many of the interests and ideals, scholarly, moral, social, you have here so happily pursued, many of the duties, responsibilities, opportunities you have learned, in these beautiful conditions, at the threshold of life, to see open out before you. These admonitions, taken

together, will have borne, essentially, upon the question of culture, as you are expected to consider and cherish it; and some of them, naturally, will have pressed on the higher, the advanced developments of that question, those that are forever flowering above our heads and waving and rustling their branches in the blue vast of human thought. Others, meanwhile, will have lingered over the fundamentals, as we may call them, the solid, settled, seated elements of education, the things of which it is held, in general, that our need of being reminded of them must rarely be allowed to become a desperate or a feverish need. These underlying things, truths of tradition, of aspiration, of discipline, of training consecrated by experience, are understood as present in

\* Address delivered to the graduating class (young women) at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, June 8, 1905, and here printed with the restoration of a few passages omitted on that occasion.



any liberal course of study or scheme of character; yet they permit of a certain renewed reference and slightly ceremonial insistence, perhaps, on high days and holidays; without the fear, on the part of any one concerned, of their falling too much into the category of the commonplace. I repeat, however, that there is a prime part of education, an element of the basis itself, in regard to which I shall probably remain within the bounds of safety in declaring that no explicit, no separate, no adequate plea will be likely to have ranged itself under any one of your customary heads of commemoration. If there are proprieties and values, perfect possessions of the educated spirit, clear humanities, as the old collegiate usage beautifully named them, that may be taken absolutely for granted, taken for granted as rendering any process of training simply possible, the indispensable preliminary I allude to, and that I am about to name, would easily indeed present itself in that light; thus confessing to its established character and its tacit intervention. A virtual consensus of the educated, of any gathered group, in regard to the *speech* that, among the idioms and articulations of the globe, they profess to make use of, may well strike us, in a given case, as a natural, an inevitable assumption. Without that consensus, to every appearance, the educative process cannot be thought of as at all even beginning; we readily perceive that without it the mere imparting of a coherent culture would never get under way. This imparting of a coherent culture is a matter of communication and response—each of which branches to an understanding involves the possession of a common language, with its modes of employment, its usage, its authority, its beauty, in working form; a medium of expression, in short, organized and developed. So obvious is such a truth that even at these periods of an especially excited consciousness of your happy approximation to the ideal, your conquest, so far as it has proceeded, of

the humanities aforesaid, of the great attainable amenities, you would not think of expecting that your not having failed to master the system of mere vocal sounds that renders your fruitful association with each other a thinkable thing, should be made a topic of inquiry or of congratulation. You would say if you thought about the point at all: "Why, of course we speak in happy forms; we arrive here, arrive from our convenient homes, our wonderful schools, our growing cities, our great and glorious States, speaking in those happy forms in which people speak whose speech promotes the refinements (in a word the success) of intercourse, intellectual and social—not in any manner in which people speak whose speech frustrates, or hampers, or mocks at them. That conquest is behind us, and we invite no discussion of the question of whether we are articulate, whether we are intelligibly, or completely, expressive—we expose ourselves to none; the question of whether we are heirs and mistresses of the art of making ourselves satisfactorily heard, conveniently listened to, comfortably and agreeably understood."

Such, I say, is the assumption that everything must always have ministered to your making: so much as to stamp almost with a certain indecorum, on the face of the affair, any breach of the silence surrounding these familiar securities and serenities. I can only stand before you, accordingly, as a breaker of the silence; breaking it as gently, of course, as all the pleasant proprieties of this hour demand, but making the point that there is an element of fallacy—in plain terms a measurable mistake—in the fine confidence I impute to you. It is needless to make sure of the basis of the process of communication and intercourse when it is clear, when it is positive, that such a basis exists and flourishes; but that is a question as to which the slightest shade of doubt is disquieting, disconcerting—fatal indeed; so that an exceptional inquiry into the case is



then prescribed. I shall suggest our making this inquiry altogether—after having taken it thus as exceptionally demanded; making it rapidly, in the very limited way for which our present conditions allow us moments; but at least with the feeling that we are breaking ground where it had not hitherto, among us, strangely enough, been much broken, and where some measurable good may spring, for us, from our action.

If we may not then be said to be able to converse before we are able to talk (and study is essentially, above all in such a place as this, your opportunity to converse with your teachers and inspirers), so we may be said not to be able to "talk" before we are able to speak: whereby you easily see what we thus get. We may not be said to be able to study—and *à fortiori* do any of the things we study *for*—unless we are able to speak. All life therefore comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other. These relations are made possible, are registered, are verily constituted, by our speech, and are successful (to repeat my word) in proportion as our speech is worthy of its great human and social function; is developed, delicate, flexible, rich—an adequate accomplished fact. The more it suggests and expresses, the more we live by it—the more it promotes and enhances life. Its quality, its authenticity, its security, are hence supremely important for the general multifold opportunity, for the dignity and integrity, of our existence.

These truths, you see, are incontestable; yet though you are daughters, fortunate in many respects, of great commonwealths that have been able to render you many attentions, to surround you with most of the advantages of peace and plenty, it is none the less definite that there will have been felt to reign among you, in general, no positive mark whatever, public or private, of an

effective consciousness of any of them: the consciousness, namely—a sign of societies truly possessed of light—that no civilized body of men and women has ever left so vital an interest to run wild, to shift, as we say, all for itself, to stumble and flounder, through mere adventure and accident, in the common dust of life, to pick up a living, in fine, by the wayside and the ditch. Of the degree in which a society is civilized, the vocal form, the vocal tone, the personal, social accent and sound of its intercourse, have always been held to give a direct reflection. That sound, that vocal form, the touchstone of manners, is the note, the representative note—representative of its having (in our poor, imperfect human degree) achieved civilization. Judged in this light, it must frankly be said, our civilization remains strikingly *unachieved*: the last of American idiosyncrasies, the last by which we can be conceived as "represented" in the international concert of culture, would be the pretension to a tone-standard, to our wooing comparison with that of other nations. The French, the Germans, the Italians, the English perhaps in particular, and many other people, Occidental and Oriental, I surmise, not excluding the Turks and the Chinese, have, for the symbol of education, of civility, a tone-standard; we alone flourish in undisturbed and—as in the sense of so many other of our connections—in something like sublime unconsciousness of any such possibility.

It is impossible, in very fact, to have a tone-standard without the definite preliminary of a care for tone, and against a care for tone, it would very much appear, the elements of life in this country, as at present conditioned, violently and increasingly militate. At one or two reasons for this strange but consummate conspiracy I shall in a moment ask you to glance with me, but in the mean while I should go any length in agreeing with you about any such perversity, on the part of parents and guardians, pastors

and masters, as their expecting the generations, whether of young women or young men, to arrive at a position of such comparative superiority alone—unsupported and unguided. There is no warrant for the placing on these inevitably rather light heads and hearts, on any company of you, assaulted, in our vast vague order, by many pressing wonderments, the whole of the burden of a care for tone. A care for tone is part of a care for many other things besides; for the fact, for the value, of good-breeding; above all, as to which tone unites with various other personal, social signs to bear testimony. The idea of good-breeding—without which intercourse fails to flower into fineness, without which human relations bear but crude and tasteless fruit—is one of the most precious conquests of civilization, the very core of our social heritage; but in the transmission of which it becomes us much more to be active and interested than merely passive and irresponsible participants. It is an idea, the idea of good breeding (in other words, simply the idea of *secure* good manners), for which, always, in every generation, there is yet more, and yet more, to be done; and no danger would be more lamentable than that of the real extinction, in our hands, of so sacred a flame. Flames, however, even the most sacred, do not go on burning of themselves; they require to be kept up; handed on the torch needs to be from one group of patient and competent watchers to another. The possibility, the preferability, of people's speaking as people speak when their speech has had for them a signal importance, is a matter to be kept sharply present; from that comes support, comes example, comes authority—from that comes the inspiration of those comparative beginners of life, the hurrying children of time, who are but too exposed to be worked upon, by a hundred circumstances, in a different and inferior sense. You don't speak soundly and agreeably, you don't speak neatly and consistently, unless you

*know* how you speak—how you may, how you should, how you shall speak; unless you have discriminated, unless you have noticed differences and suffered from violations and vulgarities; and you haven't this positive consciousness, you are incapable of any reaction of taste or sensibility worth mentioning, unless a great deal of thought of the matter has been taken for you.

Taking thought, in this connection, is what I mean by obtaining a tone-standard—a clear criterion of the best usage and example: which is but to recognize, once for all, that avoiding vulgarity, arriving at lucidity, pleasantness, charm, and contributing by the mode and the degree of utterance a colloquial, a genial value, even to an inevitably limited quantity of intention, of thought, is an art to be acquired and cultivated, just as much as any of the other, subtler, arts of life. There are plenty of influences round about us that make for an imperfect disengagement of the human side of vocal sound, that make for the confused, the ugly, the flat, the thin, the mean, the helpless, that reduce articulation, in short, to an easy and ignoble minimum, and so keep it as little distinct as possible from the grunting, the squealing, the barking, or the roaring of animals. I do not mean to say that civility of utterance may not become an all but unconscious beautiful habit—I mean to say, thank goodness, that this is exactly what it *may* become. But so to succeed it must be a collective and associated habit; for the greater the number of persons speaking well, in given conditions, the more that number will tend to increase, and the smaller the number the more that number will tend to shrink and lose itself in the desert of the common. Contact and communication, a beneficent contagion, bring about the happy state—the state of sensibility to tone, the state of recognizing, and responding to, certain vocal sounds *as* tone, and recognizing and reacting from certain others as negations of tone:

negations the more offensive in proportion as they have most enjoyed impunity. You will have, indeed, in any at all aspiring civilization of tone, a vast mass of assured impunity, on the wrong side of the line, to reckon with. There are in every quarter, in our social order, impunities of aggression and corruption in plenty; but there are none, I think, showing so unperturbed a face—wearing, I should slangily say, if slang were permitted me here, so impudent a “mug”—as the forces assembled to make you believe that no form of speech is provably better than another, and that just this matter of “care” is an affront to the majesty of sovereign ignorance. Oh, I don’t mean to say that you will find in the least a clear field and nothing but favor! The difficulty of your case is exactly the ground of my venturing thus to appeal to you. That there is difficulty, that there is a great blatant, blowing dragon to slay, can only constitute, as it appears to me, a call of honor for generous young minds, something of a trumpet-sound for tempers of high courage.

And now, of course, there are questions you may ask me: as to what I more intimately mean by speaking “well,” by speaking “ill”; as to what I more definitely mean by “tone” and by the “negation” of tone; as to where you are to recognize the presence of the exemplary rightness I have referred you to—as to where you are to see any standard raised to the breeze; and, above all, as to my reasons for referring with such emphasis to the character of the enemy you are to satisfy. I am able, I think, to satisfy you all the way; but even in so doing I shall still feel our question to be interesting, as a whole, out of proportion to any fractions of an hour we may now clutch at; feel that if I could only treat it with a freer hand and more margin I might really create in you a zeal to follow it up. I mean then by speaking well, in the first place, speaking with consideration for the forms and shades of our language, speaking with a con-

sideration so inbred that it has become instinctive and well-nigh unconscious and automatic, as all the habitual, all the inveterate amenities of life become. By the forms and shades of our language I mean the innumerable differentiated, discriminated units of sound and sense that lend themselves to audible production, to enunciation, to intonation: those innumerable units that have each an identity, a quality, an outline, a shape, a clearness, a fineness, a sweetness, a richness; that have, in a word, a value which it is open to us, as lovers of our admirable English tradition, or as cynical traitors to it, to preserve or to destroy.

Many of these units are, for instance, our syllables, emphasized or unemphasized; our parts of words, or often the whole word itself; our parts of sentences, coming in *for* value and subject to be marked or missed, honored or dishonored—to use the term we use for checks at banks—as a note of sound. Many of them are in particular our simple vowel-notes and our consonantal, varying, shifting—shifting in relation and connection, as to value and responsibility and place—and capable of a complete effect, or of a complete absence of effect, according as a fine ear and a fine tongue, or as a coarse ear and a coarse tongue, preside at the use of them. All our employment of constituted sounds, syllables, sentences, comes back to the way we say a thing, and it is very largely by saying, all the while, that we live and play our parts. I am asking you to take it from me, as the very moral of these remarks, that the way we say a thing, or fail to say it, fail to learn to say it, has an importance in life that it is impossible to overstate—a far-reaching importance, as the very hinge of the relation of man to man. I am asking you to take that truth well home and hold it close to your hearts, setting your backs to the wall to defend it, heroically, when need may be. For need will be, among us, as I have already intimated, and as I shall proceed in a moment,

though very briefly, to show you further: you must be prepared for much vociferous demonstration of the plea that the way we say things—the way we “say” in general—has as little importance as possible. Let the demonstration proceed, let the demonstration abound, let it be as vociferous as it will, if you only meanwhile hug the closer the faith I thus commend to you; for you will very presently perceive that the more this vain contention does make itself heard, the more it insists, the sooner it shall begin to flounder waist-high in desert sands. Nothing, sayable or said, that pretends to expression, to value, to consistency, in whatever interest, but finds itself practically confronted, at once, with the tone-question: the only refuge from which is the mere making of a noise—since simple noise is the sort of sound in which tone ceases to exist. To simple toneless noise, as an argument for indifference to discriminated speech, you may certainly then listen as philosophically as your nerves shall allow.

But the term I here apply brings me meanwhile to my second answer to your three or four postulated challenges—the question of what I mean by speaking badly. I might reply to you, very synthetically, that I mean by speaking badly speaking as millions and millions of supposedly educated, supposedly civilized persons—that is the point—of both sexes, in our great country, habitually, persistently, imperturbably, and I think for the most part all unwittingly, speak: that form of satisfaction to you being good enough—isn't it?—to cover much of the ground. But I must give you a closer account of the evil against which I warn you, and I think none is so close as this: that speaking badly is speaking with that want of attention to speech that we should blush to see any other of our personal functions compromised by—any other controllable motion, or voluntary act, of our lives. Want of attention, in any act, results in a graceless and unlighted effect, an effect

of accident and misadventure; and it strikes me in this connection that there is no better comprehensive description of our vocal habits as a nation, in their vast, monotonous flatness and crudity, than this aspect and air of unlightedness—which presents them as matters going on, gropingly, helplessly, empirically, almost dangerously (perilously, that is, to life and limb), in the dark. To walk in the dark, dress in the dark, eat in the dark, is to run the chance of breaking our legs, of misarranging our clothes, of besmearing our persons, and speech may figure for us either as the motion, the food, or the clothing of intercourse, as you will. To do things “unlightedly” is accordingly to do them without neatness or completeness—and to accept that doom is simply to accept the doom of the slovenly.

Our national use of vocal sound, in men and women alike, is slovenly—an absolutely inexpert daub of unapplied tone. It leaves us at the mercy of a medium that, as I say, is incomplete; which sufficiently accounts, as regards our whole vocal manifestation, for the effect of a want of finish. Noted sounds have their extent and their limits, their mass, however concentrated, and their edges; and what is the speech of a given society but a series, a more or less rich complexity, of noted sounds? Nothing is commoner than to see, throughout our country, young persons of either sex—for the phenomenon is most marked, I think, for reasons I will touch on, in the newer generations—whose utterance can only be indicated by pronouncing it destitute of any approach to an emission of the consonant. It becomes thus a mere helpless slobber of disconnected vowel noises—the weakest and cheapest attempt at human expression that we shall easily encounter, I imagine, in any community pretending to the general instructed state. Observe, too, that the vowel sounds in themselves, at this rate, quite fail of any purity, for the reason that our consonants contribute to the

drawing and modeling of our vowels—just as our vowels contribute to the coloring, to the painting, as we may call it, of our consonants, and that any frequent repetition of a vowel depending for all rounding and shaping on another vowel alone, lays upon us an effort of the thorax under which we inevitably break down. Hence the undefined noises that I refer to when consonantal sound drops out; drops as it drops, for example, among those vast populations to whose lips, to whose ear, it is so rarely given to form the terminal letter of our “Yes,” or to hear it formed. The abject “Yeh-eh” (the ugliness of the drawl is not easy to represent) which usurps the place of that interesting vocable makes its nearest approach to deviating into the decency of a final consonant when it becomes a still rather questionable “Yeh-ep.”

Vast numbers of people, indeed, even among those who speak very badly, appear to grope instinctively for some restoration of the missing value even at the cost of inserting it between words that begin and end with vowels. You will perfectly hear persons supposedly “cultivated,” the very instructors of youth sometimes themselves, talk of vanilla-r-ice-cream, of California-r-oranges, of Cuba-r-and Porto Rico, of Atlanta-r-in Calydon, and (very resentfully) of “the idea-r-of” any intimation that their performance and example in these respects may not be immaculate. You will perfectly hear the sons and daughters of the most respectable families disfigure in this interest, and for this purpose, the pleasant old names of Papa and Mamma. “Is Popper-up stairs?” and “Is Mommer-in the parlor?” pass for excellent household speech in millions of honest homes. If the English say throughout, and not only sometimes, Papa and Mamma, and the French say Papa and Mamman, they say them consistently—and Popper, with an “r,” but illustrates our loss, much to be regretted, alas, of the power to emulate the clearness of the vowel-cutting, an

art as delicate in its way as gem-cutting, in the French word. It is not always a question of an r, however—though the letter, I grant, gets terribly little rest among those great masses of our population who strike us, in the boundless West perhaps especially, as, under some strange impulse received toward consonantal recovery of balance, making it present even in words from which it is absent, bringing it in everywhere as with the small vulgar effect of a sort of morose grinding of the back teeth. There are, you see, sounds of a mysterious intrinsic meanness, and there are sounds of a mysterious intrinsic frankness and sweetness; and I think the recurrent note I have indicated—fatherr and motherr and otherr, waterr and matterr and scatterr, harrrd and barrd, parrr, starrr, and (dreadful to say) arrrr (the repetition it is that drives home the ugliness), are signal specimens of what becomes of a custom of utterance out of which the principle of taste has dropped.

If I speak as to these matters of tone, I may add, of intrinsic meanness and intrinsic sweetness, there is also no doubt that association, cumulation, the context of a given sound and the company we perceive it to be keeping, are things that have much to say to our better or worse impression. What has become of the principle of taste, at all events, when the s, too, breaks in, or breaks out, all unchecked and unchided, in such forms of impunity as Somewheres-else and Nowheres-else, as A good ways-on and A good ways-off?—vulgarisms with which a great deal of general credit for what we good-naturedly call “refinement” appears so able to coexist. Credit for what we good-naturedly call refinement—since our national, our social good nature is, experimentally, inordinate—appears able to coexist with a thousand other platitudes and poverties of tone, aberrations too numerous for me to linger on in these very limited moments, but in relation



to which all the flatly-drawling group—gawd and dawg, sawft and lawft, gawne and lawst and frawst—may stand as a hint. It is enough to say of these things that they substitute limp, slack, passive tone for clear, clean, active, tidy tone, and that they are typical, thereby, of an immense body of limpness and slackness and cheapness. This note of cheapness—of the cheap and easy—is especially fatal to any effect of security of intention in the speech of a society, for it is scarce necessary to remind you that there are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from the facing, the conquest of a difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get mere looseness. In the one case the maintenance of civility of speech costs what it must—which is a price we should surely blush to hear spoken of as too great for our inaptitude and our indolence, our stupidity and our frivolity, to pay.

I must invite you indeed to recognize with me, at whatever cost to any possible share in our national self-complacency, that we encounter in all this connection a certain portent in our sky, a certain lion in our path, complications duly to be reckoned with; encounter them in the circumstance of the *voice* of our people at large, our people abundantly schooled and newspapered, abundantly housed, fed, clothed, salaried and taxed—which happens to fall on no expert attention, you may easily note, as the finest or fullest or richest of the voices of the nations: this, moreover, least of all among our women, younger and older, as to whom in general, and as to the impression made by whom, the question of voice ever most comes up and has most importance. The *vox Americana* then, frankly, is for the spectator, or perhaps I should say for the auditor, of life, as he travels far and wide, one of the stumbling-blocks of our continent—having no claim to be left out of account in any

discussion of the matter before us. It remains, for the moment, this collective vocal presence, this preponderant vocal sign, what a convergence of inscrutable forces (climatic, social, political, theological, moral, "psychic") has made it and failed to make it: so that I shall ask you to let it stand for you thus as a *temporarily-final* fact—to stand long enough to allow me to say that, whatever else it is, it has been, among the organs of the schooled and newspapered races, perceptibly the most abandoned to its fate. That truth about it is more to our purpose than any other, and throws much light, I am convinced, on the manner in which it affects and afflicts us. I shall go so far as to say that there is no such thing as a voice pure and simple: there is only, for any business of appreciation, the voice *plus* the way it is employed; an employment determined here by a greater number of influences than we can now go into—beyond saying, at least, that when such influences, in general, have acted for a long time we think of them as having made not only the history of the voice, but positively the history of the national character, almost the history of the people.

It would take thus too long to tell you why the English voice, or why the French, or why the Italian, is so free to strike us as *not* neglected, not abandoned to its fate; as having much rather been played upon, through the generations, by a multitude of causes which have finally begotten, in each of these instances, as means to an end, a settled character, a certain ripeness, finality, and felicity. I cannot but regard the unsettled character and the inferior quality of the colloquial *vox Americana*—and I speak here but of the poor dear distracted organ itself—as in part a product of that mere state of indifference to a speech-standard and to a tone-standard on which I have been insisting. The voice, I repeat, is, as to much of its action and much of its effect, not a



separate, lonely, lost thing, but largely what the tone, the conscious, intended, associated tone, makes of it—and what the tone that has none of these attributes falls short of making; so that if we here again, as a people, take care, if we take even common care, of the question, for fifty years or thereabout, I have no doubt we shall in due course find the subject of our solicitude put on, positively, a surface, find it reflect and repay the enlightened effort. We shall find that, while we have been so well occupied, the vocal, the tonic possibilities within us all, grateful to us for the sense of a flattering interest, of the offer of a new life, have been taking care, better care, excellent care, of *themselves*. The experiment, absolutely, would be worth trying—and perhaps not on so formidable a scale of time either. We see afresh, at any rate, into what interesting relations and ramifications our topic opens out—if only as an illustration of what we may do for ourselves by merely *raising* our question and setting it up before us. With it verily we raise and set up the question of our manners as well, for that is indissolubly involved. To discriminate, to learn to find our *way* among noted sounds, find it as through the acquisition of a new ear; to begin to prefer form to the absence of form, to distinguish color from the absence of color—all this amounts to substituting manner for the absence of manner: whereby it is *manners themselves*, or something like a sketchy approach to a dim gregarious conception of them, that we shall (delicious thought!) begin to work round to the notion of.

I should also not fail to remind you, for keeping all things clear, that I refer here not specifically, in fact not directly at all, to our handling of the English language as such—even though wonderful enough the adventure may be to which, in our so unceremonious, so simplified and simplifying conditions, we are treating that ancient and battered but still nobly robust and at the same

time tenderly vulnerable idiom. I am not doing so, because this matter of the use and abuse of our mother-tongue would be another theme altogether, in spite of its close alliance with the question before us. Yet I cannot wholly forget that the adventure, as I name it, of our idiom and the adventure of our utterance have been fundamentally the same adventure and the same experience; that they at a given period migrated together, immigrated together, into the great raw world in which they were to be cold-shouldered and neglected together, left to run wild and lose their way together. They have suffered and strayed together, and the future of the one, we must after all remember, is necessarily and logically the prospect or the doom of the other. Keep in sight the so interesting historical truth that no language, so far back as our acquaintance with history goes, has known any such ordeal, any such stress and strain, as was to await the English in this huge new community it was so unsuspectingly to help, at first, to father and mother. It came *over*, as the phrase is, came over originally without fear and without guile—but to find itself transplanted to spaces it had never dreamed, in its comparative humility, of covering, to conditions it had never dreamed, in its comparative innocence, of meeting; to find itself grafted, in short, on a social and political order that was both without previous precedent and example and incalculably expansive.

Taken on the whole by surprise, it may doubtless be said to have behaved as well as unfriended heroine ever behaved in dire predicament—refusing, that is, to be frightened quite to death, looking about for a *modus vivendi*, consenting to live, preparing to wait on developments. I say “unfriended” heroine because that is exactly my point: that whereas the great idioms of Europe in general have grown up at home and in the family, the ancestral circle (with their migrations all comfortably pre-

historic), our transported maiden, our unrescued Andromeda, our medium of utterance, was to be disjoined from all the associations, the other presences, that had attended her, that had watched for her and with her, that had helped to form her manners and her voice, her taste and her genius. It is the high modernism of the conditions now surrounding, on this continent, the practise of our language that makes of this chapter in its history a new thing under the sun; and I use that term as the best for expressing briefly ever so many striking actualities. If you reflect a moment you will see how unprecedented is in fact this uncontrolled assault of most of our circumstances—and in the forefront of them the common school and the newspaper—upon what we may call our linguistic *position*. Every language has its position, which, with its particular character and genius, is its most precious property—the element in it we are most moved (if we have any feeling in the connection at all) to respect, to confirm, to consecrate. What we least desire to do with these things is to give them, in our happy phrase, “away”; and we must allow that if this be none the less what has really happened in our case the reason for the disaster resides in the seemingly overwhelming (for the time at least) forces of betrayal. To the American common school, to the American newspaper, and to the American Dutchman and Dago, as the voice of the people describes them, we have simply handed over our property—not exactly bound hand and foot, I admit, like Andromeda awaiting her Perseus, but at least distracted, dishevelled, despoiled, divested of that beautiful and becoming drapery of native atmosphere and circumstance which had, from far back, made, on its behalf, for practical protection, for a due tenderness of interest.

I am perfectly aware that the common school and the newspaper are influences that shall often have been named to you, exactly, as favorable, as positively and

actively contributive, to the prosperity of our idiom; the answer to which is that the matter depends, distinctly, on what is meant by prosperity. It is prosperity, of a sort, that a hundred million people, a few years hence, will be unanimously, loudly—above all loudly, I think!—speaking it, and that, moreover, many of these millions will have been artfully wooed and weaned from the Dutch, from the Spanish, from the German, from the Italian, from the Norse, from the Finnish, from the Yiddish even, strange to say, and (stranger still to say) even from the English, for the sweet sake, or the sublime consciousness, as we may perhaps put it, of speaking, of talking, for the first time in their lives, *really* at their ease. There are many things our now so profusely imported and, as is claimed, quickly assimilated foreign brothers and sisters may do at their ease in this country, and at two minutes' notice, and without asking any one else's leave or taking any circumstance whatever into account—any save an infinite uplifting sense of freedom and facility; but the thing they may best do is play, to their heart's content, with the English language, or, in other words, dump their mountain of promiscuous material into the foundations of the American. As to any claim made for the newspapers, there would be far more to say than I can thus even remotely allude to; it will suffice, however, if I just recall to you that contribution to the idea of expression which you must feel yourselves everywhere getting, wherever you turn, from the mere noisy vision of their ubiquitous page, bristling with rude effigies and images, with vociferous “headings,” with letterings, with black eruptions of print, that we seem to measure by feet rather than by inches, and that affect us positively as the roar of some myriad-faced monster—as the grimaces, the shouts, shrieks, and yells, ranging over the whole gamut of ugliness, irrelevance, dissonance, of a mighty maniac who has broken loose

and who is running amuck through the spheres alike of sense and of sound. So it is, surely, that our wonderful daily press *most* vividly reads us the lesson of values of just proportion and just appreciation; lights the air for this question of our improvement.

The truth is that, excellent for diffusion, for vulgarization, for simplification, the common schools and the "daily paper" define themselves before us as quite below the mark for discrimination and selection, for those finer offices of vigilance and criticism in the absence of which the forms of civility, with the forms of speech most setting the example, drift out to sea. Our case is accordingly not that we should indulge in jealousy, in care, less than other communities, but that we are the community in the world who should precisely most indulge in them. We should rather sit up at night with our preoccupation than close our eyes by day as well as by night. All the while we sleep the vast contingent of aliens whom we make welcome, and whose main contention, as I say, is that, from the moment of their arrival, they have just as much property in our speech as we have, and just as good a right to do what they choose with it—the grand right of the American being to do just what he chooses "over here" with anything and everything: all the while we sleep the innumerable aliens are sitting up (*they don't sleep!*) to work their will on their new inheritance and prove to us that they are without any finer feeling or more conservative instinct of consideration for it, more fond, unutterable association with it, more hovering, caressing curiosity about it, than they may have on the subject of so many yards of freely figured oilcloth, from the shop, that they are preparing to lay down, for convenience, on kitchen floor or kitchen staircase. Oilcloth is highly convenient, and our loud collective medium of intercourse doubtless strikes these new householders as wonderfully resisting

"wear"—with such wear as it gets!—strikes them as an excellent bargain: durable, tough, cheap.

Just here it is that I may be asked, meanwhile—or that you are likely to be asked in your turn, so far as you may be moved to make anything of these admonitions—whether a language be not always a living organism, fed by the very breath of those who employ it, whoever these may happen to be; of those who carry it with them, on their long road, as their specific experience grows larger and more complex, and who need it to help them to meet this expansion. The question is whether it isn't either no language at all, or only a very poor one, if it hasn't in it to respond, from its core, to the constant appeal of time, perpetually demanding new tricks, new experiments, new amusements of it: to so respond without losing its characteristic balance. The answer to that is, a hundred times, "Yes," assuredly, so long as the conservative interest, which should always predominate, remains, equally, the constant quantity; remains an embodied, constituted, inexpressible thing. The conservative interest is really as indispensable for the institution of speech as for the institution of matrimony. Abate a jot of the quantity, and, much more, of the quality, of the consecration required, and we practically find ourselves emulating the beasts, who prosper as well without a vocabulary as without a marriage-service. It is easier to overlook any question of speech than to trouble about it, but then it is also easier to snort, or neigh, to growl or to "meow," than to articulate and intonate.

With this hint, for you, of the manner in which the forces of looseness are in possession of the field, you may well wonder where you are to meet the influences of example and authority, as we can only call them, my failure to undertake to indicate some attesting presence of which would leave me in such sore straits. Well, I grant you

here that I am at a loss to name you particular and unmistakable, edifying and illuminating groups or classes, from which this support is to be derived; since nothing, unfortunately, more stares us in the face than the frequent failure of such comfort in those quarters where we might, if many things were different, most look for it. When you have heard a fond parent remark, in jealous majesty, to a conscientious instructor of youth, that there is no call for "interference" with the vocal noises of a loved son or daughter whose vocal noises have been unmoderated and uncontrolled since the day of birth, and that these graces quite satisfy the sense of the home-circle; and when, to match such an attitude, you have heard an unawakened teacher disclaim responsibility for any such element as the tone-element and the voice-element in the forming of a young intelligence; when you have been present at such phenomena you will not unnaturally feel that the case is bewildering, feel yourselves perhaps even tragically committed to a doom. Cling, none the less, always, to a working faith, and content yourselves—if you can't encounter complete pleasantly-speaking companies, in any number—with encountering, blessedly, here and there, articulate individuals, torch-bearers, as we may rightly describe them, guardians of the sacred flame. It isn't a question, however, so much of simply meeting them as of attending to them, of making your profit of them, when you do meet them. If they are at all adequate representatives of some decent tradition, you will find the interest of a new world, a whole extension of life, open to you in the attempt to estimate, in their speech, all that such a tradition consists of. Begin to exercise your observation on that, and let the consequences sink into your spirit. At first dimly, but then more and more distinctly, you will find yourselves noting, comparing, preferring, at last positively emulating and imitating.

Imitating, yes; I commend to you,

earnestly and without reserve, the imitation of formed and finished utterance wherever, among all the discords and deficiencies, that music steals upon your ear. The more you listen to it the more you will love it—the more you will wonder that you could ever have lived without it. What I thus urge upon you, you see, is a consciousness, an acute consciousness, absolutely; which is a proposition and a name likely enough to raise among many of your friends a protest. "Conscious, imitative speech— isn't that more dreadful than anything else?" It's not "dreadful," I reply, any more than it's ideal: the matter depends on the stage of development it represents. It's an awkwardness, in your situation, that your own stage is an early one, and that you have found, round about you—outside of these favoring shades—too little help. Therefore your consciousness will now represent the phase of awakening, and that will last what it must. Unconsciousness is beautiful when it means that our knowledge has passed into our conduct and our life; has become, as we say, a second nature. But the opposite state is the door through which it has to pass, and which is, inevitably, sometimes, rather straight and narrow. This squeeze is what we pay for having revelled too much in ignorance. Keep up your hearts, all the same, keep them up to the pitch of confidence in that "second nature" of which I speak; the perfect possession of this highest of the civilities, the sight, through the narrow portal, of the blue horizon across the valley, the wide fair country in which your effort will have settled to the most exquisite of instincts, in which you will taste all the savor of gathered fruit, and in which perhaps, at last, *then*, "in solemn troops and sweet societies," you may, sounding the clearer notes of intercourse as only women can, become yourselves models and missionaries, perhaps a little even martyrs, of the good cause.



A TURN IN THE ROAD NEAR AVRANCHES

## A MOTOR TRIP THROUGH NORMANDY

BY KIRKE LA SHELLE

It has come to pass that there are automobiles in all parts of the world, ranging from the noisy machines of an ancient vintage to the perfected, silent affairs of latest model. But in the matter of automobiles, Paris is to all other cities as is Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book to all other books. And having reached Paris I speedily fell a victim to the "new car" fever. It was a 19 horse-power, and I bubbled over about it to an artist friend, who had just come up from a tour through Spain.

He rose to it like a trout to a fly. "Great," he said. "Now I'll tell you what. Of course you're going to try it out. And you can't beat a run out to Mont St. Michel. It's the most picturesque place in the world."

I had long wanted to go to Mont St. Michel, and as there is no mode of travel like motoring, it was quickly arranged.

An expert automobilist—an American resident in Paris—agreed to go along as an insurance against breakdowns, and Madame made the fourth.

Then the usual thing happened. On the day we planned to start, the carriage builders—well, when we finally left our hotel in the Rue Daunou, we had just two days to our credit. And the trip to Mont St. Michel and back figured up 550 English miles.

We left the Bois de Boulogne and started up the Suresnes hill at five o'clock in the afternoon and narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of an excitable





THE MARKET PLACE, ALENÇON

gendarme who thought our speed excessive. Inasmuch as the car had no number and no one had a driver's license, we felt easier when we had passed the danger zone.

I had provided myself with numerous touring maps, and it was my business to be pathfinder. This looks easy enough on the map, but the first town you strike dispels that idea. We rattled into Versailles, and the multiplicity of streets that confronted us made the map a poor, vague counselor. So we came to a stop at the entrance to the palace where Louis

XVI and Marie Antoinette met their downfall at the hands of the mob, and I asked the guard at the gate the road to St. Cyr, which was the next town on our route. I returned to the car to hear the artist saying to the expert:

"But can't we stop fifteen minutes?"

"Not if we want to get to Mont St. Michel and back."

And we went on, the artist talking to Madame about the palace and its royal occupants.

We stopped to fill the water-tank at Dreux and were all ready to start when I missed the artist and Madame. They were dragged back and got aboard. The artist protested.

"Aren't we going to look around a little?" he asked. "This town's a genuine old one. Goes back to Roman times. The original Gauls used to meet here once a year and have fine doings. Besides, the Duc de Guise and the Prince of Condé fought to a finish here, to say nothing of——"

"We've got to get to Verneuil for dinner," I responded, and we started.

We found the Hotel de Commerce located on the great public square at Verneuil, sentineled on the east by a magnificent old church. At the other end of the square an open-air show of rustic simplicity was beginning.

"We must get to Alençon to-night," said the expert, so it was necessary to take in a full supply of gasoline and water and oil up all round.

When we had finished, we found the artist and Madame at dinner.



"This is fine," the artist said. "The English and French had a run-in here in 1424. There are three or four places I want to visit in the morning."

"We're going to Alençon right after dinner," I said.

"We are! I thought——"

"Can't make Mont St. Michel unless we do. You want to go there, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but——"

We left Verneuil in the last stages of twilight to run fifty miles to Alençon. The road stretched straight ahead of us to the west, and before we knew it we whizzed through L'Aigle, where already every house was dark. Then Ste. Gauburge was passed, and then Le Merlérault, just beyond which our road turned to the south. We had traversed over twenty-five miles without meeting a cart or other vehicle, and the roads were without a rut or ridge.

The headlights threw a noble light, but the speed was so great that objects revealed by them were passed almost as soon as seen. We had just come down

a hill at terrific speed, when a huge something seemed to rise out of the earth to bar our path. The expert cut off the engine and jammed down the brakes, but he had to go around the object at that, and it was as big as a house. He accomplished it by a quick dodge, and as we passed it we saw that it was a load of hay which some peasants had left standing overnight, directly in the roadway. Our hearts were still fluttering when we reached the Hotel de Grand Cerf in Alençon and parleyed regarding the garage and its whereabouts with the concierge who appeared at an upper window.

We had planned an early start the next morning, but one is always optimistic the night before. It was near nine o'clock when the expert despaired of my ever waking unaided and sent some one to call me. And it was not until 11.15 that we were ready to start. The artist and Madame had had an hour to look around the town, and the artist was happy.

"Corking old town," he said, "and a



THE CHATEAU NEAR PREZ-EN-PAIL

square that's great. You want to see Notre Dame. It's immense. What? Can't! Oh, *all* right."

So we started, our first stage being Prez-en-Pail. The machine went like a breeze and the morning was heavenly, and before we knew it we were rushing upon Prez-en-Pail. Then Couptrain was reached, and the expert decided to press on to Domfront before taking on fuel and water and having a light luncheon. This stop pleased the artist.

"Gee!" he said. "I'm glad we're going to stop there. Domfront is one of the real old ones. Old William the Conqueror captured it in the eleventh century, and after that there was a constant scrap over it for five hundred years. Gabriel de Montgomery, the Huguenot leader, took refuge there. He was the chap who was careless enough to kill Henry II in a tournament, you know. I wonder how he squared it. Got to be mighty careful how you play with kings."

The town of Domfront is on a hill with a ruined castle on the top of a rock, and after a bite to eat the artist wanted to visit this picturesque spot. But the expert proceeded to start the engine, and the artist capitulated, growling.

"I *know* it's an automobile trip," he said, "but it isn't necessarily a shoot-the-chutes, is it? That old castle is the place where the Pope tried to fix it up between the King of England and Thomas à Becket. I could give you an imitation of the king saying 'Nixey-nix' if you would go up there."

But it was no use, and we were off for St. Hilaire, a distance of twenty-six miles. We whizzed through the long, principal street of this town, slowing up only for the central portion and for sharp turns on hills, and headed for Pontorson, which meant Mont St. Michel, as it is the nearest town of consequence on the mainland and only a quarter of an hour away.

As we turned off the main road toward the sea, we ran through one of the quaintest villages we had seen, the route

flanked by low stucco houses with heavy thatched roofs that melted softly into the landscape and invited to reposefulness and peace. In a few moments we came to the sea and skirted it till we reached the beginning of the dike and saw Mont St. Michel, crowned with its noble abbey, at the end of the raised pathway. It was a magnificent sight, and we paused for a full, satisfying view before plunging into the town. Of course we had to leave our car outside on the dike. The streets are mere pathways and are mostly stone stairways, up the rock at that. We found the famous Madame Poulard, smiling and amiable—a remarkable woman and a handsome one, though time has silvered her hair somewhat—and arranged for one of her omelets, which we consumed gratefully along with other things. Also we climbed to the parapet and skirted this extraordinary old fortress. But when we again reached the dike, we paused for another look at the picturesque pile which came into being because Archangel Michael appeared to the good Bishop of Avranches and bade him build it. And we wondered if it was because of this holy origin that it was the only stronghold in Normandy which was able to resist Henry V of England. Its checkered career, now monastery, now prison, now devastated, now restored, has led it at last to government ownership, and it is safe and loved.

We had planned to go by Granville on the coast, but concluded to take a more direct route by way of La Haye, and by so doing traversed one of the most picturesque parts of Normandy, the towns being a mere dozen of thatched houses, and the hills precipitous and innumerable. As we labored up the motor-testing grade approaching Coutances, the artist said:

"Now *here's* a town to look over. It was fortified in the third century, if you please, by old Mr. Constantius Chlorus, from whom it derives its name, though where the connection comes in between



THE ABBEY, MONT ST. MICHEL

the two is a running broad jump from where I sit. The English held it for thirty years, too. It's got a fine Gothic cathedral, and Ruskin says the towers offer the earliest example of the real blown-in-the-bottle spire. You can see clear to St. Malo and the Isle of Jersey from this tower, and it's me to take a peek in the morning."



THE MAIN STREET, MONT ST. MICHEL

We had just stopped in the courtyard of the Hotel de France at this point, and as we left the car the hotel attendants asked if they should put it up for the night.

"No," said the expert; "we must get on after dinner."

"Oh, *very* well," said the artist, and bolted to take a photograph of the cathedral before it had grown too dark, Madame accompanying him.

There was much to do to prepare for a long night run, it being desirable to reach Caen before sleeping, and the expert and I were very busy for an hour, at the end of which time the wanderers returned. I heard the artist saying:

"I don't *want* to be a Cook's tourist any more than anybody else, but to go chasing through these bully old places without seeing anything is nothing short of criminal."

On leaving Coutances, we were warned by the hotel porter that the road was very hilly, almost mountainous, for nearly forty miles. This took us through St. Lô and to Bayeux, after which, he said, the fifteen miles to Caen were—and the kiss on the tips of his fingers, with an airy gesture, spoke of perfection.

We found it all true.

Having stopped to refill the reservoir with lubricating oil, we found we couldn't start the engine—couldn't turn the starting-crank. However, we were on a hill, and the expert used the incline to get a spark from the magneto and we were off. But we were destined to get an echo of that starting-crank crankiness later.

The streets of St. Lô were thronged with soldiers

and a fair of some sort was in progress. Banners were strung across the streets, and the peasant girls and the soldiers were making merry for a mile or more along the thoroughfare. I expected a growl from the artist and listened. It came.

"Think of jamming along through a town like this without ever a howdy-do! Why, Charlemagne himself fortified this town, and I reckon it dates back to the



THE ROAD THROUGH COUTANCES

time when Hall was hanged in Troy—or was it Schenectady? And Louis XI, who never separated from anything without the application of a crowbar, gave this town a job lot of stained-glass windows for the cathedral, as a reward for its standing off the Bretons in 1467. Those windows are right here still. And we go shooting through the place as if it were Hoboken. Disgusting, I call it."

But the expert's head was hunched down between his shoulders, and as we cleared the town he took the hills like a cup-racer, his eyes fixed on the road ahead in the glare of our headlights.

As we drew out of the town of Bayeux, we entered upon one of the straightest, finest roads in all France, and we were the only moving thing on it. And we did move. We made the twenty-four kilometers in twenty minutes—a rate of forty-five miles an hour.

However, Caen was sound asleep, and its size made it the more confusing. Some one had told the artist that the hotel for automobilists in Caen was the Hotel d'Angleterre, and to find it at night was the problem. Finally we found a late pedestrian and asked him. He gave us a direction which we tried to follow, but with no result. Two or three times we did this, but the hotel was still elusive. At last we ran across a young man, accompanied by a young woman, and asked him. He knew where it was, and we induced him to take our little hands in his and lead us to its door. The couple got in the car, and then the expert inadvertently touched the electric button which stops the engine. We all got out and pushed, our new-found friend assisting, and presently we got the engine going. And, strange as it may seem, we reached that coy hotel. But the expert ran past it, and, in reversing his speed to run back, bunglingly pressed that button again. And again we pushed. It was a very narrow entrance to the courtyard and a narrow street besides, and involved some backing and starting. And during this, the expert

stopped the engine three times. On the last I heard the artist mutter "Lobster!" As for me, I was breathless from pushing. Besides, I was so glad to get to a sleeping stage that I didn't care.

I was still very shy of sleep when I came down in the morning and found the expert, with the hotel men, at work on the motor. When we were all ready to depart, we couldn't start the motor, tug as we would at the starting-crank.

"It's cold and a bit stiff," said the expert, and he went away and returned with a giant hotel porter, who declared himself able to start anything. He tried until his muscles bulged, but all to no purpose, and as he gave it up I heard the artist say:

"Start a motor! He couldn't start a fire."

By this time it was almost noon and we had to shamefacedly push the car out of the courtyard and into the crowded street and through the town for several blocks, before that necessary spark was obtained. Audience! We were better than a circus to the good people of Caen; but we were all happy when at last we got away. Even the artist was cheerful, for during the morning he had gone out and seen the beautiful churches and imagined he witnessed Charlotte Corday's departure for Paris, there to kill the infamous Marat. Also he thought of Beau Brummel's death here and tried to find his grave in the cemetery.

Once under way, the machine seemed ashamed of the trouble it had made us and rushed along at a forty-mile clip as amiably as one could wish. I was busy with the road map, picking out the turns in the road, but the artist, who had read George Ade, remarked several times that it "seemed like a mighty purty country." Anyway, we rolled into Lisieux in such a short space of time that the twenty-seven miles seemed like a joke.

The expert discovered that we needed lubricating oil, somebody having neglected to fill the reservoir at Caen, so we pulled up at a supply shop.





THE TWIN TOWERS OF ST. LÔ

The artist disappeared, replying to the information that he could only have ten minutes, with a "Right O, old chap," and I forgot him until we were ready to start. Then we waited ten minutes more, tooting the horn for him. Presently he appeared,

"My old friend Ruskin," he burred, as he climbed into the tonneau with Madame, "declares the south door in the cathedral here one of the most quaint and interesting in Normandy. Handy old boy, Ruskin. I'd have overlooked that door but for him. But I was onto

the Lady Chapel all right. What? Don't know about the Lady Chapel? Well, Mr. Bones, the Lady Chapel was built by the Bishop of Beauvais, one of Joan of Arc's judges, to sort of square himself with his conscience for making a bonfire of the lady. Our old college chum, Henry II, of England—same boy who was killed in a tourney—ran over here one summer's day in 1154 and whiled away the tedium by marrying a lady who had nothing else to do."

Before his prattle had ceased, we were speeding along the country highway headed for Evreux, where we were to lunch. This was a run of thirty-five miles, and we rolled into the courtyard of the Hotel Cheval Blanc, otherwise the White Horse Inn, feeling quite ready for luncheon. The tables were set on the veranda of the hotel, with foliage and flowers all about, and we had just established ourselves in an inviting corner, after putting the machine in the garage and ordering a full supply of gasoline, oil, and water, when the man came to tell us we had a puncture in a rear wheel.

"That's all right," I said; "put in a new inner tube. There are four under the back seat."

I noticed the expert fidget a bit, but thought nothing of it until the man returned.

"Il n'y a pas de chambres d'air," he said.

"What! No inner tubes?" I exclaimed, looking at the expert.

"I forgot them," he confessed weakly.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. We can get one here."

Luckily we could, and did, and luncheon proceeded without a jar.

"I don't care much for this common-or-garden town," said the artist, as we finished. "They had a chance to make a good town of it, but threw it away. Only four and a half miles from here is the ancient Roman town of Mediolanum Aulercolum, and they might just as well have built this town there on historic

ground as here. Anyway, there's nothing here but a church that is a patchwork of the periods. None of those for me. I want mine clean strain, with my friend Ruskin's brand on 'em. This hotel is nice, though. 'Seems like a mighty purty country.'"

Leaving Evreux we wound up a wonderful hill, with criminal short turns in it, and after climbing it for the better part of a mile, we thanked our stars that we hadn't encountered it down grade on one of our night runs. The artist summed up the situation:

"Would have had our names in the paper 'among those present' sure."

Presently, in my capacity of pathfinder, I announced that the next town was Mantes.

"Mantes!" said the artist, suddenly sitting up. "Say, I'm for that. I've been waiting for Mantes. It was there that William the Conqueror fell from a horse and killed himself. Now you know all these other boys are only six-spot high to old William the Conq. He was the goods, with his name blown in on the bottle, and I want to see the place where he got his. How far away is it?"

But I had been examining the map more closely.

"We don't go to Mantes," I said. "Our road lies along this side of the river a couple of miles from the town."

"No Mantes? No William? No fall from horse? From—effects—of—which—died?" plaintively queried the artist.

"Not this time!"

"Don't mind *me*!" said the artist sarcastically, and buried himself in his robe, disgusted.

Along here we began to see speed signs in the villages. Most of them read "12 Kilometers," but several were "8 Kilometers," or five miles, and one I saw which read "6 Kilometers," or three and three-fifths miles. These regulations were so much more unreasonable than the American automobile speed laws, that we elected to regard them as



THE TOWER OF ST. PIERRE, RUE ST. JEAN, CAEN

having been born of a spirit of facetiousness; and as one good joke deserves another, we paid small attention to them.

As we bumped along through the streets of St. Germain, something suddenly went wrong, and the expert stopped the car. When I put the usual query, the expert smiled blandly.

"Now this is something nice," he said. "It's a chain off."

We got it on again, of course, and our hands grimy from oil and graphite into the bargain, but the expert here proved himself but a clay idol, for he didn't know how to shorten the chains, and before we had gone half a mile, the other chain pulled off. It seems that the chains on a new car always stretch, and ours had grievously overdone it. We simply crawled along over the bumpy roads, pulling off a chain every few minutes and then fighting it on again. As last, after a weary while, we turned into the Avenue de la Grande Armée and approached the Porte de Neuilly. The rough road continued clear to the

gate and kept us all worried until we had reached the gate and we saw the octroi guards. We were in no mood to dismount and have our gasoline measured for taxes, for it was almost seven o'clock and we were tired and hungry.

Suddenly an inspiration seized me. I dived in my coat pocket for the receipt I had obtained two days before, in leaving Paris by the Suresnes gate, and handed it to the guard without a qualm. He gave it a cursory glance, said "Bien!" and we entered Paris.

We ran the machine into the garage at exactly seven o'clock, having been an even fifty hours covering five hundred and fifty miles, out of which must be taken the sleeping, dining, and working time.

The next day I met a friend who knew of our run.

"Fascinating country," he said. "Quaint old towns, wonderful churches, picturesque villages, and picture-book people. Isn't it glorious?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I didn't see it."

## ABSENCE

By HELEN A. SAXON

When thou art absent and the grieving day  
Hath lost its wonted radiance, I take  
For solace all thy looks and ways and make  
Them rainbow messengers from thee to stay  
The lonely, lingering hours, and as I lay  
My gloom amidst thy sunshine, there awake  
Both memories and hopes that often break  
To little songs that bear me company.

And then upon me there will sometimes steal  
Those incommunicable thoughts that start  
The rivers of the heart, until I feel  
The sudden tremulous rush of all thou art,  
And in the fulness of it once more kneel  
In reverence at the threshold of thy heart.



## PART II

One afternoon from the bench I heard them raise a cry of "*Pabi, Pabi,*" and I run out of the coprah-shed where I was weighing, to see a schooner heading in. She was a smart-looking little vessel of fifty or sixty tons, and she come up hand over hand, making a running mooring off the settlement. Tom and I was waiting for her in a canoe, Old Dibs meanwhile climbing into the attic, and dropping the trap-door, with "*Under Two Flags,*" and a lamp, to support the tedium. That was getting to be routine now, and his last words were to buy all the books and papers we could lay our hands on, and not forget Sarah's list of stores she was out of. Bless my soul, he was always mindful of them things, and it was always cart blanche in the trade-room for anything she fancied.

Well, we climbed aboard, and they told us she was the Sydney pilot-boat *Minnie*, under charter to two gentlemen aboard who had an option on one of Arundel's guano islands. They had struck a leak in their main-water-tank, and were in for repairs, and filling up fresh.

Tom and me got more of a welcome than seemed quite right, captains usually being shortish with traders till the gas-kets are on—but in this case it was all so damn friendly that I nudged Tom and Tom nudged me. We all trooped below to have a drink in the cabin, and the

two guano gentlemen were introduced to us, and likewise another they called their bookkeeper. All three of them were hulking big men, very breezy and well-spoken, with more the manner of recruiting sergeants soft-sawdery you to enlist, than the ways of people high up in business. Mr. Phelps, who took the lead, did several things to make me chew on, and he shivered over his "*H's*" like he had been brought up originally without any. He was so genial, that if you had any money in your pocket you would have held on tight to it, and taken the first opportunity to get out. And his big hearty laugh was altogether too ready, and his manners too free, and when he clapped me on the back I felt glad to think Old Dibs was tight in his attic, and his tree in good running order.

"Very little company hereabouts?" he asked, filling up our glasses for the second round.

"Nothing but us two," says Tom.

"My wife's father is somewhere down this way," volunteered Mr. Phelps.

"You don't say," says I, nudging Tom again under the cuddy table.

"A fine old gent," went on Mr. Phelps, "but he met misfortunes in the produce commission business, and had to get out very quiet."

"Too bad," said I.

"It grieves my wife not to know where he is," continued Mr. Phelps,

"she being greatly attached to her father, and him disappearing like that; and she told me not to grudge the matter of fifty pounds to find him."

"There's a lot of room in the South Seas to lose a produce commission merchant in," says I.

"Here's a likeness of him," says Mr. Phelps, taking a photograph out of his pocket, while four pairs of eyes settled on Tom and me like gimlets, and there was a kind of pause when pins drop.

"A very fine-appearing old gentleman," says I, starting in spite of myself when I saw it was a picture of Old Dibs!

"Give us a squint, Bill," says Tom, taking it out of my hands as bold as brass. And then: "I've seen that face somewhere; I know I have! Lord bless me, wherever could it have been?" And he looked at it, puzzled and recollectful, me holding my breath, and the rest of them giving a little jump in their seats.

Tom brought his fist down on the table with a blow that made the glasses ring.

"It was on the *Belle Brandon*," he cried out, very excited. "A stout old party, fair-complected, who played the flute!"

"That's him!" cried Phelps, half-starting from his chair.

"I reckon he must be up Jaluit way," said Tom coolly, "Captain Cole being bound for the Marshalls at the time!"

I could feel them shooting glances all around us.

"It's remarkable your friends here doesn't remember him," says the one they called Nettleship, indicating me with the heel of his glass.

"I didn't happen to get aboard the *Brandon*," says I. "What was I doing, Tom? I disremember."

"That was when you was laid up with boils," says Tom, as ready as lightning.

"So it was," says I.

"You didn't happen to pass any talk with him?" asks Mr. Phelps of Tom.

"Nothing particular," says Tom.

"Even a little might help us," says Mr. Phelps. "See if you can't remember?"

"Oh! he said he was looking for a quiet place to end his days in," answers Tom.

"I wonder that this here island wasn't to his taste," says Mr. Nettleship, with a quick look.

"Oh! it was," says Tom unabashed, "only Captain Cole broke in and said he knew a better."

By this time nearly all our heads were touching over the table, except the one they called the bookkeeper, who had run for a chart.

"Did he call the island by any particular name?" inquires Mr. Phelps.

"I think he said Pleasant Island," says Tom, "because I mind the old gentleman saying it must be a pleasant place with such a name, and I said I had been there, but the holding-ground was poor."

The bookkeeper laid the chart on the table, and the captain found Pleasant Island with his thumb.

He was about to say it was a ten days' run leeward, when he broke off sudden with "ouch" instead, being kicked hard under the table, and pretending it was the beginning of a cough instead.

"I'm looking for a change of weather at the full of the moon," remarks Tom, "and you'd be wise to take this good spell while it lasts."

I guess Tom overdid it this time, and I gave him hell for it when we went ashore, for I saw the change on Phelps's face, and that he suddenly suspected Tom was playing double.

"Business comes first," he says, rolling up the chart, "and though I would like to find him, just for my poor wife's satisfaction, I can't go wild-geese-chasing all over the Pacific for a woman's whim!"

Tom was beginning to feel that he had overdone it, too, and roused more suspicion than he had laid; so he thought to make it up by losing interest in Old Dibs, and what was Fitzsimmons doing





*"Iosefo held a service afterward to rub it in."*

now, and was it true that John L. had retired from the ring? But he didn't seem to recover the ground he had lost, and I judged it a bad sign when we went up the companion for Phelps to say, kind of absent-minded, that he'd go two hundred and fifty pounds for his father-in-law, alive or dead—raising it to five hundred as we dropped over the side.

We pulled first to Tom's house, so as to divert suspicion, and from there I went along by myself to tip off the news to Old Dibs. When I had given the knocks agreed on, three sets of four, he drew back the trap, and asked very cheerful how I had made out with the books and papers.

"Good God, man, they're here!" says I.

"Who here?" he asks, incredulous.

"A whole schooner of detectives from Sydney," says I. "They say they're buying guano islands, but there's already five hundred pounds out for you, dead or alive!"

His great fat hand began to shake on the trap.

"Never you mind, Mr. Smith," I says reassuring. "Tom will be due here at midnight, and then we'll run you up your tree!"

But that didn't seem to soothe him any, and he quavered out he would be better where he was. But I said they'd rummage the whole island upside down before they were done, and all he had to do was to lay low, not worry, and let me and Tom handle the thing for him.

He reached down his hand through the trap, and I shook it, he saying: "God bless you, Bill—God bless you!" And then it went shut, and I heard him blow out the lamp.

The next step was to take my old girl into the secret, she being a Tongan, as I've already said, and as true as steel. She didn't say much, but I guess it would have done Old Dibs good to have seen her eyes flash, and the way her teeth grit, and how quick she was to

understand her part—which was to pack his clothes in camphor-wood chests under a top-dressing of trade. Old Dibs made no bones about giving her the keys, while I took it on myself to tell Iosefo the enemy had arrived, and he'd better move about the village warning everybody of the fack. It was well I did so, for Phelps and Nettleship and the rest come ashore soon afterward, with their pockets full of trifles for the children and the girls, and they strolled about the settlement, stopping to rest and drink coconuts in the different houses. Phelps had brought the photograph along, and showed it right and left, asking if they had ever seen anybody like that. I guess some of them would have cried out if it hadn't been for the pastor joining the party, like he wanted to do the honors of the island, telling the natives beforehand about the photograph, and shooting off the children when they come too close to it. The whites probably thought he was talking what nice folks they were, for he had a kind of bland missionary way of talking, though he was really calling them the sons of Belial, and saying how the person who gave Old Dibs away would have his house burned and go to hell!

The pastor did yeoman's service that day, and at sundown they all went back to their ship, very grumpy and dissatisfied, returning no wiser than when they'd come. Iosefo held a service afterward to rub it in, and the king spoke at it, and likewise the chiefs, and so in our different ways we all pulled together for the common good. They had quite a jollification that night on the schooner, singing songs and playing some kind of a hurdy-gurdy on deck, and the sound of it come over the water very pleasant to hear. I sneaked off in a canoe toward ten o'clock, to make sure it wasn't a blind, but there was no misdoubting what they were up to. They were all drunk, and getting drunker, and I couldn't but think what a poor, tipsifying set of sleuths they were, and how

different from Sherlock Holmes, in the book. I lay for nearly an hour under their quarter, to hear what I could hear, and all I got was the odds and ends of some dirty stories, and once being very near spit on the head.

When I got back to the station, there was Tom to meet me, it being eleven now, and the village fast asleep. We overhauled the gear to make sure it was all in order, Sarah making up a basket of provisions for the old man, together with his tooth-brush, comb, panjammers, blanket, a demijohn of water, and a bottle of gin. She said he had eaten no dinner, groaning and carrying on awful, wanting her to shoot him with his pistol and end it all. But he seemed to have pulled himself together by the time we were ready, for he let himself down from the attic quite spry, and made us all laugh by the remarks he passed. But one could see he just forced himself to do it, and his face looked powerful haggard and flabby in the lantern-light, and he moved queer on his legs, like a push would have sent him over.

I had a little two-wheeled truck that I used about the store to run bags of shell about in and coprah, and on this we put the treasure, eight bags of it, each one as heavy as could be lifted comfortably. Old Dibs insisted on cutting one open, and serving us out a double handful each, not forgetting a share for Tom's wife as well as mine, and saying, "Take it, and God bless you, my dear, kind friends!" We dropped it into my tool-chest, and threw the key on the floor of the bedroom, meaning to divide up equal later on.

We rigged a sort of rope harness to the truck, giving Tom the handles to steer by, while Old Dibs, Sarah, and me did tandem in front. The boatswain's chair and the coil of Manila rope were lashed down on the load, as well as the basket of provisions, Sarah carrying the demijohn in her hand, Old Dibs the gin and "Under Two Flags," while I led the way with the lantern.

My, but we must have made a queer sight as we plowed through the darkness, Tom bearing down on the handles and fighting to keep the truck on an even keel, Old Dibs grampussing along as wheeler, and Sarah and me tugging like battery mules! Of course everybody knows that gold is heavy, but when you run into the hundred thousands it becomes pig-iron-heavy, cannon-heavy, house-and-lot-and-barn-heavy! It nearly pulled the hearts out of us to keep that truck moving, specially in the sand before we struck a harder going.

I thought time and again it was going to prove the death of Old Dibs. He was always laying down in his harness like a done-up Eskimo dog in the pictures, and having to be fanned alive again! But when we'd propose to cut him out, he'd say no, and stagger to his feet, showing a splendid spirit of cart-horsing ahead till his poor old breath came in roars.

It was a thankful moment when we got to the tree, where me and Tom, after a spell of rest, jumped in together with a will. It was no slouch of a job to get that tackle in position, the block being iron-shod and heavy, the rope inch-Manila, and the night as black as the pit of Tophet. Tom went aloft first, with a coil of light line, having to feel his way for the place we had marked with the handkerchief, and threatening more than once to come down quicker than he had gone up! The handkerchief had rotted off, or blown away long since, and it bothered Tom not a little to find where it had been. But at last he did so, dropping his line for the lantern, according to the plan we had arranged beforehand, so as to avoid all shouting and noise. When he had placed the lantern to his satisfaction, the line came straggling down again for the block and the gear to make it fast with, and when this was done, the inch-Manila went up and everything was ready.

It showed how well Tom and I had thought it out, that there wasn't a single

hitch, except for the lantern blowing out and Tom having no matches, I going up to see what was delaying him, and having none neither. Well, we changed places, Tom being a heavier man to pull, and I remaining aloft to handle the freight as it came along! They made the boatswain's chair fast below, and sent her up with the first load—two bags of coin—getting it on a level with the platform by the lantern marking the place. I stood on the platform and had no trouble in yanking the stuff in; and this went right along like a mail steamer, till it was all up, and it came Old Dibs's turn.

But he just took one look at the boatswain's chair, and said "nit," laying down on the ground when they tried to persuade him into it, and rolling over and over in desperation. We argued over him for an hour, and it seemed all to no purpose, he refusing to budge an inch, saying he weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, and was better off in the attic.

Time was running away on us, and me and Tom got tired of saying the same things over and over, and always getting the same answers, and finally we lost our tempers, and said we'd go home. Then he said he'd come home, too, and we said no, we had washed our hands of him. Then he said he was only a poor old man and would blow his brains out, and we said he might if he wanted to. Then, when we had gone about twenty paces, he came lumbering after us, saying, "For God's sake, stop," and swearing he would go up peaceful, and make no more trouble.

We tied him in like a baby in a high-chair, I going up to receive him, while my wife and Tom laid on to the rope with a yeo-heave-yeo under their breaths. All the fight had clean gone out of him, and the only thing he did was to squeal a little when he bumped against the trunk, and tried to fill up with air to make himself lighter. But he reached the top all right, and I landed him very

careful, he squatting down on the floor and saying, "Oh, my God!" I was too busy clearing away and letting the block down to Tom, for me to hear much else he said; but when I was through and went to take a last look at him, he seemed quite snug and contented, and glad he had come. He shook hands very grateful, looking for me to come back the following night and report, I to make an owl signal like we had agreed on previously.

I wished him happy dreams, and come down, all three of us setting out for home with the truck and the gear, my wife in a tantrum at our having threatened to desert Old Dibs when he acted so cowardly. Tom made it worse by saying the Kanakas were losing all respect for whites, and if *he* was married to a Tongan, and was spoken to like that, he'd quit, by gum, that's what *he'd* do! Then she said it would serve me right if she went away in the schooner with the white men, and I would never see her again. And I said, "Oh, dear, but I'd feel sorry for the white man that got you." Then she said she'd give all the gold Old Dibs had made her a present of to be back home in Tonga—and then I said I'd gladly add mine to hers. And when Tom added his, I thought we were in for a race war!

We all got back pretty cross and tired, but a little beer put heart in us, and I pulled her down on my knee and said she was the only girl in the world, and that I wouldn't trade her for a ten-ton cutter while Tom counted out the money Old Dibs had given us previous, and said we were all a pack of fools, and that he was as fond of Sarah as anybody. So peace descended like a beautiful vision, and there was four hundred and forty dollars for each of us, with a twenty over that we tossed for, and engineered to let Sarah win. Tom said we might shake hands on a good night's work, and went home in high spirits, jingling his money in a bandanner.

It wasn't long after breakfast the

next morning when I heard a great stamping and tramping out in front, and there, if you please, was the whole schooner party, Phelps, Nettleship, the bookkeeper, and the captain. They had thrown off the mask now, and Phelps had a warrant a yard long for the apprehension of Runyon Rufe, which he read aloud to me, while the others listened with their hats off like it was church.

"I thought you gentlemen were in the guano business," says I, when he had finished.

"We're in the Runyon Rufe catching business," says Mr. Phelps, very genial, "and we trust you will not oppose the officers of the law in the exercise of their functions."

"I don't want to oppose anybody when it's four to one," says I, equally genial, "though may I make so bold as to inquire who is Runyon Rufe and what's he done?"

"Never heard of Runyon Rufe," says Nettleship, like it was George Washington or Alfred the Great.

"Here it is better than I can tell it," said Mr. Phelps, handing me a printed proclamation.

#### TEN THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD

RUNYON RUFÉ, Banker and Company Promoter, wanted for gigantic frauds in connection with the Invincible Building Society, the Greater London Finance Syndicate, Suburbs Limited, and other undertakings. Fled to the United States, where he had previously put by sums aggregating two hundred thousand pounds; resisted extradition; forfeited his bail; was traced to Portland, Oregon, and thence to Penrhyn Island, South Pacific, where all clues as to his whereabouts were lost.

Aged sixty-three; height, five feet nine inches; imposing appearance; weight, fifteen stone and over; fair complexion; brown eyes, with bushy, gray eyebrows; scanty gray hair; of a plethoric habit, and with a noticeable hesitancy of speech. When last seen was well supplied with money, and was heard declaring his intention of making his way

toward the lesser-traveled islands of the Pacific Ocean.

The above reward, in whole or in part, will be paid by Houghton & Cust, No. 318 George Street, Sydney, New South Wales, on receiving information that will lead to the arrest of the said Runyon Rufe.

Traders and others are cautioned against harboring the fugitive or aiding and abetting his escape from the officers of justice.

I read it three times and then handed it back.

"Show me where to sign," says I.

"We have to go through the disagreeable formality of searching these premises," said Mr. Phelps, disregarding my joke, "and if you have no objections we shall begin now!"

"And suppose I *did* have an objection?" I asked.

"We'd search them just the same," said Mr. Phelps grinning.

I was in two minds what to do. But I noticed the bookkeeper's lip was cut, and there was dried blood on Mr. Nettleship's knuckles, and it didn't seem good enough. I saw they had begun on Tom first, and that decided me to take water with my formality.

"Walk in," says I.

They didn't wait for a second asking, and a minute later were poking and rummaging all through the place. They thought I might have hid him somewhere, and turned over everything to that end, not opening as much as a chest or pulling out a single drawer. It wasn't much pleasure to look on and see them doing it, but I had to take my medicine—and it was common sense to appear cheerful about it. They crawled into all kinds of places, and backed out of all kinds of others, and tapped the walls to see if any was hollow, and turned over sacks of pearl-shell and coprah, and sneezed and swore and burrowed and choked, till at last Mr. Phelps really found something, and that was a centipede that bit him! This brought them all out on the front veranda again, where I had to pre-



*"When me and Tom had rigged up the chair again we found we had a sick man on our hands."*

tend I was sorry, which I was—for the centipede!

I asked what they were going to do next, and they said, "Get aboard and bathe it with ammoniac"; and I said, "No, I meant about Runyon Rufe"; and Mr. Phelps he give me a wicked look, and said that they'd lay him by the legs before long, together with a few white trading gentlemen, maybe, to keep him company; and I said, "Oh! dear, I hope that isn't any insinuation against present company"; and he said, "the present company might put the cap on if it fitted them"; and I said, "if he couldn't



keep a civil tongue in his head he had better get off my front stoop"; and he said, "he wouldn't demean himself by bandying words with a beachcomber," and went off, sucking his hand, with the others crowding around him, and asking him how it felt now.

I suspicioned there had been a leak somewhere, and was surer than ever when Tom came around with his eye bunged up where Nettleship had hit him. And it certainly looked black that they made no appearance of moving, raising an awning over the quarter-deck, and bringing up tables, and swinging hammocks like it was for a week. The pastor had told Tom that one of the children had reckoned Old Dibs's photograph, and clapped his hands before he could be stopped, crying out: "Ona, Ona!" the name Old Dibs went by among the Kanakas.

We put in a pretty anxious day, for they began a systematic prowling all over the island, obviously dividing out the territory and doing it simultaneous. That night they set a watch on my house and Tom's, the news coming in from Iosefo, who had spies out watching them! It was regular wheels within wheels, and I couldn't but wonder how poor Old Dibs was faring up his tree, waiting and waiting for us to come.

The next day they prowled harder than ever, this time the crew joining in, mate, cook, cabin-boy, and four hands. Like was natural, they made me and Tom's first—the crew, I mean—and we both had the same happy thought, square-face! The mate went off with only three drinks in him, taking the cabin-boy with two, but the rest of them sucked it in by the bucket, and the furthest any of them got away was a hundred yards, and him with a bottle in his hand. They were a pretty ugly crowd by nightfall, refusing to go back to the ship when ordered, and roaring and yelling about the settlement to all hours. The after-guard still kept tab on me and Tom, however, and so yet

another night passed without our daring to make our date with Old Dibs. But in the morning they lost all patience, rounding up the crew with handspikes, and all going off to the schooner with half of them in irons. Phelps and Nettleship helped to get up anchor themselves, and toward nine o'clock we had the blessed sight of their heels, beating out of the lagoon against a stiff trade.

It was hard to have to wait the balance of the day doing nothing, for we might need the tree idea again, and it would have been a mug's game to have given away the secret to the Kanakas. Tom and me both felt considerable rocky, besides, from having drunk so much gin with the schooner's people, for though we had held back all we could and had tipped our glasses on the sly, we couldn't seem too behindhand in whooping it up with them. But we were dead dogs now all right, and the main part of breakfast and dinner was the buckets of water we poured over each other's heads! It was what you might call a very long day, and it seemed like the sun would never set, for we were both of us in a sweat about Old Dibs, and more than anxious how he had made out.

Then sundown came, and dusk, and night itself, and still another long spell for the Kanakas to go to sleep, which it seemed as though they never would. Yes, a long day, and a long, long evening, and it was like a whole week had passed before we stood under the tree and owly-owled to Old Dibs.

It was a mighty faint answer he gave back, and when me and Tom had rigged up the chair again we found we had a sick man on our hands. The exposure had nearly done for him; that, and the fear of being caught, and all the water having leaked out of the demijohn, which he had stood on its side the better to hide it. He was that weak he could hardly sit up, and was partly off his nut, besides, wanting to telephone at once to Longhurst, and mixing up Tom with the Public Prosecutor!



He would put his poor old trembling hand across his forehead like he was trying to wipe all this away, saying, "Is that you, Tom Riley?" And, "Bill, Bill," like that! It was no easy matter to get him down, for he almost needed to be lifted into the boatswain's chair, and couldn't as much as raise a little finger to help himself or hold on, and once we nearly spilled him out altogether. Fortunately, my old girl had brought some hot coffee in a beer bottle, and this was just like pouring new life down his throat. Our first business was to get him home and tuck him in, returning and making a second trip of the treasure, and winding up all serene about two in the morning, with Old Dibs sitting up in bed and eating fried eggs.

When Iosefo reported next morning Old Dibs paid him a hundred dollars and dispensed with his services, saying that though he'd always be glad to see him around as a friend, he had no more call to keep him sitting on the chest. This made Tom and me feel good, for it showed he trusted us now, which he had never quite done before. In a day or two he was almost as lively as ever, out in the graveyard playing on his flute, and attending to church work on committee nights the same as before.

But there was a big change in him for all that, and me and Tom got it into our heads that he wasn't going to live very long, for he had that distressed look on his face that showed something wrong inside. He used to run on talking to himself half the night, and once he burst in to where I was asleep, saying he had seen me at the treasure-chest, prizing off the lid, and what did I mean by it? After having lived together so long and comfortable, it wasn't very pleasant to see him going crazy on us—and going crazy that way—being suspicious we meant to rob and kill him, and all of us being in a conspiracy. He told the pastor he was afraid of his life of Tom and me, and if it wasn't for Iosefo he would be fearful to stay in my house a minute;

and he told Tom *he* was the only friend he had; and then said the same to me, warning me against Tom and Iosefo, saying they were at the winder every night trying to break in! And all this, maybe, on the very self-same day, the three of us comparing notes and wondering where it was all going to end.

It ended sooner than any of us expected, for one morning when Sarah went to take him his coffee, his door was locked, and for all our hammering we couldn't raise a sound. I broke it in at last, expecting that he'd rise up and shoot me, and dodging when it went inward with a crash. But there was nobody to shoot, the room being stark empty, and the only thing of Old Dibs his clothes on a chair. We were at a loss what to do, and waited for half an hour, thinking he might turn up. Then, real uneasy in our minds, we went out to look for him. He wasn't anywhere near the house or the beach, and as a last resort we went across the island to the graveyard, thinking perhaps he had taken it into his head to have a before-breakfast tootle on the flute. We found him sure enough in the middle of the graveyard, but laying forward in his old crimson dressing-gown, stone dead.

Yes, sir; cold to the touch like it had been for hours, and holding a blackened lantern in his poor old fist—dead as dead—face down in the coral sand. We rolled him over to do what we could for him, but he had passed to a place beyond help or hurt. I went back for Tom in a protuberation, saying: "My God, Tom, what do you think's happened—Old Dibs's dead in the graveyard!" I guess the old man had never been so close to Tom as he had been to me, boarding in my house and almost a father to me and the wife, for Tom took it awful cool and asked almost the first thing about the money.

"You and me will divide on that," he says.

"Sure," I says, "but that can stand over till afterward, Tom."

"Stand over, nothing," he says, very sharp; and with that we both set off running for my house.

It was a jumpy thing to enter that darkened room, with the feeling you couldn't shake off that Old Dibs was peering in at us and that every minute we'd hear his footstep, everything laid out just as he had last touched them, and almost warm, even to his slippers and his collar and the old hat against the wall. But it made no more difference to Tom than if it had been his own hat, and he tramped in like a policeman, saying, "Where is it, Bill?"

"In one of them two camphor-wood chests," says I.

He lifted up one of them by the end and let it fall ker-bang.

"Not here," says he.

"Try the other," says I, with a sudden sinking.

He let that crash, too, and turning around, looked me in the face.

"Good God, Tom!" said I.

"Just what I suspected all along," said Tom, as savage as a tiger. "He's made way with it!"

We didn't stop to speak another word, but rummaged the whole room upside down.

"He's buried it," says Tom, savager than ever, "and what kind of a son of a gun was you to let him?"

"It was none of my business," says I.

"None of your business?" he repeated, screaming out at me like a woman. "To have a quarter of a million by the tail and let it go? You might have been slack about your own half, but it was a swine's trick not to keep track of mine!"

"He can't have taken it very far," I said.

"Not far!" yelled Tom, making an insult of every word I said. "Why, what was to prevent him lugging away a little this day and that, till the whole caboodle was sunk in a solid block! What do you suppose he was doing with the lantern, you tom-fool? Planting it,

of course, planting every dollar of it, night after night, while you were snoozing in your silly bed!"

"If it's anywhere it's in the Kanaka graveyard," says I. "I'll go bail it's within ten feet of where we found his dead body."

"Did you stake the place?" says Tom.

I was ashamed to tell him I hadn't even thought of the money, being struck all of a heap, and always powerful fond of Old Dibs.

"It would serve you right if I made you dig up the whole graveyard, single-handed," said Tom, "and if you had a spark of proper feeling, Bill Hargus, you'd fall on your knees and beg my pardoning for having acted like such a damned ninny!"

I would have answered him back in his own coin if I hadn't felt so bad about it all, and rattled, besides. I had punched Tom's head often and often, and he had punched mine; but I was staggered by the money being missing, and the loss of it just seemed to swallow up everything else. Somehow, it had never seemed *my* money till then, and the more I felt it mine the more galling it was to give it up. Tom relented when he saw how cut up I was, withdrawing all the hard things he had said, and going on the other tack to cheer me up. He said he was just as big an ass as I was, and came out handsome about its being both our fault, and how it didn't matter a hill of beans anyway, for we'd soon get our spades on to it. It stood to reason it couldn't be far away or buried very deep, and a little fossicking with an iron ramrod would feel it out in no time.

Well, we gave Old Dibs a good send-off, Tom and me making the coffin, and we buried him in a likely place to windward of the Kanaka graveyard. Tom wouldn't have him *inside*, for fear the natives might chance on the treasure themselves, and we put a neat fence around the place, with a priming and two coats of white paint, and a natty

gate to go in by with brass hinges. The whole settlement turned out, Iosefo outdoing himself, and the king butting in with an address, and everything ship-shape and Bristol fashion, as sailors say. We didn't have no flowers, and the whole business was sort of home-made and amateur, but Sarah made up for the lack of them by pegging out the grave with little poles and streamers, which gave quite a gay look to it and fluttered in the wind, very pretty to see.

Then Tom and me started in our digging operations on a checker-board plan, very systematic, with stakes where we left off, working by night so as not to rouse the natives' ill-will. Or, I ought to have said, two nights, for I guess we didn't cover up our tracks sufficient, and they got on to it! We discovered this in the form of a depitation of chiefs and elders, who give us warning it had to stop ker-plunk. They said they wouldn't allow their graveyard torn up, and altogether acted very ugly and insulting. Tom and I had to sing small and put in a holiday neither of us wanted, for the Kanakas had the whip-hand of us and I never saw them so roused. Tom at first tried to carry it off with a high hand, informing them that he was a British subjeck, by God, and was they meaning to interfere with a British subjeck? But I couldn't see how that gave him any right to dig up Kanaka graveyards for money that didn't belong to him, and so I smoothed them down and outtalked Tom, saying it shouldn't happen again, and I was glad they had mentioned it!

We waited a few weeks for the storm to blow over, and then begun again, this time more cautious than before by a darned sight. We thought we were managing beautifully till the next day when we went out fishing in Tom's boat and come back to find both our stations burned to the ground, and all our stuff stacked outside the smoking ruins, higgedly-piggledy!

This was getting it in the neck, and

we saw we were beat. We ran up a couple of little shacks and settled down to ordinary trading again with what good spirits you can imagine. We didn't even dare walk on the weather side of the island, lest they'd carry out their next threat, which was to shoot us; and the only revenge we had was raising prices on them and monkeying with the scales, winning out in both ways. But it was a poor set-off to a quarter of a million of cold coin where almost we could lay our hands on it, and if there was in the whole world a human being more blue and miserable than me, it was Tom Riley! Then, to make matters worse, the whole thing was common property now, the Kanakas knowing as much as we did and more, and the news was passed along to every ship that came—all about Old Dibs and the money in the graveyard. You might be surprised the natives didn't take a leaf out of our book and dig it up for themselves, but you'll never really civilize a Kanaka if you try a thousand years, and they wouldn't have turned up their dead grandmothers and fathers and aunts for all the gold in the Bank of England—being sunk in superstition and slavishly afraid of spirits and the like.

We had to sit with folded hands and pretend to be pleased, while every ship that called had to take its whack at the graveyard! First it was the *Lorlie*, getting off scot-free with only a taboo; then it was the *Tasmanian*, with a bullet through the captain's leg; then the cutter *Sprite*, with concussion of the brain! I never saw the Kanakas drove so wild, till at last when there was a ship off the settlement they'd set an anchor-watch on the graveyard and do sentry-go with guns loaded.

Then one fine day a French schooner from Tahiti ran in, unloaded sixteen men armed with rifles and carrying pickaxes and spades, who marched across the island singing the "Marseillaise," and proceeded to take up the

whole place! The natives rallied with everything they could lay their hands on, from Winchester to fish-spears, and my, if they didn't chase out them Frenchmen at the double! They got away, leaving one dead and carrying three, making a bee-line for the beach, the schooner covering their retreat with a blazing Nordenfeldt. They were in such a hurry to be gone that they cut away their moorings with an ax, and I had the privilege, later on, of buying their anchor, second-hand, for ten dollars in trade!

The natives got wilder than ever after this, and were almost afraid to die, lest they'd be dug up again and their bones cast to the winds. From being the most orderly island in the Pacific, Manihiki slumped to be the worst; and it got such a name that ships were scared of coming near it; and once when Tom and me went out in a whale-boat toward a becalmed German bark, hoping to raise a newspaper or a sack of potatoes, they opened fire on us and lowered two boats to tow away the ship! Tom and me got mixed up in the general opinion of the place, which was stinking bad and what they called a pirates' nest, and an English man-of-war came down special to deport Tom. I never was so glad in my life to be an American, for though the captain gave Tom what he called the benefit of the doubt, they fined him two hundred and fifty dollars and slanged him like a nigger.

The last straw was the visit of a French man-of-war that opened broadsides on us without warning, and then landed and burned the settlement, including everything me and Tom owned in the world, except the clothes we stood in and the cash we snatched on the run. This was on account of the "outrage" on the Tahiti schooner.

Tom said the island was becoming a regular human pigeon-shoot, and wondered where the lightning would strike next; and we both grew clean sick of it and in a fever to get away. There was

not even the temptation of Old Dibs's treasure to keep us now, for the natives all got together and heaped up the graveyard solid with rock, to the level of the outside walls, and floored the top with cement six inches deep, putting in a matter of a thousand tons! It was as solid as a fortification, and pounded down, besides, with pounders, like a city street, and if ever there was money in a safe place and likely to stay there undisturbed, I guess it was Old Dibs's!

It was a happy day for Tom and me when the *Flink* dropped anchor off the settlement, and we patched it up with the captain to give us a passage to the Kingsmills to begin the world again. It had always lain sort of heavy on my wife that we hadn't put up a name over Old Dibs's grave, and now that we were going away with that undone she reproached me awful. You see, I had promised her something nice in the marble line from Sydney, and kept putting her off and off in the hope she'd forget it. She had been remarkably fond of the old fellow, as, indeed, so was I, and she said it was a shame to go away forever with this unattended to. I didn't have no time for anything fancy, nor the ability neither, but as the ship lay over for a couple of days I made shift to please her with a wooden slab. We went over and set it up about an hour before we sailed, and for all I know it may be there yet. Some folks might kick at the inscription, but he had always been mighty good and kind and free-handed to us, and you must take a man as you find him. This was how it run:

SACRED  
TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF

RUNYON RUFÉ

BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST

ERECTED  
BY

HIS SORROWING FRIENDS

# AN OLD PLAYBILL

REMINISCENCES

BY BARTON HILL

*Mr. Barton Hill, who is now writing his reminiscences, is descended from a family of players, and has associated with prominent members of his profession for a busy lifetime. This article, the first chapter of his autobiography, carries us back, as if by the glance of an eye, to times and men that have grown to be traditions. Mr. Hill made his first appearance on the stage in 1835, and on May 2d, 1905, played in the benefit performance of Madame Modjeska in New York.*

Looking through a file of old playbills of the Covent Garden Theater, London, that are to be seen in the library of "The Players," Gramercy Park, I find the names of my father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. C. Hill—as members of the company that played there over seventy years ago. I was turning the pages when I happened upon the printed cast of "The Stranger," in which appears, in the dramatis personæ: "Mr. Charles Kemble as *The Stranger*; Miss Helen Faucit as *Mrs. Haller*; *Count's Son*, Master Hill." This bill bears date of February 10, 1836, but further examination gave a previous date, October 23, 1835, as my "first appearance on any stage," when Mrs. W. West was the *Mrs. Haller* to *The Stranger* of Mr. Kemble. The play was given four times with Mr. Kemble, and twice that season—May 18 and 28, 1836—with Mr. W. C. Macready and Miss Faucit in these characters. So I used to insist, in fun, that I was supported by these great actors, inasmuch as I had to be rescued by *The Stranger* from drowning in the river.

My earliest remembrance (professional, one might call it?) is being taken by my mother to the stage door of Covent Garden Theater, carried up to her dress-

ing-room, and costumed to appear in the play of that evening, then put into my street clothes and left to rest and sleep on a sort of improvised shake-down of wraps and what-nots underneath her dressing-place till the play was over. This must sometimes have been in the room of the principal coryphees, for I can distinctly recollect (and I was too young then to dream of fairies) visions of décolleté damsels pirouetting and gamboling on the long table in the middle of the room where the costumer had placed their dresses. On leaving for home my dear mother would buy, at the first stand she found, a couple of "baked 'taters all 'ot!" for me to carry, one in each hand, to keep my fingers warm, and then I was allowed one to eat before going to bed.

At about that time my sister and myself were taken to the Royal Surrey Theater, Blackfriars, one night, to appear as the Children in the Wood in the drama of that name, on which occasion Mr. T. P. Cooke, the original *William* in "Black-Eyed Susan," had volunteered the part of *Walter* (also his original part, I think), it being the night of my father's benefit.

We always remembered that night;



the sea of heads in front (father was stage manager, and the house was crowded), the "property" roast goose, with slices of penny buns skewered into the goose to be carved off for us to eat, and *Walter's* threat to the villain to "blow out his brains with the carving-fork" if he interfered with our dinner (a "gag" not in the book). I remember nothing

more of our child appearances in London, but my father having taken the management of the Cheltenham and Gloucester theaters, Gloucestershire, England, it was here that I, as a child, first met with a young man, then known as Lee Morton, but famous afterward as the gifted author and actor, Dion Boucicault, or, as he wrote his own autograph in February, 1842, in a letter to my father (which letter I possess), Boucicault—omitting the "i" later in life.

From my parents I learned how they came to hear of him in the spring of 1837: This young man, Lee Morton, was constantly begging my father to give him some part, however small, to appear in, and, if he succeeded in it, an engagement to follow. My father gave him the part of *Tressel* in "Richard III" (the part in which Edwin Booth made his first appearance on any stage, at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849, to his father's *Richard III*).

How far the young man succeeded as *Tressel* I do not know, but some weeks later a performance was given—"Under the Patronage of Lieut.-Colonel Pym" (I remember the bill announcing it distinctly)—when Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was given, the part of *Sir Giles Overreach* "By a Young Gentleman of this City." The performance

was quite a success, and it turned out that the *Sir Giles* was the *Tressel* of some weeks before. Mr. Lee Morton was engaged at once and soon after became a protégé of my father's, who thus came into correspondence for some few years with this young man's guardians, legal advisers of the celebrated English clergyman and writer—Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who, as is known, eloped with the wife of an English officer, afterward married her, and in 1840 settled down in Paris.

At just about this time Lee Morton became known as D. L. or Dionysius Lardner Boucicault, or Boucicault.

In the spring of 1837 my father leased the Theater Royal Brighton in Sussex, so we all moved to that city in June, Mr. Lee Morton traveling with us, and stopping over in London to witness the coronation of Queen Victoria in June of that year.

I remember well the magnificence of



ANN RUSSELL HILL

As *Smiie* in "Nicholas Nickleby"



that procession and also that, as Her Majesty came to reside at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, I had many opportunities of seeing her and of riding over the Downs (at, of course, a respectful distance) after the young Queen before her marriage.

Soon after the opening of the season my father presented Mr. Lee Morton to the Brighton public as *Sir Giles Overreach* for a few

nights, and then as *Rory O'More*, in Samuel Lover's dramatization of his own novel—his first appearance on the stage in an Irish character, in which line of parts he afterward became so world-famous. He did not play again at that time, but devoted himself earnestly to dramatic writing, and in due course of time handed my father the manuscript of his first effort—a three-act comedy. My father was so well pleased with it that he offered

to produce it if certain changes that he pointed out as essential should be made, but the young author, most fortunately, as it happened, declined to make them, and my father then advised him to take the "Royal Mail" at once for London (the London and Brighton Railroad was not completed till about a year later), and offer his comedy to the managers of

the best metropolitan theaters, to whom he would give him letters of introduction. He did so without loss of time. I remember well accompanying my father to see him off—happy with youthful hope—his manuscript and letters in the old-fashioned carpetbag of those days, that I was carrying for him; the guard tossed it on the roof of the "Royal Blue" coach, and he clambered to the box seat

beside George Gilbert, the famous crack "whip" of the London Coach. How well I recall my sorrow as I witnessed his departure! I was very fond of him; he had driven me to school; he had taught me my first moves at chess; had forgiven my too frequent confiscation of his pet cigars, and had made me *particeps criminis* in his extravagance, that my dear mother would constantly scold him for, but to no purpose, for upon receipt from his guardians of his quar-

terly allowance, he would bring home the choicest and most expensive imported fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats. I say "home," for he lived with us at Rutland House, Marine Parade. Mother would scold and scold, and at last refuse to touch them; so did my sister, Rosalie, but I, having "no compunctious visitings of nature" to "shake my fell purpose,"



HELEN FAUCIT

As *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons"

would help him to fill us "top full" of these luxuries.

He was a handsome youth, and generous to a fault.

But to return to the three-act comedy: Boucicault—as he must henceforth be known—on reaching London, wisely selected the Covent Garden Theater for his field of action, and through my



T. P. COOKE  
As *Long Tom Coffin*

father's letter of introduction obtained an interview with Mr. Charles Mathews, the stage manager and the then recently married husband of Madam Vestris, the lessee; he was at once promised an early perusal and careful consideration of his manuscript, and given the freedom of the theater before and behind the curtain in the interim. The consequence of which followed as a matter of course: he immediately fell, a willing victim, at the feet of the celebrated Mrs. Nesbitt, the adored of the London public, and, among the members of the company, to whom he was presented, found an instant friend and companion in John Brougham. Both of them Dublin-born,

Boucicault some ten years the younger, they were kindred spirits and lodged in the same house.

Soon afterward, manager and author met to talk over the cast and arrange the first reading to the company, and, to his amazement, Boucicault found that his idol had not been given the part of *Grace*. Mr. Mathews explained that, as there were only two female characters in the piece—*Grace Harkaway* and *Pert*, her maid—his wife, Madam Vestris, must be the *Grace*, adding that he regretted there had not been a third part written which he could have given Mrs. Nesbitt. Without a moment's hesitation Dion Boucicault obtained permission to withdraw his three-act piece for a few days that he might think out what might perhaps be done, and hurried to his lodgings to work night and day until, in an incredibly short space of time, he returned with—not his three-act manuscript, but a five-act comedy, the part of *Lady Gay* to be given to Mrs. Nesbitt, the character of *Dolly Spanker*, her husband, also added. The delightful racy business which these changes brought about was perfectly arranged, and, as a crown, the title of the work was given as "London Assurance." Thus to a boyish infatuation we owe the creation of *Lady Gay Spanker*.

The "Century Cyclopedia of Names" gives the date of Boucicault's birth as "December 26, 1822"; if so, he was but a month or two over fourteen years old when he appeared as *Sir Giles Overreach*, which one may well misdoubt. It also states that "Mr. John Brougham claimed a share in the authorship of 'London Assurance,'" but I had from Mr. Brougham's own lips (for I knew him intimately) that he claimed only the friendly suggestions of an expression or piece of comedy business here and there.

In my father's Brighton company I recall Frederick B. Conway, Thomas Hailes Lacy, Miss Cooper (Mrs. Lacy), W. H. Harrison, afterward the noted

operatic tenor; Mrs. Clifford, his wife; Mrs. Coleman Pope, Miss Vining, and others, and, among the stars, William Farren, the elder James W. Wallack (the father of Lester Wallack), Frederic Lemaitre, Charles Kean, James Sheridan Knowles, and I forget if there were more, but remember an incident, or, rather, an accident, of the Knowles engagement, when, as *William Tell*, in his own play of that name, he was to shoot an apple from his son's head. His arrow unfortunately struck one of the scenery "wings," bounded up into the flies, and fell at his feet at the moment that my sister, Rosalie, rushed on as *Albert* with another arrow through the apple! The effect can be imagined—to me it was great fun. Charles Kean produced Sir Bulwer Lytton's then new plays, "The Lady of Lyons," "Riche-lieu," and "Money," in addition to his Shakespearian list, including "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." I only recall Frederic Lemaitre in his great performance of *Robert Macaire*, when, escaping from the gendarme, he would leap into the orchestra, followed by the officer, scramble up the center aisle to the upper stage box, have a fearful struggle in plain sight of the excited audience, and end by throwing *Sergeant Loupy* out of the box on to the stage, and as the act-drop descended on the picture the *Macaire* and the *Loupy* would accept the applause from the box, the fallen gendarme being a dummy!

In 1838-39 my mother was so successful as *Jack Sheppard* and *Poor Smike* in the dramatic versions of the Ainsworth and Dickens novels, that she was invited by provincial managers to "star" in their companies in those plays, my father as *Blueskin* and *Mantolini* on those occasions. Meanwhile my sister and myself remained at school, and our brother Robert left his school at Cardiff, Wales, to rejoin us. I can only recall the opening of the London and Brighton Railway, the marriage of Queen Victoria, and the Rowland Hill penny post-

age excitement as holidays, when—in 1840—our parents left Brighton for America, under engagement to the managers of the Park Theater, New York City. Messrs. Holmes and Walton, members of the company, assumed the management till the lease expired, and we children were placed in charge of our uncles Benjamin and Samuel, in the city of London. Our parents sailed for the United States of America, and I became "a printer's devil."

Let me now hark back to the days of my apprenticeship to my uncle, S. G. Fairbrother, and happy days they were.



MRS. NISBETT IN "ZARAH"

He was considered the foremost theatrical job printer of London at that time, printing the bills, playbills, posters, tickets, cards, and all the other necessary work for eleven of the principal theaters in that great city on both sides of the Thames, Surrey and Middlesex. His extensive offices were at 31 Bow Street,



MADAM VESTRIS

directly opposite the Covent Garden Theater, and running up a court that turned into Russell Street close by the Drury Lane Theater—indeed, I think it was known as Russell Court—and, on Bow Street, it was midway between the “Garrick’s Head,” of Baron Renton Nicholson of “Judge and Jury” fame, and the still surviving Bow Street Police Station. The twenty-six compositors had worked so long together that, when haste was required, they would divide the yards of “copy” into “takes,” with the result that the crowded double-crown “board-bill” seemed the work of one man. For the large posters (sometimes a 24-sheet double-crown size, for walls), my uncle would carve the letter blocks himself, the M and W often taking up a sheet and a half, and these types were packed away into what the men called the “skittle-alley,” sorted as to their shapes—“fat,” “condensed,” “italic,”

etc., and the care of this was among my duties—for Uncle Sam had promised to accept me as an apprentice if my parents consented, and I worked my hardest to learn composition or presswork in every form, and became “a printer’s devil” of first rank to my intense delight, rushing off to theaters miles away whenever sent with proof or for copy, without thought of fatigue or heed of weather—working in the pressroom every other night till about four in the morning, feeding the hand-power press (the “Hoe” press was not known then), with the sole hope to win Uncle Samuel’s approval, and so far in this did I succeed that when my father came from America to take us three children back with him on his return, my uncle joined with me in persuading him to yield to

my request, and I was left behind while Rosalie and Robert sailed with father



MR. FAIRBROTHER

Prompter at Drury Lane Theater

for the New World, where I was to join them afterward.

Ah! what a loving couple my uncle Samuel and my aunt Sarah made. I do not remember ever to have heard an angry word between them—never, in all the happy years that I lived with them, not once. Sometimes she might affectionately scold him for some trifle, and he, half laughingly, as affectionately say nothing in reply, but, taking up the half-pint pewter mug of "bitter beer" (his daily tipple of a morning), that he had sent me out to buy for him, would hail her with the toast: "Here's l-u-ek, my D-u-ek," and the scolding was over.

Frequently, on Saturday nights, after he had paid their weekly wages to his employees, he would spend the evening over on the Surrey side, across Waterloo Bridge, down the Waterloo Road for a couple or more miles, at "The Equestrian Coffee-House" tavern, kept by his brother, my uncle Benjamin (B. S. Fairbrother), next to the Surrey Theater, of which Uncle Ben was acting manager and treasurer at the time, and it invariably happened that I had to be sent after him to bring him home, for I was the only one who could succeed in doing so; neither of his sons, my cousins Robert and Walter, could influence him, but I could, and did. I would find him seated at the head of the long table in the "Convivial Commercial Room" (so called), always as Chairman, and, waiting, of course, for the story or song to end and the applause of glasses and voices to cease, I would quietly enter, cap in hand, and station myself near enough to be seen

by or be pointed out to him by the near-by merry friends of his who knew what brought me there; upon which, with a twinkle of the "wee drap in his ee," he would address me humorously as "You young thief," his favorite name for me when a little merry himself, and would then look at his watch, and, as



WILLIAM FARREN

soon as the next song was sung or story was told, he would lay down his "churchwarden" clay pipe, rise, glass in hand, propose a parting toast, abdicate the chair in favor of Uncle Ben or a chosen guest, and retire to the chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc., and we would start for home.

And the fun of that taking him home! The tricks I would, boylike, try to play him! He would "young thief" me all

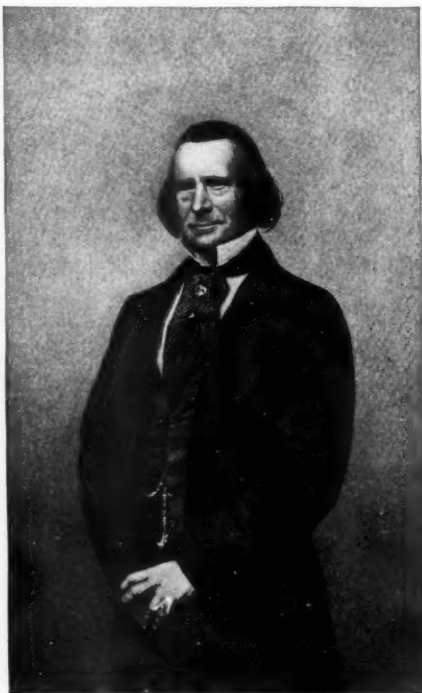


the way up the Victoria Road, but always in perfect good humor and enjoyment. I always tried my best to make him walk under a ladder, but never once succeeded; no matter how many "wee drappies" he had taken—and they were never so very many, I imagine, and always "wee"—or whatever the condition of the street or pavement, under that ladder he would not walk, try as I might, so I would give up the effort as we laughed our way home to Bow Street, Covent Garden, where—Aunt Sarah having gone to bed long before—Cousin Walter was sitting up to let us in. Then came the getting Uncle Sam up five flights to the top landing, where the bedrooms were. We would tackle him fore and aft—one pulley-hauling, the other boosting, and uncle calling out: "Stop, stop! young thieves, stop!" and then we would rest a while. Once, when resting half-way up, he said, taking deep breaths: "Talk of the patience of Job!—Job never climbed up five pair of stairs!" Another night, when we had reached the top, he opened his bedroom door, waking his wife up with the remark: "It's just gone eleven, dear!"—(it was about 3 A.M.). But in all this—at all times, never was he out of temper; always full of fun and of perfect good nature; it was

no wonder we loved him, and loved his wife, our dear aunt Sarah, too.

The afterward, the time of my departure, came sooner than I then had any idea of—but not before I had served out the time of my apprenticeship—nor until I had learned a trade and earned the

right to pursue it. But I had made myself so well acquainted with the details of dramatic printing that—in the early spring of 1844—when the "great actor," as he was called, Samuel Phelps (a printer himself, by the way, in his early life), assumed the management of the "Royal Sadler's Wells Theater, Islington," in conjunction with Mrs. Warner, the equally celebrated actress, and, associated with them Mr. Warner as treasurer and Mr. Greenwood as acting manager—my uncle



SAMUEL PHELPS

Samuel gave the sole charge of the printing for this important organization into my hands without let or hindrance, and the consequence was that I was in attendance almost every day and night, generally till the close of the morning rehearsal or evening performance, becoming, of course, so interested in the routine of the rehearsals, as well as the perfect performances of their plays at night, that—I caught the infection, and soon became the most stage-struck of "printer's devils" that ever haunted the



pit of a patent London theater. I had witnessed many of the Drury Lane productions by Mr. Macready and his company of the first actors of those days, for gallery tickets were given to my uncle on opening nights at all theaters that he printed for to help the applause, and the Sadler's Wells stock company having been selected by Mr. Phelps at the close of the Macready season, it was merely a transfer of location to my mind, and, to quote from "The Story of Old Sadler's Wells," by Michael Williams, "The literary world made a point of being present on every 'first night' at 'the Wells,' and no higher compliment could well have been paid than the one by Macready, in a letter to Chief Justice Pollock, in 1856: 'I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it, in that remote suburb of Islington'"; and an eminent critic of the day—Henry Morley, of the *Examiner* (the editor of Boswell's "Life of Johnson"), wrote: "Shakespeare's plays were always *poems*, as performed at Sadler's Wells." Thirty-one of those poems were produced by Mr. Phelps during his management of that theater, from May 27, 1844, till March 15, 1862—eighteen years—and during his first and second seasons, I was in attendance upon him almost every day and evening, either for copy or for correction of the proof—instructed to wait in the front of the house till he was ready to receive me, and permitted in the "pit" (nowadays "orchestra") seats till sent for, listening as intently to every word of those Shakespearean rehearsals as any one of his company—drinking in, as it were, each intonation, and at night, during long runs of successful plays, unconsciously, almost, memorizing the language. There could, therefore, be but one result—the longing, some day, to join the dramatic profession and become, if I could, an actor. I spoke of this to Mr. Henry Marston, a prominent member of Mr.

Phelps's company, and the *Iago* to his *Othello*; when I told of my desire, I remember his walking, arm in arm with me, by the banks of the "New River" for almost an hour, till I was sent for by Mr. Phelps—urging me, as a father might have urged his beloved son, to abandon all thought of the stage and to stick to Uncle Samuel and printing. But it was useless; the die was cast; my mind made up. I determined to forsake my own uncle Samuel Glover, to disregard the advice of my friend Samuel Phelps, and to seek out another "Uncle Sam" beyond the ocean, in whose dominions I was anxious to begin the new life that I longed for.

So, in the early spring of the year 1846, having duly served my indentures (the seventh year being given at that time, *ex gratia*, to a London apprentice), my uncle consented, quite willingly, to my departure for America, and, with the fifty dollars—ten pounds sterling, I think it was—that my father had sent him for the purpose, purchased for me an "intermediate cabin" ticket for my passage from London Docks to New York City Harbor, on the "Good Ship *Wellington*, Captain Chadwick, Commander," rather than let me make the voyage in the steerage, as I had proposed to do, but, bless him, he wouldn't let me! Moreover, he had bought me an outfit for the voyage of new suit of clothes, new hat, boots, shoes, "sou'wester," and, for stormy weather, a horse guardsman's old military cloak that he had bought somewhere at second-hand for me, and that I devoted to the lady fellow passengers on board with great success; while his good wife—dear Aunt Sarah, God bless her—completed the outfit with shirts, socks, etc., on which she and her daughters had worked for weeks. Of what lay before me in America I had no inkling. But no one who ever embarked in search of fortune bore with him better wishes or heartier Godspeed.

(To be continued.)

# THE FICTION OF OUR FOREIGN TRADE

BY HAROLD BOLCE

America's great tariff wall, behind which prosperity and politics have enjoyed a memorable reign, is about to be bombarded by the German Empire. Will Uncle Sam, to avert war, hoist the white flag over our commercial stronghold? There is a growing confusion of tongues over the tariff. The Iowa heresy, promising to become a national shibboleth, is greatly disturbing to the orthodox defenders of protection. But the temper of dominant statesmanship at Washington forebodes prolonged battle with our great European competitor. Reciprocity is not written with a big stick. There are no federal symptoms of surrender, and unless Congress realizes the world-wide issues involved, we shall undoubtedly accept the challenge of the Teuton.

America is thus on the eve of what will probably be the most formidable commercial conflict in history. The greatest protectionist country of Europe is mobilizing the trade forces of the Old World to blockade our faltering commercial advance on that continent. Already beating us commercially in South America, Germany is planning by treaty bargaining with Latin republics to Germanize tariff walls around them. It is also laying the foundation for German dominance of interior transportation. The watchword is preferential right of way for German merchandise and discrimination against American cargoes. Germany's world-policy is for the open door—for Germany.

Yet this aggressive European power is merely doing what it believed America had planned to accomplish. Its

far-reaching commercial campaigns have been quickened by the alarm that the United States, emerging as a world-power, had inaugurated a trade invasion of the nations. That apprehension has stalked through German legislation for five years, resulting now in a new and formidable tariff wall, blazoned with defiant ultimatums to America.

American jubilation is in a measure responsible for Germany's uncontained ambition. We have bill-posted the world with advance notices of our commercial conquests abroad. Many of our otherwise level-headed eighty millions have been beguiled by the pleasing flamboyance of the picture. It is not strange, therefore, that all Europe, and particularly Germany, has been stricken with the fear that the United States was about to become the traffic manager of the earth.

A more groundless delusion has perhaps never before taken possession of the imagination of nations. With our exports of manufactures to Europe decreasing at the stupendous rate of millions for half a decade; our total trade with the southern half of our own hemisphere a record of colossal failure; crowded out of our own colonial harbors in the far Pacific; and now boycotted by the Mongolian Orient—and all because of our absorbed attention to vastly greater opportunities in our own continental expansion—we are credited with flooding the reluctant earth with our cargoes. And the manufacturing nations of Europe are shuddering at the shadow of the "American Peril."

Recent visits of German trade ex-

perts to the United States have intensified the European fear that America is planning to capture the world's markets. These German delegations, hailing from a pent-up empire whose total area in Europe is five or six times smaller than the farm land of the Southern States alone, have been gravely impressed when brought face to face with our continental proportions. They have discovered America. They have learned that our great traffic requires several million cars, and that our railway mileage exceeds the combined trackage of the German Empire and the rest of the world.

The fact that our incredibly great commerce virtually ends at our shore lines, and that single German steamship companies operate a greater transoceanic tonnage than is comprised in the entire American merchant marine, has been overlooked. The potential possibilities of America as a world-trader has so alarmed Germany that the manufacturers of that empire have been warned not to divulge the methods of their business and the chemical processes of their industry to prowling American consuls—whose ambitious monographs on foreign opportunity travel with careless assistance to the capacious American waste-basket. It has not occurred to Germany that the poor American economist or consul with nothing to export and with probably not half a dozen shirts to his name is wasting his energies in pointing out opportunities abroad to the American manufacturer grandly occupied in consigning shirts by the train-load to our own continental markets.

If the eighty million American people were confined to the strip of States east of the Alleghanies, we should probably have a greater foreign trade than we have to-day. We would need it. That is one of the secrets of Germany's striking commercial expansion. Bismarck told that empire that it must export either merchandise or men. It has,

since Bismarck's day, triumphed over France as a trading nation. In fact, its exports of finished products are nearly twice the volume of America's.

Germany foresees in awakened America the one great obstacle to worldwide success. With our Monroe doctrine around the whole Western world, our tariff wall shutting out Atlantic cargoes, our canal to connect the two leading oceans, and our twelve hundred miles of frontage, exclusive of Alaska's, on the vast waterway that leads to the Orient, we present to Germany the spectacle of a power entrenched to out-marshal Europe in the contest for the markets of the American hemisphere, and to distance every nation except Japan in the race for the vaster opportunities of the Pacific. The American Peril would doubtless assume a new meaning in Europe if Germany would take time to compute that the Island Kingdom's agricultural area, which is the basis of a nation's strength, is so infinitesimal that it could be increased one hundred per cent. and then dropped into Lake Superior without disturbing navigation on that waterway!

#### AMERICA'S NEW INTERNATIONAL RÔLE

Hitherto the tariff intrigues and the political ambitions of alien lands have not entangled us. And so long as we carried raw materials to the factories of our competitors we were welcome. In the vast structure of international traffic, Europe has been the skilled artisan. America has carried the hod! The other nations on the top of the growing edifice "did all the work." But we have carried such a vast quantity of raw material to the mills of Germany and other European countries that our loyal reviewers, impressed by the bulk rather than by the character of our business abroad, have glorified our crude labors as evidence of manifest American trade destiny, and the fallacy has grown into a fixed, patriotic faith at home and a

terrifying bogey abroad that we have begun to dominate the commerce of the world.

Whether or not America as a maritime nation is rubbing from its binoculars the dust that has dimmed our foreign outlook ever since our merchant marine began its almost incredible decline, we find new problems as well as new opportunities rising in every direction beyond our shores. Europe, and especially Germany, is wisely aware that the genius of industrial America, backed by unlimited forests, mines, and harvests, will triumph in ultimate world-struggles for trade supremacy. In the mean time, however, the exporting nations, spurred by our boasting, are capturing the commercial prizes which should be ours.

Up to the much prophesied but undetermined future when we are to awaken to pressing need of foreign outlet, conditions might have continued quietly to America's disadvantage abroad and to the enrichment of our rivals but for Germany's drastic tariff legislation, that has now confronted America with a new and startling issue, world-wide in its magnitude.

Whether we choose reciprocity or retaliation to solve our impending commercial issue with Germany, a revolutionary era will be inaugurated in our entire foreign-trade policy. If to safeguard our present commerce with Germany and to avert a multitude of collateral issues with other powers, we grant reciprocal concessions to that empire, most of the trading nations will demand similar favors. Our commercial treaties with most of the countries of Europe, South America, and Asia would soon have to be recast. If such an international tariff reconstruction did not shake American prosperity to its foundations, it would at least transform the whole fabric of our political economy. Peace with Germany, if desirable, will call for a readjustment of our traffic with a greater portion of the world. The program, therefore, before

America, even if it chooses peace, is complex and interminable.

If, on the other hand, we choose war, we shall be plunged forthwith into a conflict that may be disastrous to both Germany and ourselves. The mandate has authoritatively gone forth from the American Cabinet that we shall invoke our grim customs law of reprisals if Germany discriminates against us. That is exactly what that empire expected would be our policy, and the Reichstag made provision for meeting it. Our merchandise is to be excluded by a tariff one hundred per cent. higher than even the new duties, which in themselves promise to be prohibitive. If that does not kill American trade in Germany, a final surtax equal to the value of the goods themselves will be imposed. Moreover, Germany will not wait for us to resort to retaliation. If we extend to any nation in the world more favorable terms than we grant to that empire, it will put into operation its tariff machinery designed to crush our German commerce. Serious as such a contest must inevitably be, it is inconsequential compared with the probable demoralization of our trade with South America and Asia, where our opportunities are now vastly greater than they could possibly be in the German Empire. These nations, less committed to their tariff traditions than America is, will readily be dragooned into making reciprocity treaties with Germany. Withholding such concessions from the United States, they would thus array themselves on the side of our commercial enemy. It is obvious that Germany, through its new trade program, is about to disturb the commercial peace of the world.

Our path, either to peace or war, plainly marks out for America a new, untried, and dramatic rôle in international traffic. We are being forced to active leadership on the world's commercial firing-line. It makes little difference whether that is the result of

our emergence as a world-power since the Spanish War, our jubilant chorus over our fancied trade invasion of other lands, the aroused ambition of our rivals, or that indefinable destiny which for more than a century has made for American expansion. Perhaps all these causes and others have contributed to open to America the unprecedented opportunity to determine within the coming months whether the world is to have commercial peace or war. Whichever path we choose leads around the earth, and brings us to the business department of all nations. It is impossible for America to dodge the issues that Germany has provoked.

I must amend the foregoing statement. It *is* within our power to forego our foreign opportunities and shirk our part in promoting international commercial progress. It would be by abandoning the whole enterprise of foreign trade and retiring behind our big wall. And the fate that has overtaken all hermit nations would settle upon the Republic.

#### OUR ACTUAL TRADE WITH GERMANY

Our impending clash with Germany will, like the Chinese boycott, compel Americans to consult the actual record of our foreign commerce. We have boasted with such serene confidence of our trade invasion of Europe that it is now imperative to get down to facts, if we would properly appraise the significance of a contest that might destroy a large part of that commerce. The Boston Chamber of Commerce at a special meeting held June 19th to inaugurate a movement pledged to reciprocity and tariff revision declared that the attitude of Germany, "our second largest foreign customer," calls for American reciprocity. To that end the Boston organization earnestly indorsed the "reported intention of President Roosevelt to call a special session of Congress for the immediate revision of the tariff."

They who dwell upon the importance of reciprocity to solve the present crisis repeat the impressive total of 214 million dollars' worth of goods sold to Germany by the United States in 1904. But over 100 millions of that was for raw cotton, which will continue under the new tariff to enter Germany free, as the textile industry of the Fatherland would be annihilated if it excluded the America raw supply. Thus, from the standpoint of the Southern plantations, more than fifty per cent. of the thunder in the German war cloud is empty sound!

Other American products Germany must have. That empire has been electrified, and needs American copper. It took eleven million dollars' worth last year, and has put copper on the free list in the new tariff. Millions of dollars' worth of rosin and turpentine, of furs and fur skins, of oil-cake and phosphates will be exported from the United States to Germany and will be burdened with no German duty. Altogether American merchandise to the value of more than \$131,000,000, as disclosed by the official record of 1904, is in such demand in the German Empire that it will continue to pour unhindered through that country's ports of entry. Moreover, Germany's merchant ships will sail eagerly across the Atlantic to make certain of such supplies. Germany is reaching out to equip South America and Asia with electric light and power, and it needs greater quantities of American copper every year. Its great need of American raw cotton will be realized when it is known that Germany in a single year sells more cotton manufactures abroad than the United States, at our present rate of export, will ship to all Europe in the coming half century!

Germany's new tariff has been the inspiration of the agrarians. The plan is to encourage German agriculture. Therefore, it needs American phosphates to replenish its acres and American oil-cake to feed to its herds. Hitherto America has kept the factories of



Germany busy and given the industrial multitude of that empire a full dinner-pail. Now Germany, making the laudable attempt to stock its own larder, must send to us for material to fertilize its soil. That is the only material change in the program, so far as our trade with Germany alone is concerned.

In addition to this 131-million-dollar volume of free goods from America to Germany, no discrimination has been made in the new tariff against our tobacco, bacon, fresh apples, cotton-seed oil, typewriters, sewing-machines, machinery, and builders' hardware. In the case of tobacco, the duty has not even been raised. On the other commodities the tariff will be higher than formerly, but in the commercial treaties thus far made by Germany, no concessions have been granted by the empire in regard to these articles. We shall have only Germany itself to compete with in these goods, and there is no American outcry against that. Our tobacco trade, amounting in value to five million dollars, which will not be affected by the new tariff, and our trade in the other commodities, amounting to eight million, which will not be discriminated against, make a total of \$144,000,000 worth of merchandise which must be deducted from the grand total of \$214,000,000 before we can intelligently discuss the menace to our German trade.

With Germany alone, seventy million dollars will cover the loss which a commercial war will cause. He who regards it in itself a big sum, speaking nationally, has a feeble grasp of the astounding proportions of our traffic.

In a former article I have called attention to the remarkable fact that a single day's commerce in America, counting only one handling of goods, is valued at upward of \$60,000,000. Thus our home market, say from Friday morning to Saturday noon, is worth far more to us than all the commodities which a

war with Germany would exclude from that empire in a year.

Another graphic illustration of the comparative paltriness of our exports to Germany (aside from cotton, copper, phosphates, etc., which that nation has no intention to exclude) is presented if we compare our failures with our German trade. Last year the amount involved in American failures exceeded 150 millions. In our pulsating success we were wholly unconscious of the loss. Prosperity credited it to profit and loss and straightway forgot the entry. The record, in fact, is now unknown save to the gloomy statistician. Yet that ignored and inconsequential loss exceeds the value of two years of exports of all the merchandise from America which Germany's new program of international discrimination will affect!

To reach sane and candid conclusion regarding the value of our foreign trade and the respective merits of revision and retaliation in our tariff relations with the nations, it is necessary to grasp the staggering figures of our domestic consumption and prosperity. Last year about five billion dollars' worth of marketed products made the farmers of America so prosperous that an estimated loss of 300 millions caused by predacious insects was too trifling to be the basis of complaint. Yet if our impending war with Germany should be prolonged for twenty years, the loss sustained in those two decades through the exclusion of our breadstuffs from Germany, basing the total on the record for the fiscal year 1904, would be no greater than the cost of the banquet enjoyed every season by the weevil, the grasshopper, and the Hessian fly in the prodigal farm region of America.

The loss, therefore, that the United States would suffer, if the war should be confined to Germany, would be insignificant. The American Beef Trust would be the chief loser. On the other hand, Germany's loss as a result of an American embargo against its



merchandise would be far greater than ours. Aside from raw cotton we export less to Germany than we buy from that empire. It sold us more than 100 million dollars' worth of goods in 1904, most of them consisting of finished products. Moreover, Germany's loss would be distributed among numerous small industries, and would, therefore, be more poignantly felt by the people of that country. Of America's seventy millions loss, sixteen millions would be borne by the Beef Trust, and ten millions by the Standard Oil Company. The striking difference in the character of the commerce of the two countries will be evidenced by the record that we buy four million dollars' worth of toys from the Fatherland. The sleigh-bells of the German Christmas would ring far less merrily if war cost that empire the American market.

Although it is an official, undebatable fact, published monthly by the United States Government, that Germany would lose more than we would in a commercial contest, the popular delusion in America is that we have forced a great traffic upon the German Empire, that war will mean its exclusion, and that the loss will be a staggering blow to our prestige and prosperity as an exporting nation. Even otherwise progressive economists are citing the totals of our exports to Germany, heedless of the fact, very disturbing to most of the current argument on the question, that by far the greater bulk of our merchandise will continue under the new tariff to enter the empire free. Chambers of commerce in many American cities, carried away by the reiterated exaggerations regarding our foreign commerce in general, are basing anxious memorials upon the fallacy that Germany is about to shut the door upon raw materials indispensable to the industrial vitality of that empire!

Inasmuch as Germany would suffer far more than America in a trade war confined to the two nations, it may well

be pondered why that empire is provoking the conflict. Its new tariff, which is substantially a declaration of commercial war upon America, has not been hastily devised. It was not written in caucus. For five years the best statesmanship of the empire, reenforced by two thousand practical trade experts, has been perfecting the revolutionary commercial program. If Germany can break down our tariff barriers, it will undertake to pour its wares upon us and share the incomparable harvest of a field whose traffic, as has been stated in previous articles, is of greater value by fully one hundred per cent. than the imports into all the nations of the earth combined. Failing in that program, Germany, by its sliding tariff, will be able to get from most of the trading nations concessions which the United States, with its inflexible customs system, will be unable to secure.

#### THE QUESTION OF TARIFF REVISION FORCED UPON US

Every argument made hitherto for or against tariff revision is obsolete in the face of the new international issue confronting America. The declamation that has been effective behind our big wall will have no influence upon the world-policy of our aggressive European competitor. We can shut Germany out of the United States, but we cannot shut her out of South America, Oceanica, and Asia. Already, through Danish channels, Germany has secured a strategic trade base in the Caribbean. Our competitor is fortifying its holdings in the Orient, and taking alert advantage of the anti-American movement in the Chinese Empire. In South American capitals Germany has schools, societies, credit agencies, banks, and hundreds of importing firms. Daily papers published in German circulate in South America. It is building South American piers and railways and establishing new steamship routes to Latin-American ports. In our

own Philippines, German cement (at our expense) is laying the foundations of the new civilization which is placing the bulk of its general business in the hands of Europe.

Germany knows the value of the import trade of awakening countries. Germany will supply or secure for these lands the outlet they need for their products, and will carry them in German merchant fleets. In return it will, as stated, secure tariff favors denied to the United States.

It is generally assumed that America is reaching a point in our productive career where foreign markets will be indispensable. If that be true, it is obvious that we must get down to a business basis with our prospective customers. It would be impossible for any country to buy indefinitely from us, unless we afforded, in turn, an outlet for some of its products. There must be cargoes in both directions to give shipping its essential vitality.

Some economists and statesmen are not convinced that we need foreign markets, or that we need them sufficiently to warrant us in opening our tariff doors to our competitors.

At present we consume ninety-eight per cent. of our factory output. Of the pitiable two per cent. that goes abroad, a large proportion consists of copper, kerosene, iron, and steel—products which are not perishable, whose values are not changed by the passing styles, and which America would ultimately consume, if the world did not need them. But that is a circumscribed view to take of our foreign opportunity.

It is true that our actual exports of finished products are absurdly insignificant. Nevertheless, the American delusion that we have secured a great commerce abroad is so firmly established, and it is so generally believed that this mythical trade is partly the foundation of our unprecedented prosperity, that serious derangement of our foreign trade in competitive wares, infinitesimal

as it is, might easily produce industrial depression throughout the United States. In large measure, this fallacy is responsible for the tariff worshiping in America. By the aid of that protecting wall we have been able not only to build up an incredibly vast industrial nation, but we have managed to sally forth with one and one-half billion dollars' worth of cargoes per annum to the far ports of the world. That is the substance of the stand-pat philosophy. Our manifold and prosperous activities behind our tariff barricade are undeniable, but the rest of the picture is overdrawn. For example, our shipments of raw material to Germany to enable that nation to wrest from us the markets of South America does not represent on the part of the United States a high order of international trading.

For many years the United States has ignored the opportunity to dominate the textile trade of the world. The nations last year imported more than 600 million dollars' worth of cotton goods, most of them manufactured from our raw supply, yet America exported less than thirty-four million dollars' worth, the bulk of that going to China. It is not an imaginary mutton that beckons the dog out of the fable of *Æsop* and the statesman-humorist!

The safeguarding of our present foreign trade does not call for drastic tariff changes. If we were Algonquin Indians and raised cotton and wheat we could sell it. The spectacle of civilized, progressive America, the richest and most ingenious nation the world has known, engaged in carrying raw stuffs to the factories of Europe and calling that unskilled performance a triumph of industrial enterprise is little short of an international farce. It has been a frequent boast that our bulky foreign trade is the result of our protection policy. If the tariff is in reality responsible for the character of our commerce abroad, the statesmanship that tacks on that wall reciprocity notices to

the nations will perform an enduring economic service to America.

Within the past fifty years the commerce of the whole world has grown amazingly. Steam traffic transformed the trade of all modern nations. In this awakening of the earth, America has taken a lead, so far as the exploitation of our own continent is concerned, but our share of international trade, while it has almost kept pace with our boasting, has been largely the outcome of the alertness of other nations in quest of our raw supplies. It has been suction from Europe, rather than propulsion from America, that has carried our incredible tons of material across the Atlantic.

Neither Germany nor a combined Europe against us would ever seriously disturb the bulk of our export trade, so long as we hold a monopoly of needed raw material. There is but one thing that will take our crude materials out of international traffic: we may awaken to our matchless opportunity, ship our raw products to our own mills, and then engage in active competition on a scale worthy of this nation in supplying finished articles to the world.

It is confidently believed in many parts of America that we are already moving in that direction. If so, we shall without research realize the magnitude of the problem which Germany's tariff antagonism has created.

We shall find German reciprocity with other nations blocking our advance in all lands.

The import trade of South America, now amounting in value to nearly half a billion annually, we shall not be able to secure, unless we compete with Germany in making tariff terms to these southern republics. Moreover, it is more than likely that in many instances we shall have to negotiate with Germany itself, as has been indicated above. If America is to become a world-power in commerce as well as in name, we must do something more than patrol our tariff wall.

The following utterance in Berlin,

recently reported to the State Department at Washington, is an interesting disclosure of German apprehension and German purpose in South and Central America:

"Now that Roosevelt has been reelected, a fight for the conquest of South and Central American markets will be continued with redoubled energy by Americans. German interests are first of all injured thereby. Germany has every incentive to energetically defend her present position in the markets of Central and South America. What can we do to ward off the American attack?"

There is some justification for the German alarm, but not much, for America, although it has had the trespass sections of the Monroe doctrine rewritten and posted conspicuously around the hemisphere, has made little organized effort to profit by its overlordship. The River Plate Association, however, just formed, indicates that the United States will not long be blind to the fact that the southern republics are buying more modern manufactures from our rivals than we export to all Europe.

But what we are slowly beginning to perceive, Germany has been keenly conscious of for years. While we have been preaching our political gospel to the powers, thrifty Germany has been taking up the South American collection.

#### THE COMING AMERICAN SPIRIT

Our tariff, which has been regarded as sacred as the jasper walls around Paradise, should not be studied altogether from the inside. The political economy that was gospel a generation ago may not be inerrant to-day. Barges with mules as motive power crawl along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, yet a valid argument in Congress for the construction of that waterway was that it would afford a speedy means of conveying the decrees of state to the people of Kentucky! In some of our national policies to-day we are handicapped by

our failure to emerge from the point of view of our steamless forefathers.

Finding that in spite of our policy of excluding men from Asia and merchandise from Europe our exports to both continents were increasing, and unmindful of the fact that the bulk of those cargoes represented more the enterprise of our rivals than our own, we imagined that the nations would rejoice over our arrival with finished products. But the annual sight of our fifteen-billion-dollar catalogue of manufactures has startled the nations. All continental Europe, with the exception of little Holland, has been barricaded behind walls in replica of our own. We are in the midst of a trade war with Russia; Switzerland is arrayed against our merchandise; Austria-Hungary, where we had an open door, is following the lead of Germany. In fact, most of Europe, like China, is stirred by anti-American trade sentiment.

Germany has seized a great opportunity. We are the only trading nation that does not see the handwriting on our tariff wall. Germany has forced treaties granting to it commercial advantages over us. Seven of the countries of Europe are already in the reciprocal alliance.

We can continue to show that our railway tracks, if put end to end, would build a track from the earth to the moon, with fifty thousand miles left over for sidings and terminals, but that will not get us foreign trade.

A fact of the greatest importance, and one which may lead to an issue more critical than anything involved in a trade war with Germany, is that in Uncle Sam's dictionary of diplomacy the expression "the most favored nation" has a meaning far different from the construction Europe places upon it. He who would clearly comprehend the intricate problems presented in our contest with Germany, and possibly with a large portion of the world, should give study to this disturbing phrase. In our

trade treaties this expression was defined, but all the countries of the Old World extract, even from the definition, a meaning America refuses to read into the paragraph. A semicolon in Boston led to a great litigation. Three words in international covenants may disturb the peace of continents.

By our interpretation of the favored-nation clause, other nations enjoying trade treaties with us embodying that expression might secure like rates if they gave us the same concession yielded by Germany.

European nations, on the other hand, have held that any tariff favors given by us to one country should be forthwith extended to all "favored nations," without further negotiation.

The radical difference between America's and the Old World's definition of what a "favored nation" is—a divergence of meaning so grave that it is constraining the United States to renounce its treaties with nations who insist upon applying their own interpretation—is about to serve a unique and dangerous purpose in Germany's daring campaign. She is about to apply to us, to our disadvantage, our own definition of the term, and to give Europe the benefit of the larger, or looser, meaning.

The American Government will, it is believed, insist, and with no note of indecision in its diplomacy, that if Germany grants to all of our competitors the concessions it yields to any one of them, it cannot, when it comes to dealing with the United States, employ our more specific method. We are willing that Germany should apply the American system in Europe, or the European system in America. That empire's world-policy, so far as it concerns the United States, must be uniform. If, as is now indicated, Germany attempts to give a double meaning to the favored-nation term, it will, in all probability, before this tariff war is over, receive some instruction in the unequivocal American interpretation of the square deal.

# WHAT THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY DOES FOR TUSKEGEE STUDENTS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

The question has been asked me: "What do students at Tuskegee read?" It is not difficult to tell what books our students read, because our library at Tuskegee is small, the students have very few books of their own, and the library records show just what books are drawn and what are in demand.

It is somewhat more difficult to say what are the natural tastes and inclinations of our students as regards literature, or to determine the real literary needs of young men and women who have the history and home life that these students have had. It must be remembered that many of these boys and girls come directly from plantations. Many of them have had the most meager education, such as they have been able to pick up in the country school in a term of four or five months a year. Many of them have only the very vaguest notion of what they are going to do when they reach here. Not having known what the companionship of books is, they are overwhelmed when they are first turned loose in a library of 10,000 volumes. It has been our policy to open our shelves to all students and to allow them to wander about at will among the books.

Our students have, moreover, another difficulty not so easy to make clear to men and women who have been reared in the centers of civilization, where books and newspapers have become a part of the common necessities of life. Some of them come from regions into which few newspapers find their way. The knowledge of the world that an ordinary school-

boy absorbs in the schoolroom, on the street, and in the home, they do not have. Hence, books which require some knowledge of the world and its people fail at first to interest students, and are more or less unintelligible to them.

During the long period of childhood the mind of the average American boy is fed on "Mother Goose" stories, then Andersen's "Fairy Tales" or the old Norse and German folk stories, and later the story of King Arthur or the ancient legends of Greece and Rome. During all this period of childhood so important in its influence upon the future man or woman, our Negro children have little literature, and nothing that in any way takes this place except the anecdotes their parents tell them of slave days, or old "conjure" stories in which the superstitions and traditions of the African life are mingled with incidents and memories of plantation days. With such a preparation, it is not strange that students, although they may have learned to read fairly well, find the library at first a strange and unfamiliar world.

This accounts for the fact which our librarian, Mr. Charles W. Wood, has noted, that the students do not care for the ordinary boys' books of adventure and travel. These books presuppose a knowledge of the world, an independence of action, a self-assertiveness that the Negro students do not often possess. The colored boy has few experiences to which these tales appeal, and no aspirations that respond to them. We observe with no little satisfaction, however, that



old classic tales like the King Arthur legends or the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey are markedly popular with our students. These epic tales, large and simple in outline, are easy for them to understand and appreciate. To counteract the influence of bookless homes, it has been the practise of our librarian to get the children of our neighborhood together in a corner of the library Saturday afternoons and tell them fairy stories. He finds that older students seem quite as interested in these tales as the children and often gather on the edge of the circle to listen.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a very popular book, particularly with the young women, who read it for its historic interest. Like so many other books written about Southern life, even those written by Negroes themselves, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is addressed to white readers rather than to colored people.

The Negro race in America has at this time little literature of its own. The aspirations and point of view of the colored people have found expression in the Negro melodies and hymns, and these, I take it, are of permanent and lasting value.

The writings of Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles W. Chestnut come nearer, perhaps, than any others to a definite expression of the feeling and attitude of the Negroes. This explains why a story like Mr. Chestnut's "The House Behind the Cedars" should have become so popular among the students. Dealing with one of the many problems that grow out of the relation of the races in the South, it interests because it puts in the form of a story some of the experiences and traditions that have been handed down from slavery days.

The "Life of Lincoln" is one of the most popular books in the library. It is, in fact, so popular that although we have three or four copies, it is hard to keep one on the shelves. The students are so fond of it that they carry it away and forget to bring it back. We knew, of

course, when we left the book-shelves open to all the students that some of the books would disappear, but the advantage of the open shelf more than offsets the occasional loss of a book.

One fact worth mentioning, as indicating the purpose with which students come to Tuskegee, is that all books which in any way encourage self-help, thrift, and industry, or books which pretend in any way to give practical advice, are exceedingly popular. There are a number of such books in the library, and I find they are always in demand. Our students are able to buy very few books, but in going through their rooms one finds that the Samuel Smiles self-help series of books, on Duty and Thrift, vie with the Bible in popularity.

I have spoken here mostly of the students who come to us directly from the plantations; they have had most meager advantages. The older students very soon form the habit of reading the daily news, and magazines published by Negroes are in great demand. A good many students read the technical magazines which concern their trades, and when they have time, they read either the classics, books to which their attention has been directed by their teachers, or they read the popular novels which they see advertised in the magazines and newspapers. Our students are ambitious to learn, to become acquainted with the world of civilized men and women, a world from which they have for so long a time been entirely shut out, and our library is an important aid in accomplishing this end.

The most popular books of the quarter were: "The Marrow of Tradition," "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "The Life of Washington," "The Life of Franklin," "Alice in Wonderland," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Paradise Lost." And the appeal of hero-worship and pride of race to the minds of our students is shown by the popularity of biographies of men of achievement in the Negro race.

# CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

Such satisfaction as comes from feeling that perhaps we are better than some of our neighbors has been bestowed upon us this last six months in particularly lavish measure. Following the drastic exposition of what ought not to be in the conduct of municipal affairs, as illustrated by the stories from St. Louis and Minneapolis, and the conscientious effort of Miss Tarbell to record the misdeeds of the parent of all the trusts, and concurrent with the stentorian outcries of Thomas Lawson, has come the discussion of tainted money, the overwhelming tale of Philadelphia's popular rebellion against boss rule and civic corruption, and the eventful and distracting story of the Equitable Life.

A reasonable modesty need not constrain us to admit that, except for the mercy of Heaven in keeping our feet in other paths, we might have been boodlers in St. Louis, or political "yeggmen" in Philadelphia. About the dishonesty of the crimes planned and backed with such determination in those and other cities, there was nothing particularly perplexing or obscure. Men of ordinary capacity for distinguishing right from wrong know offhand that it is felonious for a legislator to sell his vote. In both cities it was not a case of good men making mistakes, but of dishonest men going as wrong as they could, and finally being forcibly driven away from their plunder.

But in some of the business misdeemeanors of which we hear so much, the case is not the same. There seems to be in progress a readjustment of morality and conduct to new conditions and new demands. Mr. Rockefeller once ex-

pounded to his Bible class the maxim that it was every man's Christian duty to make all the money he honestly could. Something like that used to be considered every ordinary man's ordinary duty in old times. He was not to bury his talent in a napkin, but to put it out where it would breed. That is well enough when a man has one talent, or two, or five, but when he has a million talents is the same rule to hold? The million-talent men have become so numerous in our time and country that we have had to consider what the consequences will be if they are all to continue to go in as heartily as ever for acquisition and accumulation. The unrestricted compounding of the talents of those who have very much seems to conflict with the reasonable increase of the talents of the rest of us, and so we have made laws against various combinations, and the favoring of the strong in sundry particulars at the cost of the weak. New laws involve new offenses, and it is with these newly invented misdemeanors growing out of laws not yet fully interpreted and not enforced, that names of men still reputable are connected. So Mr. Paul Morton is called a lawbreaker for doing what every railroad man did and thought he had to do at the time, and what, I suppose, most of them are doing still.

The size of transactions seems to make a difference, too. There is a growing sentiment that when a modern capitalist attains to such dimensions that, like Van Amburgh's celebrated boa-constrictor, "he can swallow an elephant as easy as a toad," he ought to put some definite voluntary restriction on his swallowing capacity. He must not swal-

low everything, even though it is in plain sight. If opportunity is too comprehensive he must school himself to neglect some part of it. Now it is revolting to the spirit of the practised accumulator whose heart is in his game to neglect any part of any business opportunity, unless it is a very small one. A good part of the fault with our lately honored fellow citizens who managed the Equitable Society was that they lived somewhat too fully up to an opportunity that gradually grew to be extraordinarily large. None of them admits having done anything unlawful, or has been convinced as yet that he did so. That is the detail about the Equitable matter that is peculiar. The newspapers, as I write, give results of a new investigation every week and roar for more, and talk of suits, prosecutions, indictments, "drastic measures," and Sing Sing. A stranger might be excused for thinking that the Equitable Board must have been recruited from the rogues' gallery. Not so. Its membership could hardly be matched in New York for solvency, respectability, and social and commercial distinction. Not one of the directors seems to have suspected he was a rogue, or does yet. Those who were directly responsible for the proceedings which have excited most censure seem to have believed, and to have been advised, that they were doing nothing unlawful or improper, but were simply taking reasonable advantage of a particularly bountiful opportunity. Most of them, no doubt, were amazed, like Clive, at their own forbearance. But when everything finally came out, these gentlemen were suddenly brought up against a standard of responsibility that was radically different from the one they had been using. They had been acting as friends of Mr. Hyde or Mr. Alexander, holders of the stock that controlled the company, and they had proceeded on the idea that the ownership of the stock carried with it an equitable right to substantial remuneration. Suddenly they were told, and told

with convincing emphasis, that no one had any rights in the company but the policy-holders. They had paid Mr. Hyde \$127,000 in salaries. His stock could lately have been sold for a sum that would bring in an income nearly double that amount, and actually was sold for \$2,500,000, which might easily be made to yield \$127,000 a year. His salaries were not excessive if they represented interest on the value of his stock. There were great abuses in the Equitable. It needed overhauling from top to bottom, and needed it badly. But the men who managed it have got more mud thrown at them than their moral condition warranted. They acted on the assumption that the stock was worth something, and that the ox ought not to be muzzled when he trends out the grain. The courts will probably sustain them in both contentions. None of them will go to Sing Sing or to any place less agreeable than Tuxedo. That any of them can be successfully sued seems very doubtful. But the Society can never again be run as they ran it. A new standard of conduct has been set up for directors of life-insurance companies. The opportunity which is to be offered them in the future is of a much nobler quality than that which they have enjoyed in the past. Heretofore their chance has been a chance to enrich themselves while encouraging economy and saving habits in the policy-holders. Hereafter, it would seem, it is to be a chance to enrich the policy-holders and themselves acquire frugal habits. This is splendid work for rich men who already have enough to live on. Such men have been Equitable directors in the past. Let us hope that the work will be equally attractive to them in the future. *Noblesse oblige* is an old idea; *richesse oblige* is a newer one. Perhaps it has as yet a stronger hold on the popular imagination than on capital, but there are great responses to it from some of the minds that should be most concerned, and there are those who think

it is destined, in our country, to a great development.

Some one who was saying handsome things the other day about the American effort to carry education into the Philippines spoke of those islands as showing "innumerable stages of civilization, from the savagery of the Igorrotes upward." To be sure. But for that matter all countries can show civilization in a good many stages, and even the land familiarly spoken of by Americans in the Philippines as "God's country" can make a reasonably comprehensive showing of them.

And what are the boundaries of civilization as we Americans exhibit it? Who is at the bottom? Who is at the top? Where does Newport belong? Where Boston? Where Chicago? Is it not an interesting—and hazardous—subject for discussion? Is our lowest stage of civilization represented by negroes, Indians, or trust magnates?

I hear of a university professor who seems to be investigating this question of the relative civilization of Americans in something like a systematic fashion. He has been traveling about the country, up and down, far and wide, visiting schools and putting questions to school children. I have only heard one of his questions, which is this: If not yourself, whom would you rather have been? The younger school children, turning this question over in their minds and answering it out of their restricted knowledge and experience, usually answer "Father," "Mother," "Uncle Bill," "Aunt Sally"; nominating some one whom they know. The older scholars, with a wider range of choice, make a different selection, answering: "George Washington," "Mike Murphy," "Theodore Roosevelt," "Lincoln," "Rockefeller," "Carnegie," "General Grant," "William Hearst," or some other character out of history made or making. According to the age at which the scholars show the larger knowledge of the world they live in, and according to the choices

that they make, this investigator rates the standing of the community which they represent. If the scholars of one town show at nine an average of intelligence and mental scope as high as the scholars of another town at eleven, that gives a clue that seems both definite and trustworthy to the relative standing of the two places in intelligence and civilization. When the professor tabulates and discusses the results of his itinerant studies, there should be some interesting reading.

I have heard that the community that stands (or lately stood) highest in his list is Springfield, Massachusetts, and that one cause, out of several, that he found for its high rank was its advantage in being the seat of publication of one of the most civilized newspapers in the United States. Let that paper's faults be what you will, and quarrel with its opinions at your will, there is no doubt that it is intelligent and civilized in a high degree as compared with American newspapers in general. It seems safe to say that in our country, at least, where the relation between the newspapers and the public is so intimate, the status of civilization in any community may be pretty closely estimated by the newspapers of that community. The relation of the total circulation of newspapers of all sorts to the population of a country is in itself a measure of literacy. The quality of the various papers circulated in a given territory and the sizes of their various constituencies are very significant of the status of civilization in such territory. But, of course, newspaper statistics would not tell the whole story, and, of course, there would be widely different interpretations as to the story they did tell.

Newspapers told the story not long ago of an architect who undertook to build a country house for a lady and gentleman. He made elaborate plans at great expenditure of time, but somehow the enterprise fell through. Then he sued his clients for his pay. In the course of

the suit it was alleged, and denied, that the lady client swore at the architect. What that had to do with the merits of the case I don't know, nor whether the fact was established or not, but it was the incident that made the deepest impression on the frivolous mind of the public. Whether a lady ought ever to swear need not here be discussed, but granting that swearing, even in moderation, is an objectionable habit, may it not be conceded that if a lady has contracted that habit, there is a great deal to be said in palliation of the incivility of swearing at an architect?

I would like to know what the general experience of architects is, and whether they will not, as members of a profession, admit that they are usually sworn at, or sworn to, by customers who dare to take that liberty. I do not suggest, of course, that architects merit any special execration. The trouble is not with them but with the calling they follow. Why is it that the horse-dealing trade is in such disrepute that folks generally take it for granted that any unknown man, and most others, will cheat them, if he can, in a horse trade? Horse dealing is a very large and important business, and plenty of honest men are engaged in it. What ails its repute?

The trouble is that horses are such very uncertain wares. Horse buying is as much a lottery as marriage. Nobody knows *all* about any horse. The best any dealer can do is to give his honest opinion of a horse he sells, and that opinion may be wrong in some vital particular, or may be too optimistic, or may be discredited the next day by the irresponsible malignity of the horse in suddenly falling sick, or developing a brand-new defect.

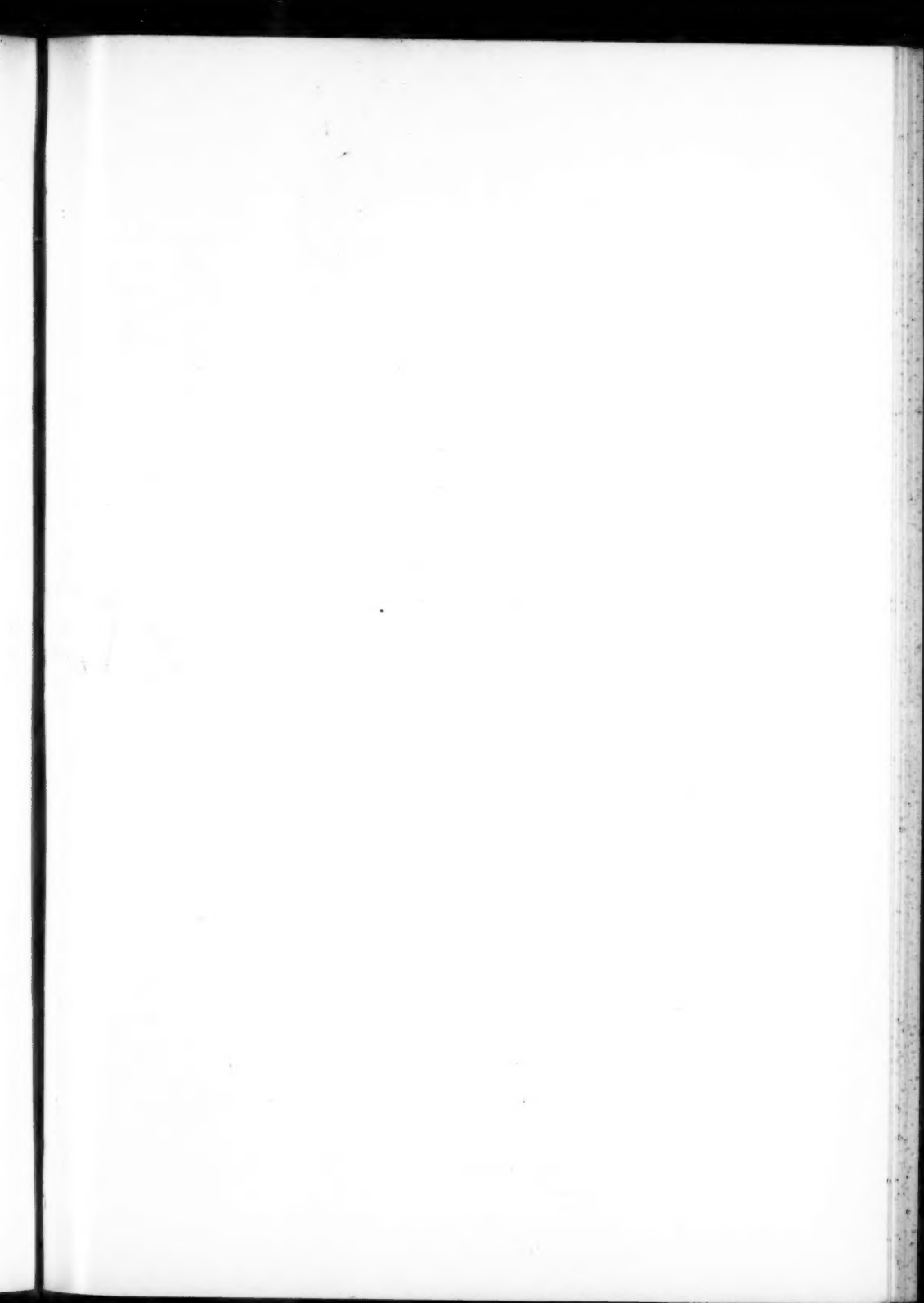
It is a good deal so with architects. They deal with a great troop of uncertainties. They undertake to sell something that does not exist, for a price they cannot specify beforehand, to a customer who has (usually) only a vague idea of what he wants, or what he ought to

pay for it, or when he may reasonably expect to get it. And such ideas as the customer has are not fixed, but vary in their details from day to day. Until the architect has made his plans and the customer has approved them he cannot tell certainly what will satisfy his customer, and until he has made his specifications and got bids on them he cannot tell what the cost will be. He can guess, just as a horse dealer can guess. If his guess turns out a great deal too low, of course the customer swears, if he has that habit; and then comes the work of cutting down the plans to bring them within sight of such a sum as the customer hopes he can raise.

Of course the plans are not ready when promised. It is an architect's necessary privilege to be late with his plans, but only experienced customers allow for that. If the plans ever reach a builder and work is begun, a new set of uncertainties intervene. The builder is an inconstant quantity. It is his necessary privilege to go slower than the customer expects, and to find it necessary to charge for extras not included in the specifications. For all the builder's indispensable uncertainties and delays, as well as for his human delinquencies in the execution of his contract, the customer blames the architect. Add to all the rest that the average customer instinctively denies the right of an architect to have any job on hand but *his* job, and that most customers instinctively consider it a waste of good money to pay for plans which they have ordered but have concluded not to use.

Is it not clear, then, that for a customer to swear at an architect is a reasonable discharge of emotion, and is it not absurd that the allegation that an architect's customer burst gently into such relief should make any figure at all in a lawsuit? It was asserted in the suit I spoke of that the lady in the heat of discussion called the architect "a damned architect." Well, well! Was that all? What do architects expect?







*Drawn by Henry Hutt.*

*"From the shadow . . . sprang two men, long brown rifles leveled."*

—Page 324.